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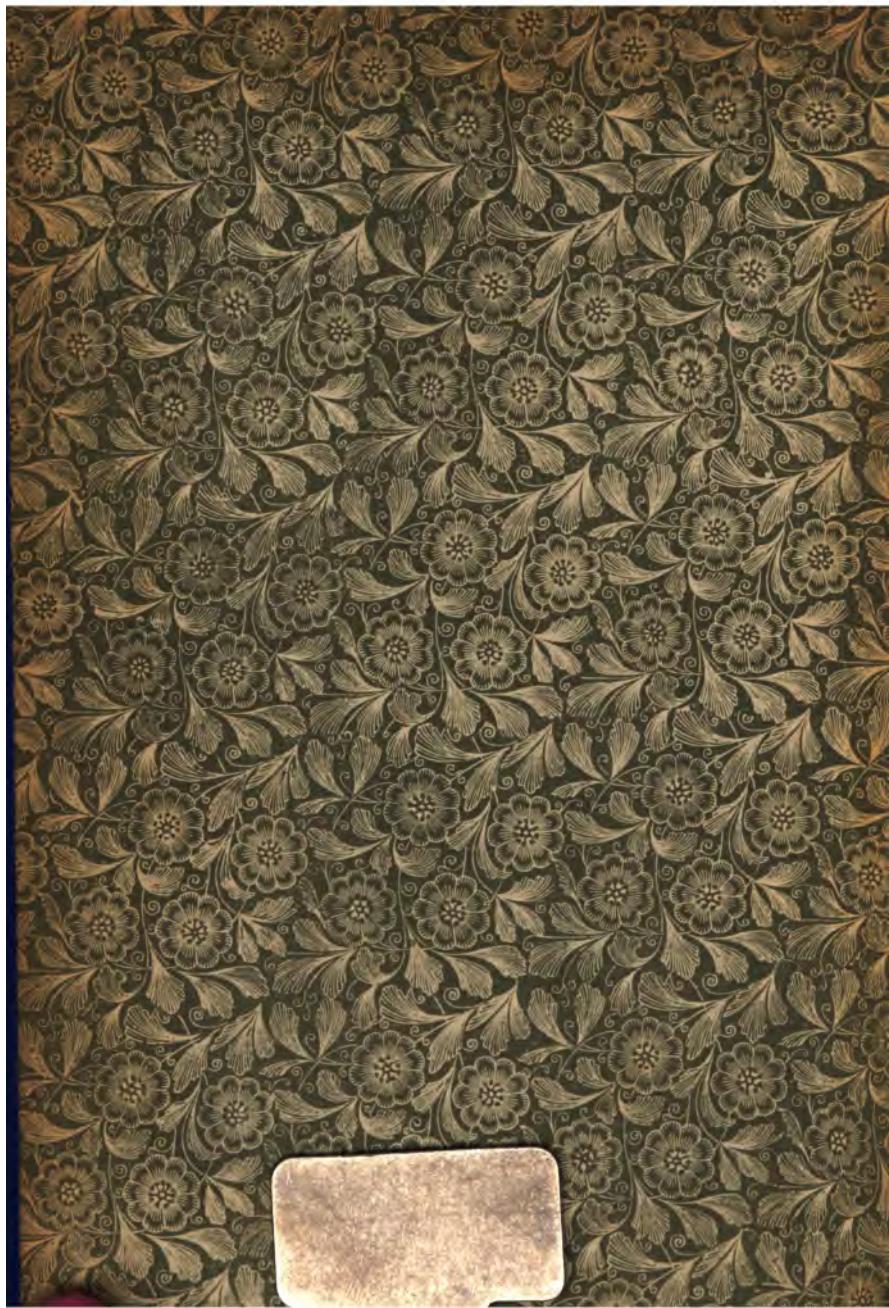
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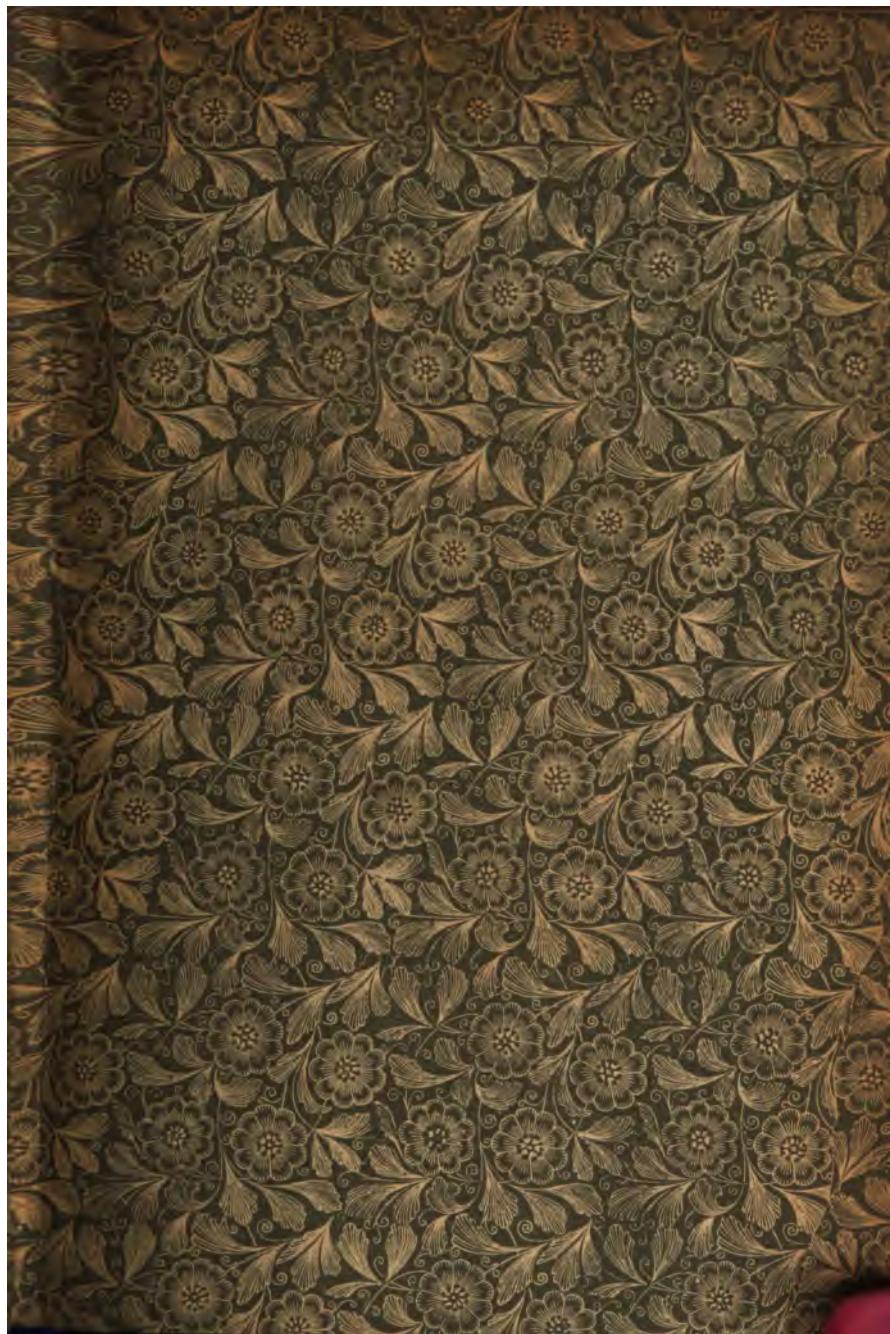
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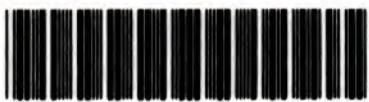
# Brave Boys



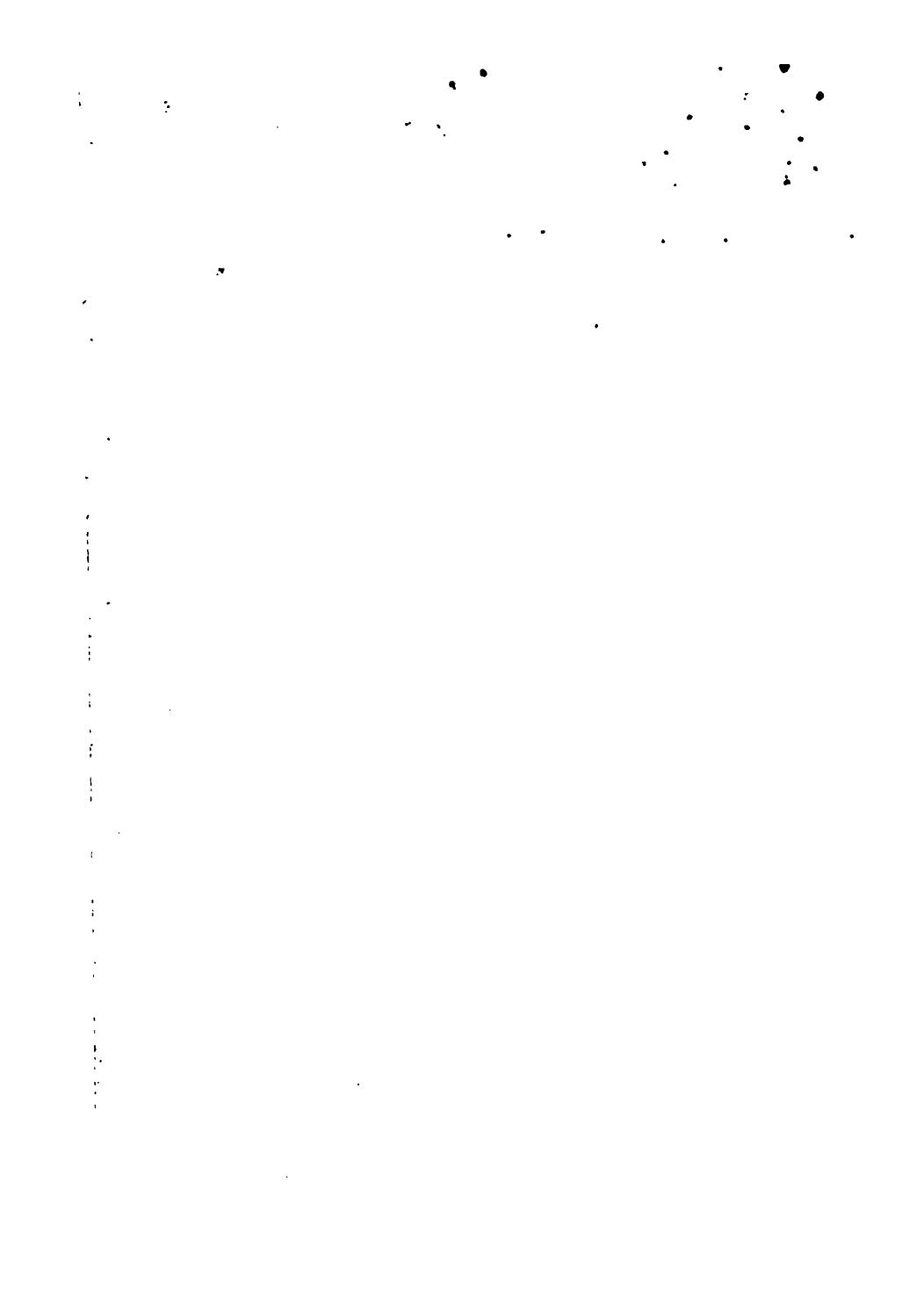
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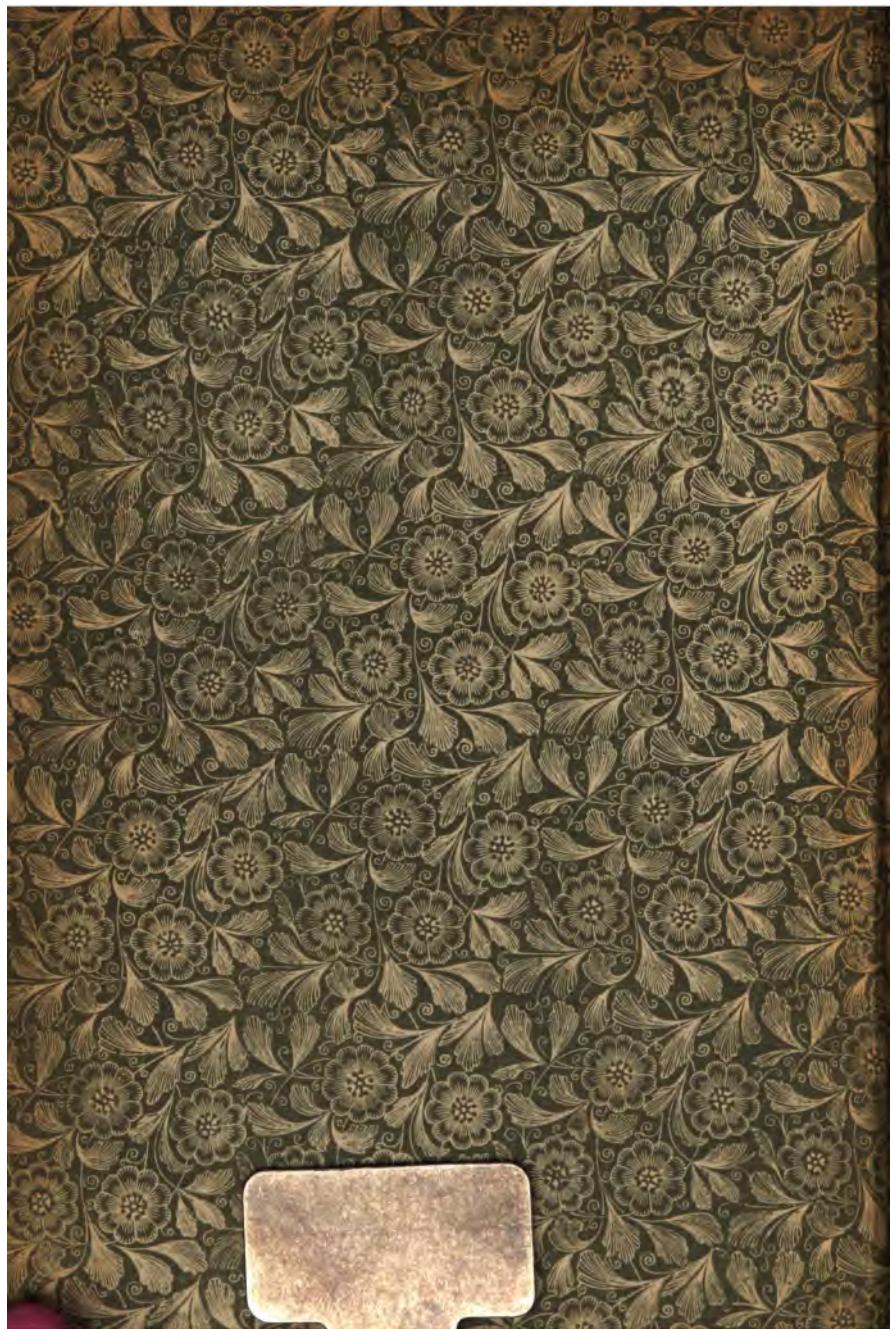


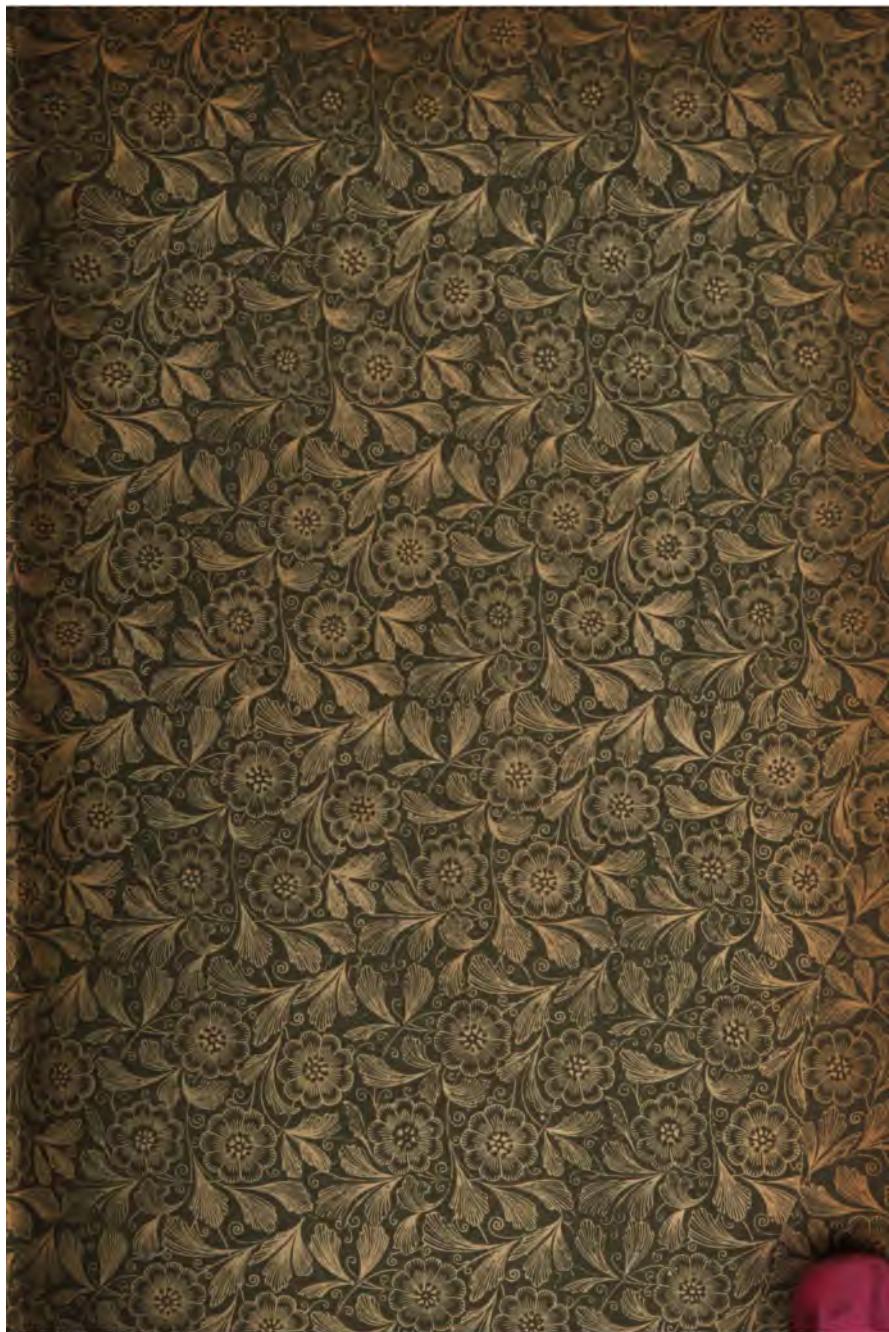




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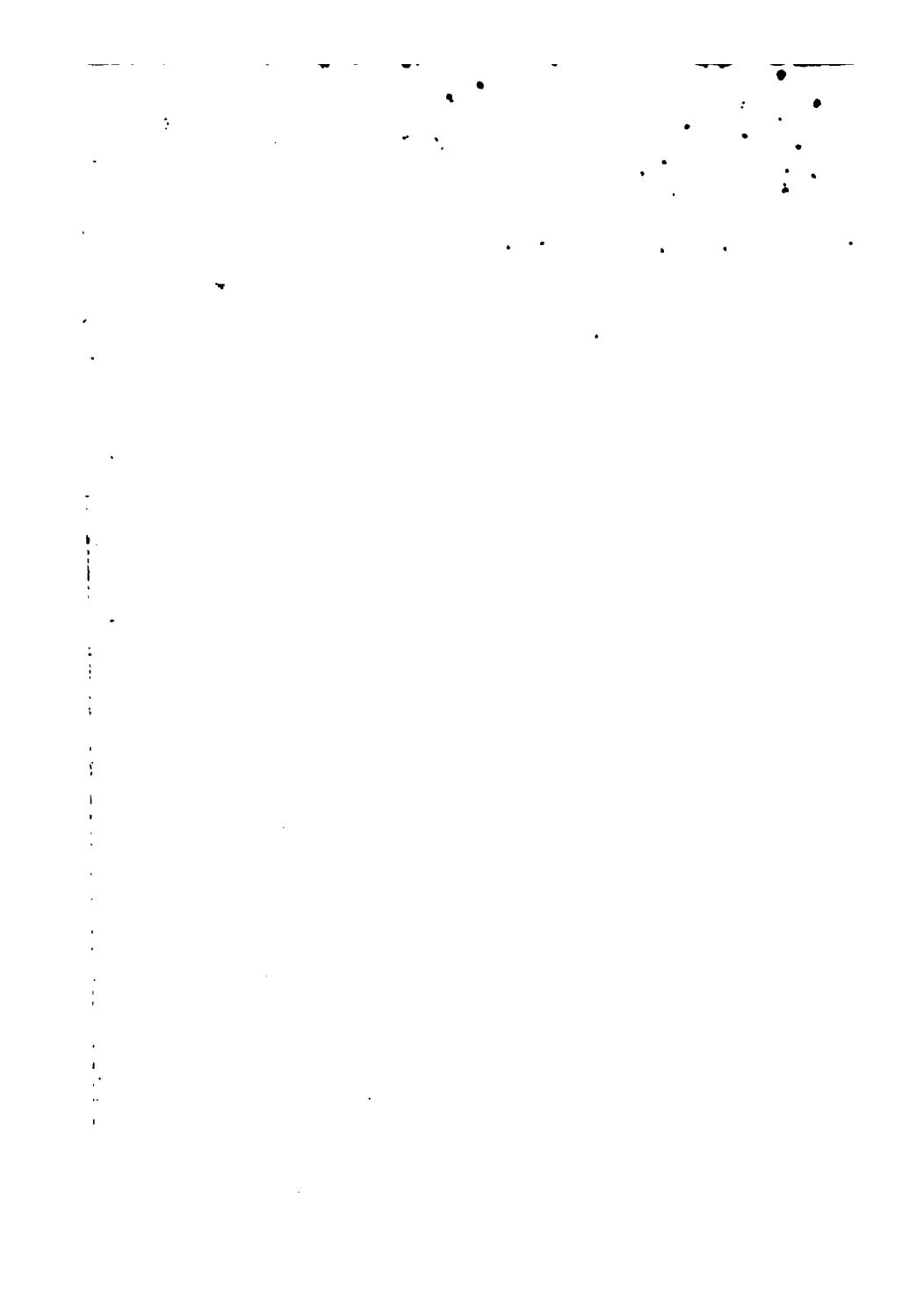






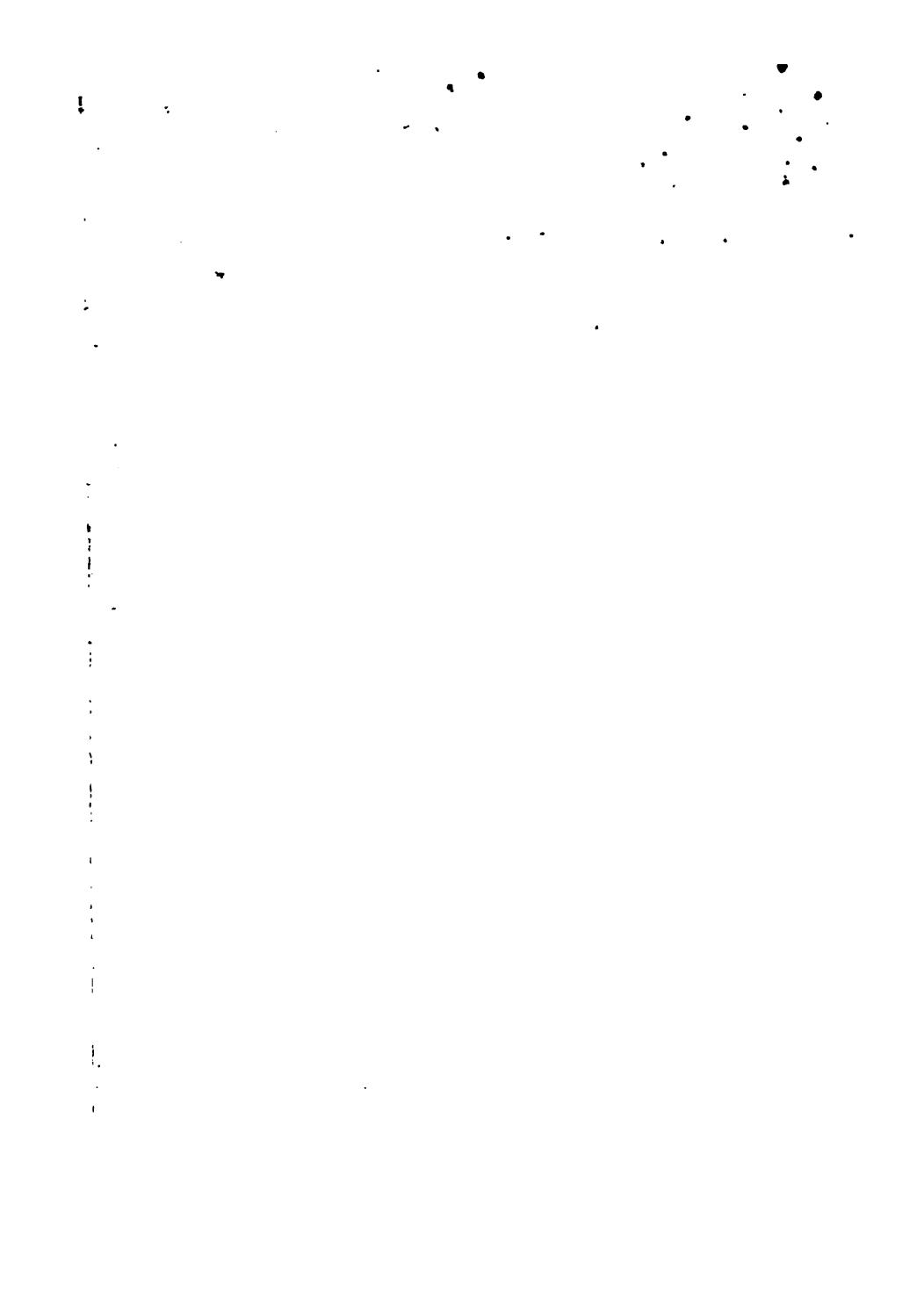


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II.R.II. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGER  
IN INDIA.

*Frontispiece.*

## WILSONIAN COHERENCE AND THE PROBLEM OF THEORY SELECTION

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# BRAVE BOYS

WHO HAVE BECOME

## ILLUSTRIOUS MEN OF OUR TIME:

FORMING BRIGHT EXAMPLES FOR EMULATION

BY THE YOUTH OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY

J. M. DARTON,

AUTHOR OF "FAMOUS GIRLS."

WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY HARRISON WEIR, &c.

SECOND



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## P R E F A C E .

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PRECEPT is a good schoolmaster, but Example is a better ; it is the greatest gift we can bestow on others ; it is a living lesson, and our minds are more in obedience to Example for good or evil, than to all the Precepts the most eloquent can teach.

The object of our volume is to stimulate our young friends to work out in the highest manner the gifts God has given them ; not to be the mere copyists of the famous men we here submit for their encouragement, but to grasp their spirit, and give due heed unto the “ still small voice ” within, which will enable them to shed their *own* light upon the world.

Lord Clarendon said that “ no man is so insignificant as

to be sure his example can do no hurt ; ” and Sir Peter Lely, the renowned painter, made it an inviolable rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so, his pencil took a hint from it.

In giving the first place and importance to Example as the great educator, we must not be understood as attaching no value to Precept—to “ a word in season.” Example and Precept united, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to work together, and where they are found in the same individual, their good influence is all-powerful.

Boys are peculiarly impressionable and susceptible to Example, especially from the example of those whose lives have been marked by deeds of heroism and moral bravery, either in adventure or with the struggles of adversity, and whose indomitable courage has crowned their valour with success.

It is such lives as these that we here present to the youth of England. They will be found shining instances of what may be achieved and accomplished by earnestness of purpose, patience, love of truth, and religious sentiment, and these are the principles that can alone ennable boys, and make them “ Illustrious Men.” This conviction has guided us while

recording these narratives of "Brave Boys," whose moral courage, elevated by high principle, has won for them the distinguished social position most of them now so honourably fill, and who seem animated by one guiding thought and feeling—"Take away God and Religion, and men live to no purpose."







## BRAVE BOYS.

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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

[INDIAN TRAVELLER]

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As long as we have Kings and Princes to reign over us, their social position must be regarded, and it is but fitting courtesy to give them precedence above all others, irrespective of their mental or moral character. Therefore is it that we give to the heir to the Crown of England the first place in our volume of "Brave Boys." Whatever else may be said of the Prince of Wales, it cannot be denied that he leads a most active life; nor can it be denied that he is ever found lending his exalted influence in the cause of charity, in the foundation of new public institutions, and in supporting old ones.

Neither at home nor abroad does he ever presume upon his high position; he is neither imperious nor proud, nor does he "bestride the narrow world like a Colossus." He walks the earth with the consciousness that he is a man as well as a royal prince, and behaves everywhere as an English gentleman.

From his excellent father, "Prince Albert the Good," he received a high moral training, which cannot but influence his life from falling into those thousand temptations which beset princes as well as those of meaner mould.

But our "interview" with the Prince will be at his own home at Sandringham Hall, in the bosom of his family, and then we shall follow him in his travels through our Indian Empire.

The rural home of the Prince lies in the warm sheltered hollow of low wooded bluffs that line the southern margin of the Wash. At a glance it is apparent that Sandringham is no stately palace, where comfort is a secondary consideration to splendour, where sumptuous suites of apartments bear the chilling impress of being uninhabited and uninhabitable, but a veritable English home, designed not for show, but to be lived in—every detail eloquent of unostentatious taste and of refined domesticity. The keynote to the homeliness of the Hall is struck on the very threshold. In the inner wall of the vestibule above the hall-door is set a tablet bearing this inscription, in old English characters:—"This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife, in the year of our Lord 1870."

The home-savour of Sandringham begins from the very doorstep, for there is no formal entrance-hall. The vestibule is simply part and portion of the great saloon, which may be called the family parlour of the house. Above the arch of the vestibule facing the main entrance, is fixed the beautiful fierce head of the Chillingham bull, shot by the Prince in 1872, with Scott's fervid lines beneath:—

"Fierce on the hunters' quiver'd band  
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,  
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,  
And tosses high his mane of snow."

Not far from the Hall rises the hoary square tower of the quiet little Sandringham Church, within whose walls Prince and peasant worship together, in the modest God's-acre surrounding which rest side by side the mortal remains of the babe of the Blood Royal and the child of the peasant.

From the main corridor stretching to the great staircase there open on the right the principal reception-rooms; but before these are reached there is passed the Prince's private

morning-room, a family room pure and simple. The admixture of feminine and masculine tastes, of which this pretty room is, more than any other in the house, an exemplar, speaks eloquently of lives blended in an accord of close-knit domesticity. A large windowed projection, which is in part a lounge, in part a boudoir, and in part a writing-room, is half partitioned off from the rest of the apartment by a screen devoted to the display of family photographs. A truss of tree mignonette, with lilies of the valley blossoming around the bushy stem, half hides the panel on which Leighton's brush has depicted "The Bringing the Deer Home"; the spreading skin of a huge tiger shot by the Prince in India lies on a quilt carpet of patchwork, which was a tribute of loving respect to the Princess from the children of one of the schools which she finds time to foster with so much personal attention. The chief adornment of the main staircase is a fine portrait in oils of the Princess in riding dress.

Immediately at the top of the stairs a door opens to the right into the school-room, where the Prince's boys spend a stated number of hours per day over their lessons—a high pleasant room, in which flowers and photographs compete for elbow-room with school-books and story-books.

Listen to the ripples of child-laughter and the swift patter of child-feet along the corridor! There is a flash of rosy cheeks and dancing curls as three little maids in riding-habits trip daintily down the staircase on their way to an afternoon ride in the park, in the course of which "Slowcoach" will have a wakening up doubtless, and the piebald "Euston" get his head quite to his own liking,—three young ladies, the two eldest of whom are "out" after a fashion, so far as the Sandringham people are concerned; for at the tenants' ball in December last was there not a radiant vision of a pair of pretty fairies in scarlet sashes, with head-ribbons and dainty *bottines* to match?

Later, as the shadows are falling, there come across the sward from an outlying copse of the park a couple of bright-faced, frank-eyed, lissom-framed lads in kilts and hose of odden grey, on whose bare knees is here and there a scratch. The younger will tell you in a ringing English voice that his elder brother has just shot a rabbit; nor is the senior—the boy who in Heaven's good time and pleasure will be King of England—backward in acknowledging to this achievement of prowess.

Afternoon tea, to which all the guests gather in the saloon, is one of the great institutions of Sandringham home-life. It is the children's hour *par excellence*. M. Zichy has sketched the scene of charming informal domesticity with appreciative felicity. The Prince, teacup in hand, stands with his back to the vestibule fire, one of his boys and a group of his male friends standing about him. The Princess is at the tea-table, with one of her girls by her side and a number of guests, of both sexes, around the board. An adult gentleman with a moustache is obviously flirting desperately with a young lady, over whose flaxen curls quite seven summers must have passed. It is a sketch that one may well hope will be elaborated into a picture and exhibited, for it would speak straight to the heart of a people ever keen to thrill to the emotion and sentiment of home-life.

From six to half-past seven the Prince addresses himself to correspondence and business in General Knollys' room; but indeed there is hardly an hour of the day which his Royal Highness devotes wholly to pleasure, for his land-steward generally accompanies him in shooting excursions, at hand to note suggestions as to improvements which may occur to the Prince as he tramps over the estate.

It is reputed of the Prince in Norfolk that no landlord in the county is better acquainted with the details of his property, and with a greater zeal for its improvement.

The dinner-hour is eight, London time, half-past eight Sandringham time, for the Prince will have Sandringham time half an hour fast, the better to insure "taking time by the forelock." Of the dinner-table the chiefest decorations ever are flowers, brought fresh every night from the region of glass and heated air where Mr. Penny rules supreme.

On the birthday of his Royal Highness, afternoon tea gives place to a visit to the stableyard, in one of the coachhouses of which all the labourers on the estate, some two hundred in number, are entertained to a "square meal" of the most substantial character. On the night of the same day occurs the annual county ball; while on the night of the Princess's birthday is given the annual tenants' ball, to which are bidden not alone the tenantry of the Sandringham estate, but representative tenants from the various properties which the Prince has visited in his shooting expeditions.

After a hunt breakfast Bob Clayden's horn calls to horse, and the Prince mounts his trusty old chestnut "Paddy," while the Princess is also on a chestnut—a present from the Queen; Prince Albert Victor riding a clever roan, and Prince George a showy little black cob.

But the Sunday is the most characteristic day of the week at Sandringham. The Princess drives to Mr. Onslow's little church across the park; the Prince, with his male guests, walks, and after service walks back through the grounds, intent on pointing out his improvements. After luncheon the whole house-party walk out past the "bachelor's cottage" to the kennels, where Jackson is in waiting to receive the visitors to his domain. A flock of foreign goats immediately beset the Princess, in the full expectancy of tit-bits. There is a leisurely stroll through the pheasantry and along the snugly-sheltered cages in which are housed the Nepaulese birds, which were one of Sir Jung Bahadoor's gifts.

The bear-pit looked down into, and the bears coaxed to climb the pole, the dogs claim attention. "Jung" and "Ramsay," the noble Himalayan deerhounds, are clamorous for liberation, and effusively grateful when it is accorded to them, a boon which the Princess may extend to the shaggy terriers which have greeted her so noisily.

There is no lack of occupation at Sandringham for days not devoted to sport. The labouring folk in the parish having been all comfortably housed in model cottages, the reformation of the cottage architecture and accommodation of the parish of Wolferton, an outlying portion of the estate, is now being steadily proceeded with under the personal superintendence of the Princess herself, who sets her face determinedly against defective and unpicturesque houses for her labouring people.

Having taken this privileged peep into the interesting and pleasing home-life of his Royal Highness (which we could not have done without the aid of "The World"), we will now follow the Prince in his Indian tour—the most memorable event in his life, and which must speedily pass into the History of England. Our Indian Empire is spoken of from time to time with pardonable pride, but with a very scant amount of knowledge as to what our Indian Empire comprises, of what are its geographical conditions, or by what races it is inhabited.

The Prince travelled overland to Brindisi, and from thence in the splendid ship "Serapis," which was splendidly fitted up at Portsmouth for his accommodation. The "Serapis" was a troop-ship and destined to transport an entire regiment at a time from Portsmouth to India per Suez Canal.

No yacht afloat in any waters in the world—not even the wonderful hurricane-decked steamers in the South Pacific—can compare with the "Serapis" in cabin or saloon space. She

carries twenty tons of ice alone, double the usual allowance of troop-ships in the Indian "relief" season. The lower saloon cabins, which were formerly occupied by military officers, have been appropriated for the bestowal of the members of the Prince's suite. The midship cabins on the main deck have been entirely removed. The grand entrance to the Prince's suite of saloons will be by the "after-entry port;" and entering here, when the "Serapis" is in Indian waters, the Rajahs, Nawabs, and other illustrious personages will be received by the proper officers and conducted up a grand staircase to the State apartments. The decoration of this staircase is in white and gold. The apartments are very spacious, but can be easily partitioned off by silk curtains. The saloon is laid with rich carpets, and the entire fittings are worked in highly-polished English oak; while the stern settees or lounges are framed in highly-polished wood of the same species, and covered with green leather. The principal dining-saloon will accommodate sixty guests, the table being in the form of a horseshoe. This table, however, will not be always used, and is so disposed that it may be contracted into a hospitable board for only four-and-twenty guests. The table-covers are of Indian patterns. The furniture of the Royal sleeping apartments is likewise of oak. The Prince sleeps on a handsome brass bedstead, which is fixed to two upright brazen standards, so as to give an easy "cradle" movement to the couch. All the furniture bears gilt devices of his Royal Highness's arms and cipher.

India is portioned into the following great divisions:—First, Hindostan proper, which includes the provinces of Bengal, Behar, and all the regions lying to the north of the River Nerbudda. Secondly, the Deccan, which contains the provinces of Candeish, Doulatabad, Visiapoore, the north part of Golconda, Bocar, Orissa, and the Circars; the Peninsula, which comprises the whole tract south of the River Kishna;

and the North-Western Provinces, with the Punjab (five rivers), Kabul, Scinde, Bhawalpore, and all the States between Candahar and Allahabad.

These divisions are about 2,000 miles long, 1,600 broad, contain nearly 1,300,000 square miles, and are subdivided into four Presidencies (the term has long since lost its original signification), Bengal, capital Calcutta; Madras, capital Madras; Bombay, capital Bombay; and the North-Western Provinces, capital Agra. The entire population has been estimated at 180,000,000. It produces, among other things common in Europe, silk, cotton, diamonds and other precious stones, melons, oranges, almonds; while it is in India that the elephant and tiger make their home.

The Prince's reception in the wealthy, intelligent, splendid and picturesque city of Bombay, with a population of 560,000, was on a magnificent scale, as indeed it was throughout the whole of the Great Empire.

The native or "Black" town of Bombay is situated to the north of the fort, beyond a long esplanade called the Maidana. Here are situated the immense native bazaars; and here, beyond the struggling and jostling, and the incessant din and *vacarme* of human voices, three things will, in a somewhat oppressive manner, strike your senses. First, the darkness of the place and the closeness of the air. Secondly, the smell—not very appetising to the olfactory nerves of Europeans—of the native cookshops. Thirdly, the subtle and penetrating odour of musk, arising, it is said, from the untold thousands of musk rats with which the native houses swarm. You have often read of the "spice-laden" breezes of the East. Inhale, in imagination, the musk-laden breezes of Bombay. This pungent perfume notwithstanding, the bazaars of Bombay are the most wonderful *emporium* of the kind to be found in all India, two-thirds of which immense region are supplied from Bombay with European goods.

All Hindoos have a religious veneration for the creatures which we, in our ignorance and conceit, term "brute beasts;" but the innocent sectaries called Jaïnas hold, not only that animal life must not be destroyed, but that it is the bounden duty of every pious Jaïna if he meets with a sick, wounded, or starving dumb animal, to take it to his house or convey it to the hospital. I wonder whether the first idea of a Dogs' Home in London was suggested to some tender-hearted Englishwoman domiciled in India, who had seen or heard of the Jaïna hospital at Bombay? Horses, asses, dogs, cats, and other "small deer" are here affectionately nursed. Some of the poor creatures are in a most deplorable condition: and there is a story of a European tourist, going through the hospital one day, who, pointing to a most direfully afflicted dog, asked the attendant whether, all things considered, it would not be better "to put the poor thing out of its misery?" "Is it thus your doctors treat sick people?" asked the attendant, turning a quiet eye on the tourist.

The Prince paid a flying visit to one of the hill stations of the Presidency—Mahabishwar or Matheran. This is a noted resort for Indian jugglers and mountebanks, who during the season go about from bungalow to bungalow performing feats of "contortionism" and legerdemain, which might make Robert Houdin feel envious and Hiller "feel small." One of their favourite tricks is that of the "Baby in the Bamboo Basket." A group of jugglers gather round a basket, and a little child is placed therein, to the intoning of wild chants and the monotonous banging of tom-toms. Then, the basket being apparently tightly closed, the jugglers fall upon it with long knives and transfix its every part with repeated stabs. The frail structure disintegrates. Little is left of the basket, and nothing whatever of the baby. Then the circle of jugglers is re-formed; the intoning of chants and the banging of tom-

toms recommences ; the re-established basket is again visible, the lid is lifted, and the child leaps out of it as though nothing had happened. Nothing *has* happened beyond a little clever juggling.

Another very curious trick is that of the automaton top, which, revolving at the end of a stick placed in equilibrium on the operator's nose, spins round, stops, and goes on again at the bidding of the spectator, but seemingly without any movement on the part of the juggler to arrest or to accelerate the movements of the top. Another feat of the juggler consists in his allowing a stone ball, apparently of great weight, to be dropped from a considerable height on to his shoulder. He seems none the worse for the shock, and he *is* none the worse ; but how does he do it ? Even the Prince could not find out—nor was it explained to him.

In the sports of India the Prince took great delight, and went into them with a keen relish, and did some courageous things with his rifle, and there was right princely sport in the Neilgherries, where elephants are plentiful in the jungles at the foot of the hills, but are not to be met with on the table-lands, where probably the chilly giants would find the air too cool. The tiger may be heard of in the hill country ; but he is a little less ferocious than his brother in the valleys. The cheetah or hunting leopard is "on hand" (as the Americans say) in the Neilgherries ; as also the jackal, the wild dog, the marten, the polecat, the wild boar, the bear, the "samber" (a kind of wild deer), the muntjak, and likewise a species of ibex. Hares are numerous, likewise porcupines, and some of the streams are patronised by the otter. Jungle fowl and quail are abundant ; partridges are scarce, but there are woodcocks, snipes and pigeons ; with blackbirds, larks, thrushes and wrens.

Hog-hunting as carried out in India, and in which the Prince

more than once engaged, is a truly regal sport, being the incarnation of all that is exciting, and it may be said to combine all the attractions of fox-hunting with the excitement of steeplechasing, heightened by that intense fascination which the presence of danger only can inspire.

Old boars are proverbially cunning, and after having been once hunted are very difficult to dislodge, for very often neither noise nor even the sight of the advancing beaters will make them budge from their lair and take to the open ground. They break back and charge the line of beaters time after time, and frequently manage to escape in that manner.

When the line of spearmen have got well under cover the signal is given for the line of beaters, who are under the guidance of the shekarry scouts, to advance. In some jungles it is best to beat silently; and in others, where the bush is thick, it is advisable to make use of tom-toms and other noisy instruments, cholera-horns being sounded only when the game is known to be afoot. We shall suppose ourselves at the jungle-side, waiting for the hog to break, and listening intently to the shouts of the beaters, who are evidently approaching the open ground and driving the game before them, as we can tell by the discordant squirt of the cholera-horns being heard at both ends of the line. Suddenly the yells become louder, and one distinguishes the "view halloo," "Soor, jata hy!" (There goes the pig.)

The old boar, who up to this time has been grunting savagely, scarcely appears to quicken his movements until the hunters begin to close upon him, when he bounds away with a speed that no one who has not been an eye-witness would conceive. Then comes the exciting moment, the rush for first blood, and a score of gallant horsemen, with heads up, bridle-hands down, and the points of their spears kept well forward, charge at full speed along the plain. Then comes into play the experience

and coolness of the old hunter, mounted on the best blood of Nedjed, who, enjoying the chase as much as his rider, follows, *con amore*, every swerve of the boar, and, forging slightly ahead, gains the near side, and enables his master, by leaning forward in his saddle, to drive his spear well home behind the shoulder-blade, and cause the quarry to roll over on his back in the dust. If the spear-point has penetrated the heart the grey boar dies—as the brave do—in silence, not a moan escaping him; but should the vital spot be missed, woe unto you that follow, if ye are not ready! for, in the twinkling of an eye, the infuriated monster picks himself up, and, cocking his head on one side knowingly, as if to take aim, with a wild roar and open-mouthed, charges the nearest of his antagonists, and, unless the onset is promptly met on the point of the spear, the chances are that one or two horses will be badly ripped, and their riders besmeared with gore.

The boar is one of the most courageous and fearless of forest animals, and when severely wounded, in his desperation he has been seen to charge, utterly reckless of life, against a spear's point, forcing the shaft through his body until he could bury his tusks in the flank of his antagonist's horse. Neither the lion nor the tiger will ever willingly attack a solitary boar, unless they can pounce upon him unawares, which is not often the case, as he is desperately cunning, and can detect the taint in the air at a great distance. His tenacity of life is also very great, and he has been known to receive a dozen severe spear-wounds, some of which completely transfix the body, before he finally bit the dust. The best places to spear a boar, so as to reach a vital spot, are just behind the shoulder-blade, low down, when the point enters the heart or lungs along the ridge of the spine, when he becomes more or less paralysed; or, if possible, just where the head and neck join.

Tiger-hunting in India has been so often described by tra-

vellers, that we are sure our readers would consider it intrusive to introduce it here ; but we cannot resist a few words about "Tiger-shooting from the Howdah," as described by the "Old Shekarry," and more especially as our Prince distinguished himself in it :

" To stalk a tiger on foot in dense cover is often quite impracticable, as, where there is thick under-growth, the hunter can rarely see three yards before him, whilst every step he takes is seen and heard by his suspicious antagonist, who can, if he choose, travel round him and take him in the rear without the slightest sound betraying his movements. When the country is covered with high grass, it is almost impossible to drive out a tiger even with a strong gang of beaters ; besides, this is dangerous and uncertain work, and in many cases the tiger will break back through the beat without giving the sportsmen a chance of a shot. Under these circumstances little or nothing can be done without the aid of trained elephants, when the quarry can be tracked and followed up to his mid-day lair, and killed with but comparatively little danger from the howdah.

" A well-broken shekar-elephant will beat for his game like a pointer, making his way noiselessly through the brushwood, searching the densest thickets foot by foot, and, at the command of his mahout, throwing stones into the watercourses, where tigers are likely to conceal themselves. When the tiger is afoot the sagacious animal stands steady at the word of command, so as to allow his master to shoot ; and, should the animal be wounded and charge, he will stand his ground with the most unflinching courage, as if trusting in the sportsman's coolness and accuracy of aim. Sometimes they display over-eagerness in seeking to kill the tigers themselves by trampling them under foot ; and in such a case the rider is liable to be pitched out of the howdah in the struggle. Generally speaking, when mounted on a really well-trained and steady elephant,

the hunter is exposed to very little danger; and I know of ladies having killed tigers in this manner. I cannot, however, say that I am partial to this kind of shooting, not finding much excitement in it; moreover, I never feel sure of my aim when seated on a jolting elephant, and for my own part much prefer the more sportsman-like proceeding of killing my game on foot and giving him a fair chance of defending his skin. Although perhaps endowed with as much nerve as the generality of men, I always felt out of my element in a howdah; and notwithstanding I have been out tiger-shooting upon elephants some scores of times, I always felt far more afraid of the elephant taking fright and bolting, or falling down bodily to the bottom of a ravine, or smashing the howdah and its occupants against the overhanging branches of trees, than I ever did of the tiger."

We earnestly trust the Prince's Indian tour will prove in the future as beneficial in cementing friendship between England and the great country she has been destined to govern as it was personally pleasurable to the Prince and the native princes who hospitably and magnificently entertained him.





## THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFESBURY

[THE POOR BOYS' FRIEND AND SOCIAL REFORMER].

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SEARCH throughout the world's history, it would be difficult to find a man who has been a truer or a more devoted worker for the benefit of mankind, as well as for its Christian elevation, than the Good Earl of Shaftesbury. His philanthropic object throughout a long and glorious life has been to save souls as well as feed bodies, and could he have succeeded to the full of his desires, why then "not a tear, nor aching heart, would in the world be found."

He is truly an example of what an earnest Christian man is capable of doing if he will but devote his talents and his leisure to the amelioration of the lost and the forsaken ; to take by the hand the widow and the orphan ; to seek for the waifs and strays of his species ; to enlighten the ignorant and benighted, and to protect the weak from the oppressive and strong. For all these things the Good Earl has worked diligently in the House of Commons, in the House of Peers, in the streets, and on the platform.

He has done the work of his Master in the Master's spirit, and his name will be "blessed for evermore."

The Right Honourable Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, is the seventh bearer of the title, conferred upon his ancestors by Charles II. He was born in the year 1801, and began his education at Harrow, thence to Christ Church,

Oxford, where he took a first class in classics in 1822, graduating B.A. in 1832. He was first returned as a Member of Parliament for Woodstock in 1826, and in 1830 he was returned for Dorchester. In the House he chiefly distinguished himself for the Ten Hours' Bill, and refused to accept office under Sir Robert Peel because that statesman would not give his support to the measure, on which Lord Ashley's claim to remembrance in the Lower House chiefly rests. In the year 1842 he introduced a Bill for which the way had been paved by a long and patient inquiry, and by a deep feeling of astonishment and indignation in the public mind at the horrors which that investigation revealed. "The Measure" (we quote from Cassell's "National Portrait Gallery") "related to the employment of women and children in mines and collieries, and it was reported by the Commission for which Lord Ashley had moved, that infants of seven, six, and even four years of age were employed in performing the work of actual beasts of burden, whilst the hours of labour for women—the labour itself being of a most unsuitable and degrading character—were fourteen and sixteen hours a day. Even these hours were not unfrequently exceeded; and the whole question was surrounded by a moral atmosphere indescribably foul. By Lord Ashley's Bill the employment of women in these places was absolutely forbidden, and it was enacted that no children under the age of fourteen years should be engaged. The hours of work were brought within decent limits, and the iniquitous system of pauper apprenticeship was done away with."

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In 1843 his attention was attracted to the overwhelming mischief wrought by the opium traffic among the inhabitants of our Eastern possessions, and among the people of China; and on the 4th of April he laid before Parliament the whole miserable story of the opium trade.

In the same year he laid before the House a motion on the subject of Education, and here again it became his duty to attack oppression and corruption, and to expose the doings of many who ground down the faces of the poor. He pointed out that there were at that time no fewer than 1,014,193 children capable of education, but under no educational influence.

Through all the Parliamentary work in which he was engaged at this time ran one and the same purpose, and to that purpose his whole life now appeared to be dedicated. The calls upon his time and attention outside the House were not less urgent or imperative than those which addressed him from within its walls. His elevation to the Peerage on the death of his father, in the year 1851, did not in his case, as it has done in so many others, serve to take him from the public view. His claim to public attention had been always more of a social than a political nature, and his removal from the busy arena of the House of Commons to the quieter sphere of the Lords did but leave him with more time, more freedom, and more influence for the public service.

His first measure in the House of Lords was his Juvenile Mendicancy Bill. On this measure the "Times" in a leading article said—"It has come to pass that you will encounter more beggars, of one sort or another, in a walk from Westminster Abbey to Oxford Street, than you will in a tour from London to Switzerland, whether you go by Paris or by the Rhine. As surely as the tadpole will change into the frog, the little fellow who now pursues you the length of a street will one day pick your pocket, and be a frequent charge on the County Rate and the National Exchequer."

Earl Shaftesbury was the first to discover and deplore this state of things, and apply the remedy. He worked at it with a will, and would not be satisfied until Lord Palmerston (his distinguished relative) introduced a measure in the House of

**Commons**, a measure "for the Better Care and Reformation of Youthful Offenders in Great Britain ;" the principal effect of the passing of which was Government aid to the Reformatories established by philanthropical effort in various parts of the kingdom.

But the one movement, which has more than any other brought the name of the Earl of Shaftesbury before the public, is that of the Ragged School Union an association which had a small and not very promising beginning in the year 1843. As Lord Ashley, he consented to become the president of the new Union ; and he has held the office ever since, presiding year after year at its annual meetings, travelling here and there to assist in the development of its idea, and lending all his influence to its cause. The religious literature of the time at which this movement was inaugurated is full of strange revelations of the social life of those classes amongst whom it was proposed to labour, and the amount of practical good effected by Ragged Schools in our great towns is altogether beyond calculation. The Ragged School has paved the way for the Board School, which is now partially supplanting it. Lord Shaftesbury foresaw this when in 1871 he wrote : " It is not my intention to institute any comparison of the past with the future system—of what is going out with what is coming in. The death of one and the life of the other stand both of them in the list of the inevitables. My only prayer—and it is a very humble one—is that the interval between the close of the old effort and the beginning of the new may not be attended with a heart-sickening recurrence of suffering and degradation."

The value of the institution of Ragged Schools was shown by Lord Morley in the House of Lords. In 1843, before these Schools were originated, there were 4,488 criminals sentenced to transportation out of a population of 16,000,000. In 1869

there were but 2,000 sentenced to penal servitude—transportation having been abolished—out of a population of 21,900,000. It will thus be seen that while the population had risen in the proportion of rather more than 21 to 16, crime had fallen by considerably more than one-half. Honour to Lord Shaftesbury for this diminution of crime, which was the effect produced by his noble work connected with the Ragged School Union.

Two other movements more recently occupied his benevolent active mind—the Shoe-black Brigade, and the emigration of the more trustworthy among the poor lads of London to Canada, where most of them have since turned out well.

The idea of the Shoe-black Brigade was mooted at a meeting of Ragged School delegates, and was at once put into practice on a small scale. The first day's staff consisted only of five boys, but others were rapidly induced to join, and hundreds of lads were put into a position where honesty and cleanliness were at least placed within their reach. The managers of the Brigade and the School worked the two projects together with good results.

Very recently the good Earl has set himself to work amongst the cabmen and costermongers, and effected much moral improvement amongst both classes. Not long ago it was his happiness to distribute the prizes to the boys on board the "Chichester" training-ship, when he delivered such a beautiful address to them as will not easily be forgotten by those who heard it and those who read it.

But in what good work is the Earl and his influence not always ready to engage in heart and soul? His life has, indeed, been identified with the history of the evangelical Christianity of his time, and with all movements of social philanthropy. To enumerate all the work he has done for the public weal would far exceed our allotted space, and therefore it is we have had to confine ourselves to the more prominent ones.

Thus he speaks of the Bible in a letter to the "Times" on the revision of the Sacred Book:—"Its language has sunk deep into the moral constitution of our people. No one who associates with them can doubt it. It is the staple of their domestic intercourse, the exponent of their joys and sorrows. And I will maintain that a descent from the majestic and touching tones of our wonderful version, to the thin Frenchified and squeaking sentences in modern use, would be an irreparable shock to every English-speaking man, who has drunk in the old and generous language almost with his mother's milk."

Let us now see the great social reformer at home, for which we acknowledge our obligations to "The World," which has given us so many admirable histories of the home-life of many of our English and foreign celebrities.

His country seat is at St. Giles's House, Wimborne, Dorsetshire. He is a tall man, and grown grey in the service of his country. He usually wears a rough suit of grey tweed; his pantaloons are turned up at the bottom, and when walking he is accompanied with a stick of enormous bulk. His tremendous height and the unmistakable Ashley nose reveal the landed proprietor and philanthropist. The village which he is lord of is veritably a model village, and nestles close under the house and church of St. Giles. Every cottage has its apricot-tree, and the chronicle of those trees would bear no slight resemblance to a certain sacred narrative. Each cottage contains its front parlour and back kitchen on the ground floor, above which are three bedrooms, absolutely unconnected with each other, and having independent doors opening on to the common landing. Each cottage is endowed with a long strip of garden in *front*, for his Lordship has no opinion of back gardens; "public opinion cannot be brought to bear upon them, and they too frequently degenerate into dust-heaps." Each cottage costs £160, and for these his cottagers are charged fifty-two

shillings per year. The owner of Wimborne St. Giles tells us that his labourers always pay their rent. Good times and bad, he gets his one and a-half per cent. well and duly paid ; for there is sharp competition for his cottages, and the one bit of foresight shown by the Wessex husbandman is to keep a roof over his head.

Dorsetshire folk are undeniably clean and tidy, and send their children to school so neatly and trimly attired as to shame artisans earning twice their wages. Their school attendance, too, is encouraging ; out of a population of 420, Wimborne St. Giles boasts a regular school attendance of ninety.

As we stroll through the pretty village, past bubbling springs and a purling trout stream, the author of the Ten Hours' Bill —the man who swept female labour out of collieries, whose whole life has been a protest against wrong in every shape—confesses that the difficulty which stands in the way of every attempt to improve the condition of the agricultural labourer is his reliance upon charity. When they have money they spend it, and are content to trust to the parish when the rainy day arrives.

One great source of village demoralisation is absent from Wimborne St. Giles. "My woods are very large and not over-stocked with game," their owner remarks ; "I do not think it would pay a regular poacher to stop out all night for what he could pick up there. I preserve very little, on the principle that it is unfair to place an irresistible temptation before my people. It is unfair and it is ridiculous too," he adds, as his blue eyes put on a laughing look, "to tell a poor ignorant fellow to work hard all day for half-a-crown when he can earn ten shillings and more in two or three hours of the night in a well-stocked preserve. Poaching has never been considered stealing in this part of the country, and the people take to it

as naturally as did the old hereditary deerstealers of Cranborne Chase ; but it is not worth their while to trouble me."

Discouraging thus we arrive at a row of almshouses, and our tall host bows his head low as we enter one tenanted by an ancient dame, rejoicing in numerous teapots. True to the instinct of her class she overwhelms "my lord" with a long list of her ailments and sufferings, especially from a cold "that dreadful bad," &c., till the good-natured peer, his patience finally exhausted, says sympathetically, "I have got a cold too," and executes a skilful flank movement towards the door.

Escaping into the outer air we stride along towards the village church, where lies buried a noteworthy ancestor of the Ashley-Coopers, Sir Anthony Ashley, Secretary at War in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the first grower of cabbages in England. Passing by two yew-trees of enormous girth we reach the quaint kitchen-garden, divided by an ancient wall into four quadrangles, originally used as paddocks for raising horses. At the gate of the kitchen-garden waits, with a light load of gravel behind him, "Coster," the famous donkey presented to Lord Shaftesbury by the Costermongers of London. Coster is only worked two days a week, to keep him in condition, his tendency being towards over-robustness. He is fair and full of flesh ; the grey curls over his broad forehead give him a strangely judicial air. But his gravity only lasts during his hours of exercise, for out of the shafts he is as gay as a kitten. It is needless to say that he is much petted and loved by the dwellers at St. Giles's House. The Earl himself stops awhile to caress Coster, pats his curly pate, and spans his neck. "The donkey," he says, "is the most patient, affectionate, frugal and docile of animals. It is not the donkey who is stupid, but the people who will not learn to understand him and treat him according to his nature."

But donkeys are not the only pets at St. Giles's House.

Dogs, little and big, sleek and curly, collies and terriers roam at will through hall and library, drawing-room and conservatory.

In this peaceful pastoral district there yet remains much of the old feudal spirit of loyalty, generously enough responded to by the proprietor, who bewails, while acknowledging the unhappy truth, that people thoroughly honest, clean, law-abiding, and reasonably sober, yet show not an atom of self-reliance or thirst. "Except that they are better housed and better dressed," complains their best friend, "they do not seem better off than they were years ago. It is the same slipshod hand-to-mouth life as of old, with the horrible shadow of parish relief in the background. Allowing for increased prices and the loss of some perquisites, they are richer with fourteen and sixteen shillings a week than their fathers were with six; but they save nothing. I tried once to teach them to save a little, and gave them five shillings apiece to put in the savings-bank as a nest-egg. But my scheme was a failure. The few who made an attempt at all soon gave it up, drew out their money, nest egg and all, and there was an end of my little plan and of the nest-eggs at five shillings apiece."

The house itself is one of those curious specimens of development which abound in England, and suggest the process by which great families as well as great houses are formed. At some remote period it was undoubtedly a fortified stronghold, the great central hall being obviously a courtyard glazed over. Centuries ago the little river, once bent hitherward to supply the moat, was carried under the house, and now expands into a pretty lake, lazily seen in autumn tide from the orange-tree avenue, stretching away beyond the rook-haunted, mistletoe-laden lime-trees. "Mistletoe," says the lord of St. Giles's, "may grow on the oak, according to popular belief, in some places, but it never does so here. Our crop of mistletoe is

very large, and we have oaks in abundance, but we never get a berry from an oak-tree."

St. Giles's is a store-house of pictures and rare furniture, the wealth in "Chippendale" alone being immense. There are ceilings and chimney-pieces by Inigo Jones, and portraits valuable, not only as pictures, but as historic memorials. In the library hangs a portrait of Milton as a young man, by Cornelius Jansens.

St. Giles's House also boasts a dining-room of which the owner is especially proud, as being so admirably proportioned that forty guests will not crowd, nor ten look sparse in it—a splendid room the full height of the building, like the great hall, noticeable for a monument to which the owner can hardly point without emotion. It is the colossal bust of himself, carved out of one vast block of marble, and presented to the late Lady Shaftesbury by the working people of the North, as a memorial of the noble work performed in their cause by her husband.

But the class among whom the good Earl has chiefly laboured have not been able to make any large palpable return for his services, but they have on several occasions displayed their gratitude by a presentation, whose market worth would not well express the value set upon it by its recipient. There is the donkey, and the bust noticed before, and then the presentation of an address of thanks, subscribed by 1,700 names, and another of a crayon portrait of himself, photographed copies of which have since been extensively published. Another of those gifts was a picture, in which the unrecognised and half-starved Arab of the streets is contrasted with a member of the Shoe-black Brigade.

But while all these gifts are born of decay, the great public good done by the Earl of Shaftesbury will defy the obliteration of time.



## THE RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, M.P.

[PROMOTER OF NATIONAL EDUCATION].

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WE must accord to Mr. Forster the fame of having solved one of the most perplexed and difficult problems of our times. And this he has achieved by patient industry, a conciliatory spirit, and great practical ability. The Parliamentary measure for National Education which he framed and worked successfully to carry through, is the most important measure of this or any other age, with the exception of the Reform Bill, for had it not been for the passage of that Bill, we never should have got our present system of National Education for the poor amongst us. In this one great event of his life Mr. Forster has earned for himself an imperishable name and everlasting gratitude.

Sprung from a Quaker stock, and born a member of the Friends' Society, he was imbued in earliest youth with the earnest practical spirit of Quakerism, and was intimately associated with that self-denying and resolute band of philanthropists who pleaded the cause of the slave, and ultimately succeeded in casting the reproach of slavery from the British name.

His father, the late Mr. William Forster, was a well-known philanthropist and minister of the Gospel in connection with the Society of Friends. He married Anna Buxton, the eldest daughter of Thomas Fowell Buxton. Though, like her husband, a member of the Society of Friends, Mrs. Forster had

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1846, he devoted himself to the alleviation of distress. It is interesting to know that he was for a time accompanied by his since distinguished son, who wrote an account of the places visited and of the scenes of suffering and distress it was their lot to encounter among the peasantry.

When Thomas Fowell Buxton entered Parliament in 1818, it was William Forster who first urged his brother-in-law to take up the anti-slavery cause. The importation of fresh negroes from Africa had been declared illegal in 1807, after twenty years of effort on the part of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their coadjutors; but nothing had been done in the work of emancipation. "Now it is certainly time," wrote William Forster to Buxton, "to turn the mind of the British public towards the situation of those in actual slavery." Buxton finally resolved to enter on the struggle in the autumn of 1822. William Edward Forster (the subject of our sketch), was then a boy of four years of age, and, with all his kindred zealously devoted to emancipation, we know that he imbibed from childhood the anti-slavery spirit, and during the course of his public life he has given repeated proofs of his faithfulness to his inherited but not less conscientious convictions.

In connection with the Niger expedition, which Sir Fowell Buxton did so much to promote, William Edward Forster, then a young man of twenty-one, offered to assist in the undertaking in any way his uncle might please, either in England or Africa. In reply to his nephew, Buxton thus wrote:—

"I do think you qualified for serving the cause in all its essentials remarkably well indeed. In fact, I think you, on the whole, better qualified than any one for the task."

It was fortunate that young Forster's zeal did not carry him to Africa with the ill-fated expedition, and that he was reserved for other labours not less valuable, but in a sphere quite different.

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Society. In the schools of this society the Bible is read, and religious instruction given without any catechism; and it is not improbable that William Edward Forster imbibed from his uncle Robert that zealous interest in education which enabled him in after days to do good service as Educational Minister, and to provide for the whole of England that system of national instruction with which his name is associated. Robert Forster died in October, 1873, at the advanced age of eighty-one, leaving the subject of our notice sole living male representative of the Forster family.

It was not until the April of 1859 that he attempted to secure a place in Parliament, when he contested Leeds in the Liberal interest. He was on that occasion defeated, but in the February of 1861 a vacancy occurred at Bradford, and his candidature for that borough was successful.

Mr. Forster had not been long in the House before he made himself heard upon those questions in which he was himself most keenly interested. He did not, however, as many members of Parliament have done, attempt an oratorical *tour de force*, in the hope of taking a position by storm. He chose rather to speak in a modest and straightforward way on matters of common interest, appearing more frequently in those brief Committee debates, which are after all one of the best tests that the House of Commons has of a man's general abilities, than in any other way. His first speech was delivered in connection with the American Civil War, on the 22nd of February, and occupied only a minute or two in delivery. He made many other equally unimportant appearances during that session, and the House gradually grew accustomed to his presence and his style, and looked naturally for shrewd, business-like advice and native common sense whenever the new member for Bradford rose to speak. Mr. Forster is not by any stretch of language to be described as an orator. His

ELITE BOYS.

... than that of any other leader in the Commons. He rather affects a quiet and contents himself with homely humour.

... known at one time, both in the House and abroad, as Mr. Forster, a typical Yorkshireman. His abruptness of manner, a certain want of expression are mingled in him with a frankness and common sense which are characteristic of popular fancy. Mr. Forster, ... was very fond of the repetition of this phrase 'Dodd'—he constantly repudiated it, and in a speech ... that a reference to 'Dodd' would ... a gentleman of the fact that he was not a ... he had been born in the town of Bradford, ... Jersey and educated at the Friends'

... manners of demeanour—a close habit ... a certain habit of speech—a tact which ... less move winsome than the most ... to be—a persistency in work ... like men of like talent—a patience ... Yorkshire fiction which ... world. It is helped out pro- ... has never represented any ... by business associated ... the northern county. ... he embarked on official life ... the Secretary of State for ... a representation. This post he ... 1880, when the Liberal ... the Peel school administration.

In the winter of 1868, when Mr. Gladstone took the reins of power, Mr. Forster was nominated Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education ; and in July, 1870, on the death of the Earl of Clarendon, the additional honour was conferred of a seat in the Cabinet.

The great event of the session of 1870 was the passing of the Elementary Education Bill. This Bill was introduced by Mr. Forster into the House of Common on the 17th February, in a speech of great strength and lucidity of expression, and which indicated a complete mastery of the subject. The object of the Act was to secure elementary education for all the children of the people ; and to attain this object not by destroying but by utilising the existing system. The religious question, since so much debated, he thus touched upon—“We want, while considering the rights and feelings of the minority, to provide that which the majority of parents in this country really wish—that there should be a Christian training for their children—that they should be taught to read the Bible. It would be a monstrous thing that the Book, which after all is the foundation of the religion we profess, should be the only book that was not allowed to be used in the schools.” An auditor of the speech remarks—“Without making the slightest attempt to secure oratorical effect, Mr. Forster quietly and deliberately stated to the House the provisions of his Bill in language which nobody could misunderstand. When he sat down it seemed for the moment that he had achieved one of the greatest parliamentary triumphs of modern times. Everybody was captivated by his exposition of the measure. On the one side of the House leading members of the Conservative party, and, on the other, influential Radicals, joined in congratulating Mr. Forster on the masterly manner in which he had solved the great problem of the day.”

The chief opposition to the Bill came from the Birmingham

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and "unsectarian education." Mr. Fox, one of the members of the House, in his second reading by moving an amendment "no measure for the education of the people should afford a permanent and distinct religious test, except the important question of the payment of tithes to be determined by the local authorities." This amendment was only explicit in its meaning, but did not attempt to define what was only fair that it should. It was agreed to create "unsectarian education" and at the same time he thought it not at all necessary, and he supported it as strongly as any other. Dissenting deputations, from the Nonconformist Societies, received a great deal of valuable information, and were able to agree to a plan to recommend to the Government how "unsectarian education" should be carried out. "The time will come," he said, "the time will come when we can agree better on these points, but that on the main lines of religion we can all teach them in common to our children, and then cast off from the future all hopes of strife, and that all those questions which now divide us and animate our hopes for the future, and cast over us the shadow of right and wrong, these are wholly to be excluded from the schoolroom. It is our duty to the present and to the future to let the remembrance of the past go by, and to cast off from the teaching of our schools all that now veins the blood of my countrymen, to bear descendants of the English people, which were the property of

The English people

cling to the Bible, and no measure will be more unpopular than that which declares by Act of Parliament that the Bible shall be absent from the school. With the exception of the principle of free schools, which does not, I think, meet with much acceptance, there is no principle adopted by the League which cannot be carried out in any locality where the majority of the population desire it. This is a Bill in framing which we have endeavoured to carry out two principles—the most perfect protection to the parent, and the securing of the most complete fairness and impartiality in the treatment of all religious denominations."

After twenty-one days of debate, during which Mr. Forster was never absent from his place, the Bill passed the third reading unchanged in principle.

It might fairly be supposed, after the passage of this great measure, Mr. Forster would have rested on his well-earned laurels for a while; but no; his ever active mind for the public good made him, in 1871, take up the Ballot Bill. Before Easter, the Bill was read a second time, and, after a prolonged course, which required on his part the exercise of unfailing patience, it passed the Commons in June, but was thrown out in the Lords. The Bill, under his high auspices was re-introduced in the session of 1872, and after many checks and delays passed the Lords and became law.

Thus there are two great political measures with which his name is closely connected. His success in passing the Education and Ballot Acts may be attributed to his rare talent as a practical legislator. When the middle class and higher education of the country comes to be dealt with, the knowledge, experience, and practical sagacity of the member for Bradford will be usefully directed in the House of Commons.

Mr. Forster was an occasional contributor to the pages of the Westminster and Edinburgh "Reviews." An article en-

titled "Quakers and Quakerism" from his pen appeared in the "Westminster" for April, 1852.

The account given by Macaulay, in his "History of England," of the great Quaker William Penn, gave special umbrage to the Society of Friends, and drew forth a reply from the pen of Mr. Forster. This reply appeared as a preface to Clarkson's "Life of Penn," but was also published in a separate form. "The page of our history," says Mr. Forster, "is not so rich in illustrations of nobility and worth that we can afford to barter away any one of them—not even in exchange for all the fine pictures of Mr. Macaulay; and if his portrait of Penn be in truth a caricature, the talent of the painter makes it all the more necessary to attempt to prove that it is not a likeness." In his vigorous *brochure* he disposes of the charges against Penn by a thorough sifting of the alleged authorities cited by the historian.

In 1850, Mr. Forster married Jane Martha, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. The right honourable gentleman is a large employer of labour in his flourishing Bradford business, although no longer able to give to it his own personal attention.

In 1874, he visited America. He travelled over the whole country from Boston to the Rocky Mountains, and from Niagara to New Orleans, having in view the special object of observing for himself the state of matters in the Southern States.

On the eve of his departure from New York, he was entertained by the Union League Club, a body which had been formed in the dark hours of national danger to bind together loyal Americans in support of the Union and against the slave power. Mr. Forster had been throughout the great Civil War, like Mr. Bright, a firm and devoted partisan of the North. At a great meeting at Leeds in 1863, he had spoken in sup-

port of the Union and emancipation in America. His convictions as to the character of the great struggle he reiterated in his speech at New York. "For myself," he said, "I was brought up to hate and abhor slavery from the time I could read a book or listen to words. I therefore should have no excuse if I had not sufficient knowledge to see what was the real meaning of the terrible contest. There never was a war on which depended a greater stake. History will, I believe, declare that it was the war of this century. What were the results? The preservation of the Union—the abolition of slavery. Had you not succeeded, you would have had in America, as we have in Europe, countries with large standing armies, with alliances, frontiers, constant jealousies, and constantly trying to drag the nations of Europe into difficulties on the one side or the other; while the slave power would have obtained dominion, and the world have been put back in the progress of civilisation for many, many years."

Indomitable perseverance, and great general knowledge, with a warm heart and a moral courage that gives him the will and desire to serve God and his fellow man, are his great characteristics.





## HENRY W. H. SMITH

[THE ADMIRALTY].

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"A new scale!" was the universal exclamation when Mr. W. H. Smith, bookseller, was appointed by the Premier as First Lord of the Admiralty. The highest posts that England has to offer have been for some time past the first surprise at the appointments. The nine days' wonder had ceased—the election took its place—then the universal—“He is the right man in the right place.” He is not trained from his youth up in the business characteristics—integrity, energy, judgment, tact, and great personal traits instilled into him by his father and mother, and his illustrious son, the bookseller in the Kingdom and the world, in applying these excellent traits to the public affairs.

He is a noble man, and that thorough education, which we have seen him receive, makes him of inestimable value. Who could Earl Beaconsfield have had in mind in choosing a colleague for his son, Mr. Henry Smith his First Lord of the Admiralty, as an example for the youth of

England to follow, for they here palpably see that the highest offices of the State are not close boroughs, but are now open to all who strive to win them. "Worth before birth" has been the national cry, and the cry was never more honestly responded to than in the honours of First Lord being bestowed upon the eminent bookseller of the Strand.

During their lifetime it is almost impossible to estimate the greatness of men ; they are in general not sufficiently comprehended by their contemporaries, over whom they tower too much ; nay, they are often persecuted on account of the prejudices which they trample down in their progress. It is a late posterity, which, finding what the great man discovered to be truth, and enjoying the fruit of his toil, pays him the thanks due to his deserts.

The new First Lord is not a puffed-up man, but affable in converse, generous in his temper, and immovable in what he has maturely resolved upon ; prosperity does not make him haughty or imperious, and he is greatly removed from the extremes of servility and pride.

The past life of the new First Lord is full of promise. He is the accomplished son of a father of marked business ability, whose far-sighted perseverance, through all kinds of opposition, enabled him to carry out a much more efficient and early delivery of newspapers. He made himself the greatest disseminator of books, news, and periodicals in the kingdom. The father created the great house of W. H. Smith and Son, booksellers and newsagents, and its interests have been so carefully nursed by the member for Westminster, that it stands alone in importance and magnitude as representing a branch of trade which may be described as the growth and outcome of the present quarter of a century. The bookselling business has always held a high position in the country ; but it remained for this house to give it a peculiar development. The founder of it saw that

the railway system gave the opportunity for a new opening in his business. This he seized on, and gave practical effect to, and with the growth of the idea in the hands of his illustrious son, we have a commercial enterprise colossal in its proportions, and conferring a benefit on society worthy not only of recognition but of gratitude. It is so much a thing of habit for us in these days to get our books and newspapers at every turn—to find our literature “laid on,” so to speak, throughout the country, that we are apt to forget that there was ever a time when a far different state of things prevailed, and to underrate our obligations to the great firm by which it has been accomplished. The familiar words W. H. Smith and Son are synonymous with a spread of intelligence, a dissemination of literature, and a measure of popular culture worthy of national recognition.

The trade of bookseller is one of the gravest moral responsibility, and it is to be regretted that by a great many it is carried on in so unscrupulous a manner—we mean that the bookseller too often overlooks the importance of his “high calling,” and that for the sake of gain he disseminates as many weeds as flowers, and is careless whether the literature he spreads abroad be pure or impure. Let those stand corrected by the eminent German publishers, such as Friedrich Perthes and Tauchnitz. The former frequently asked himself, “How can I, a bookseller, *as a bookseller*, promote in every way the independence, the progress, the well-being of Germany? How can I, a bookseller, *as a bookseller*, promote to the utmost the cause of true art, of true literature, of true religion? How can I, not in addition to, but by virtue of, my calling, be in my own measure perfect as a citizen and as a man?”

Commenting on this lesson, the “Times” observed, “Booksellers in Germany are almost a professional class. They possess an intelligent acquaintance with literature which is not

expected, or at least not generally found, in the same class in England ; and in fact the publisher of books in that country is regarded as near akin to the writer of them. A German bookseller will frequently tell you as much about the literature of a subject in which you are making researches as the professor in the same town, who is as likely as not to be his brother." But if learning, wide and deep, be a less frequent attribute of English than of German booksellers, if a Tauchnitz or a Perthes has no exact parallel in "the Row," "we may yet assert (we quote from Cassell's "National Portrait Gallery"), in behalf of this all-important trade in its relations to society, a conscientious sense of the gravest obligations among those who take the lead in disseminating knowledge throughout the population of England. Honourably associated with the maintenance of purity in our national literature is the name of William Henry Smith. From the many dépôts that dot the railway lines of this Kingdom, all publications that vitiate and degrade public taste, that purposely and directly minister to the morbid craving for scandal, that confuse ideal satire with material libel, that court the admiration of cynical ignorance, and that sap the half-informed intellect which most needs a kindly and honest support, are banished.

" Having in his father's life-time, and afterwards, applied his great natural energies to the continual extension of such a business as that which we have described or indicated, Mr. Smith found time to interest himself in public and local affairs, and to take part in their discussion and control. As a magistrate for two counties—Middlesex and Herts—he has been no negleter of the duties entailed by his position. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Middlesex ; and though his busy life compels him to pass the greater portion of his time in London, he supports on occasion the useful character of a country gentleman."

2  
on the 24th of June, 1825

to the Grammar School. In 1858,

the late Frederick Danvers,

having devoted his early

life to the cause of

the slaves, distinguished himself

as a member of the suffrage of the electors

of Boston, but in 1868 was re-

elected an independent Liberal-Con-

servative and important seat ever

in the Commonwealth. He yet found

time to represent the School Board

of Boston, and represented the West-

ern District which time the pressure

of the Abolitionists and the attention

of his business enterprise compelled

him to give up his office.

At the present time, however, Mr.

Danvers is in the Treasury—one of

the most important, of

the departments of the Government. And doubtless it

will be a great charge on the duties of that

office, to be the signatory head of

the department as First Lord of the

Treasury, and in the sterling qualities

of his character, he has never had an opportunity

to display his talents. In the Treasury he has stood

well, and in the public estimation, he has passed

the first year with brilliant success, and,

in the opinion of his friends, with some interest, he has con-

ducted himself so carefully as to secure

the confidence of his superiors. And we are confident that

the abilities he has conspicuously shown as Financial Secretary to the Treasury will be not less marked in the more responsible as well as loftier post he is now called upon to fill.

It may be asked by some, What was there in common between conducting a vast business in literature and managing the naval affairs of the country? The answer is that the Admiralty is only a business department of the State. It deals with ships, with men, with navy stores, with munitions of war, and the like; but only from a business point of view. Experience has shown that to place a naval man only at the head of this Department is to make a gross blunder. The professional training is only an impediment in dealing with matters affecting the welfare of the profession.

It is of course easy to laugh at the ignorance of landsmen about sea-going matters, but practically it is better to have a man of intelligence, method, and sound business training than it would be to instal an admiral at the Admiralty. The late Mr. Ward Hunt was a country gentleman, with a profound ignorance of maritime affairs; yet he won the confidence of those associated with him, showed a ready aptitude for affairs, and was in all respects a most useful man in the office assigned to him. And there is every reason to believe that Mr. Smith will, from his talents, his acquirements, and business qualities, make an exemplary First Lord upon the good old principle that a man who manages his own affairs well is one to be entrusted with the affairs of the nation.

We are happy to say that the new First Lord—leaving his other political views—is a staunch supporter of Mr. Forster's great National Education measure and for religious instruction. He said on the hustings, when in 1874 he put up for re-election for Westminster:—“I supported Mr. Forster in his Education Bill, and in his resolve that religious instruction shall not be proscribed or discouraged in elementary schools, and I

should resist any alteration of the Act which would reverse an educational policy I should consider necessary to the well-being of the country. I endeavoured in the session of 1872 to procure from the Government a reduction of twopence in the pound upon the income-tax, but although I was supported by the whole strength of the Conservative party, I was unsuccessful, as the Government and their supporters were not then sensible of the severe pressure of the tax upon the trading and professional classes. In like manner, in the last session, I failed upon my motion to obtain from the Government any statement of the manner in which they were prepared to deal with the increasing burdens of local taxation, which had been ably pointed out by Sir Massey Lopes. I should, therefore, give my cordial support to any measure which the finances of the country will justify calculated to relieve the income-tax payer and to lessen the burden of local rates. There is, in my judgment, ample work for the energies of Parliament without embarking upon great constitutional changes which are not desired by the people. Among other questions would be the consideration of the steps necessary to increased efficiency and economy in the internal administration of the various Departments of the Government, in simplifying and codifying the law, and in some attempt to deal with great social questions, among which pauperism is probably the most serious in its effect on the strength and vitality of the country."

Whatever may be the Right Honourable gentleman's other political views—which would be out of place to discuss here—there is no doubt what we have quoted will please all parties. Be it as it may he was returned by the electors of Westminster at the top of the poll.

Leaving here his early political life—leaving him to the honours of the First Lord of the Admiralty—we will take a retrospective interview with him on the subject of newspapers, of

which there are published in England 1,240, and 300 of those are published in London alone ; in Wales, 58 ; in Ireland, 135 ; and in Scotland, 149.

The new First Lord's father was a newsagent, and when his son, the subject of this memoir, presided at a dinner of the benevolent institution connected with the newspaper business, he spoke with practical knowledge of an occupation which, with all its changes, claimed from its followers more unceasing anxiety, greater endurance to meet the strain upon their nerves, determination and health, than any other business of the age. They have to be at their work for six days of the week, for the newspaper, which was formerly a luxury, is now a necessity of social existence. No other power, says Mr. Smith, has grown like the newspaper. Years ago, newspapers were only conveyed to the doors of men rich enough to subscribe for them. The price of a daily paper was then sevenpence, now it is a penny, whilst the paper itself is four times the bulk it used to be.

The firm of W. H. Smith and Son is of national, if not of world-wide celebrity, and its fame is linked with the modern history of Journalism, and the dissemination of fact, thought, and opinion among the people. Now the daily history of the world may be brought within your grasp by the outlay of a penny. It is the history of that world, too, in which we now live ; and with it we are consequently more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance. In promotion of the intellectual with the useful the newspaper is an important auxiliary. It is even more, it is typical of the community in which it is encouraged and circulates. It tells its character as well as its condition ; its tastes as well as its necessities ; the moral as well as the physical stamina of population and soil. It is the map whereon are traced out tendencies and destinies. It is the portrait

of our imperfections as well as the chronicles of our advancement.

Newspapers were first invented in 1622 by a French physician, who, finding his visits welcome whenever he brought any news or gossip, applied to Cardinal Richelieu for a patent to publish the "Paris Gazette." To the extension of the circulation of the great organ of civilisation we are much indebted to the railway organisation established by the firm of which the new First Lord is the head, and for this, if nothing else, the public owe him a deep debt of gratitude.

While diligent in the exercise of his Parliamentary duties, the calls made upon him as the head of the well-known publishing firm of W. H. Smith and Son have not been neglected; nor have local institutions and charities ever appealed to him in vain either for personal or pecuniary aid. It will be remembered that the seats which have been placed on the Victoria Embankment for the convenience of the public were the gift of the Right Hon. gentleman.

The new First Lord would smile at being called a great man, for no citizen amongst us lives a simpler life.

The humblest being born is great,  
If true to his degree ;  
His virtue illustrates his fate,  
Whatever that may be.  
Then let us daily learn to love  
Simplicity and worth ;  
For not the eagle, but the dove  
Brought peace unto the earth.





## THOMAS CARLYLE

[PHILOSOPHER].

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MR. CARLYLE is preeminently the most gifted man of the present age. He is a native of the south of Scotland, born December 4, 1795, in the parish of Middlebie, Dumfriesshire. His father, a farmer, is spoken of as a man of great moral worth and sagacity; his mother as affectionate, pious, and more than ordinarily intelligent; and thus, accepting his own theory that "the history of a man's childhood is the description of his parents and environment," Mr. Carlyle entered upon "the mystery of life" under enviable circumstances.

As a schoolboy he became acquainted with the Rev. Edward Irving, the once celebrated preacher, whom he has commemorated as a man of the noblest nature. Thus he affectionately speaks of the great Scotch preacher:—"The first time I saw Irving was six and twenty years ago (1809), in his native town, Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character, and promise; he had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters, classical, mathematical—a whole wonderland of knowledge; nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end looked out from the blooming young man. The last time I saw him was three months ago in London. Friendliness still beamed in his eyes, but now from amid unquiet fire; his face was flaccid, wasted, unsound, hoary as with extreme age; he

was trembling over the brink of the grave. Adieu thou first friend—adieu while this confused twilight of existence lasts ! Might we meet where twilight has become day ! ”

From Annan, Carlyle went to Edinburgh, and studied at the University for the Church ; but before he had completed his academical course his views changed. He had excelled in mathematics, and he accepted a situation as mathematical teacher in a school in Fifeshire. Two or three years were spent in this way ; and afterwards, for a shorter period, Mr. Carlyle officiated as tutor to the late Mr. Charles Baker, whose honourable public career was prematurely terminated by his death in his forty-second year, in 1848. “ His light, airy brilliancy,” said Mr. Carlyle, “ has suddenly become solemn, fixed in the earnest stillness of eternity.”

Mr. Carlyle’s first appearance as an author was made, we believe, in the “ London Magazine,” in 1823, when he contributed to that periodical his *Life of Schiller*, which he enlarged and published in a separate volume in 1825.

In 1825, marriage lessened the anxieties attendant on a literary life, while it added permanently to Mr. Carlyle’s happiness. He now removed to a small estate he had acquired in his native county, which he has pleasantly described in the following letter to his friend Goethe :—

“ You inquire with warm interest respecting our present abode and occupation, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock,

our estate stands forth a great oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling ; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden ; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicine for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St. Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own ; here we can live, write and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance, for a stage coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not too, at this moment piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cart-load of French, German, American and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth ? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and the Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still

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to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion respecting it; at least pray write to me again and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you."

In this country residence Mr. Carlyle wrote papers for the *reign Review*, and his "Sartor Resartus," which, after being rejected by several publishers, appeared in "Fraser's Magazine,"

3-34. The book might well have puzzled the "book-tasters" who decide for publishers on works submitted to them in manuscript. Sartor professes to be a review of a German treatise on dress, and the hero, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, is made to illustrate by his life and character the transcendental philosophy of Fichte, adopted by Mr. Carlyle, which is thus explained:—"That all things which we see or work with in this earth, especially we ourselves, and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance; that under all these lies, as the essence of them, what he calls the 'Divine Idea of the World'; this is the reality which lies at the bottom of all appearance. To the mass of men no such divine idea is recognisable in the world; they live merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicalities, and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them."

Mr. Carlyle works out this theory—the clothes philosophy—and finds the world false and hollow, our institutions mere worn-out rags or disguises, and that our only safety lies in flying from falsehood to truth, and becoming in harmony with the "divine idea." There is much fanciful grotesque description in Sartor, but also deep thought and beautiful imagery. The hearty love of truth seems to constitute the germ of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy, as Milton said it was the foundation of eloquence.

In 1837, appeared "The French Revolution, a History by

Thomas Carlyle." "This is the ablest," say Chambers in their *Encyclopædia of English Literature*, "of all the author's works, and is indeed one of the most remarkable books of the age. The first perusal of it forms a sort of era in a man's life, and fixes for ever in his memory the ghastly panorama of the Revolution, its scenes and actors."

In 1845, appeared his collection of Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches in two volumes. "The authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself," says Mr. Carlyle, "I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed, or endeavoured to wash them, clean from foreign stupidities—such a job of back-washing as I do not long to repeat—and the world shall now see them in their own shape." The world was thankful for the service, and the book, though large and expensive, had a rapid sale. Here is his graphic picture of Oliver in 1658:—

"'His Highness,' says Whitelocke, 'was in a rich but plain suit—black velvet, with cloak of the same, about his hat a broad band of gold.' Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong, solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage, the expression of him valour and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; brown hair and moustache are getting grey. A figure of sufficient impressiveness—not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big, massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect, wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lip, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fierceness and vigour; deep, loving eyes, call them grave, call them stern—looking from under those craggy brows as if in

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life-long sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour; on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough."

In his biography of his valued friend John Sterling, we have the following beautiful portrait of Samuel Taylor Coleridge:—

"Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those gems looking down on London and its smoke tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other transcendentalisms, knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible, and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and point to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at All-Hallowtide, *estō perpetua*. A sublime man, who alone, in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood, escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality' still his, a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer; but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dark sublime character, and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma—his Dodona oak-grove, Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate—whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon. . . . He distinguished himself to all who heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in the world—and

to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent."

In 1858, appeared the author's crowning work of his fertile pen, namely, the "History of Friedrich II., called Frederick the Great." A noble work indeed is this, and had Mr. Carlyle done nothing else he would have deserved the high reputation he has earned for himself as a patient historian, a vivid painter of the past, a humorous, pathetic and eloquent writer; and he challenges attention as biographer, translator, critic, moralist, and political satirist—one who has written his name deeper in the literature of his country than any man now living.

In his home life (we quote from "The World"), in Chelsea, he is naturally abstemious, eating but two sparing meals daily, and drinking never more than two glasses of wine. His sole relaxation or amusement is tobacco, and tobacco in its simplest form. Neither sleek cigar nor dainty cigarette has charms for the philosopher of Chelsea; he smokes a long clay pipe.

As the morning mists clear from the Thames, various figures may be seen strolling about with that particular air which indicates expectation in its possessor. The pilgrim is sometimes a broad-shouldered Scot, sometimes a little townsman from the Midlands, now and then an obvious artisan, long-limbed and bowler-hatted. They can all read, these lingerers by the Thames. They diligently peruse the morning papers, and now and then cast an eager look towards the end of Cheyne-row, for they have come many a weary mile to look upon their hero, who has taught them, in round terms too, to appreciate their betters. At last emerges a tall slightly-bowed figure, surmounted by a wideawake of ample brim; and as Thomas Carlyle takes his early morning stroll they gaze, neither curiously nor impertinently, but reverently. Unheeding he passes on, as one whose spirit is not stirred by public observation. This before-breakfast promenade is part of a regular programme, through

which the inventor of the clothes-philosophy works daily. Breakfast over, work commences ; and here be it observed that Mr. Carlyle does not qualify reading and study as work, reserving the latter term for actual production. In this he differs widely from the great army of literary nihilists — the men of letters who pass their days in the reading room of the British Museum, and take their full value out of the London Library, but never produce anything. His hours of work are short—from half-past ten or eleven till two ; the rest of the afternoon is devoted to exercise, either in the form of a long walk with an old friend and congenial companion, or of a jaunt up to town in a Chelsea omnibus. He believes that the shaking, from which the effeminate hansom is comparatively free, but which may be thoroughly enjoyed in an omnibus, is a peculiarly wholesome species of exercise. Till within a few years he rode and drove a good deal. Making a rapid calculation one day, he said that during the time he was engaged in the production of "Friedrich II." he rode twice round the world. On alighting from the omnibus he would stroll in any direction, not bent entirely upon exercise, but observing keenly the human comedy visible on a London afternoon. His tastes would not occur to one who met him for the first time during his afternoon stroll as being of a literary complexion. He is no loiterer at bookstalls or grubber among curiosities. The first time we saw him out of doors he was gazing intently at the bonnets in a shop-window in Knightsbridge, lost in thought. Returning home from his afternoon promenade he reposes until dinner-time. This important ceremony over he again wanders out for a short space, and then sits down, not to work as he puts it, but to read till two o'clock in the morning.

This is, it must be confessed, a strong programme for a man Mr. Carlyle's age, for it is eighty-one years since he was born

room over the archway of the farmhouse of Ecclefechan.  
His after works have been written at Chelsea.

The reading preferred by the author of "Sartor Resartus" is  
lost entirely confined to books ; he takes but little interest  
in newspapers. Books, too, apart from a few companions of  
early life, are valued by him not as books, as choice editions,  
and so forth, but simply as shells.





## ROBERT MOFFAT

— *ARMY AND EXPLORER* ]

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first eminent and honoured man amongst us, shine as one of the brightest stars in the firmament of enterprise, and be synonymous with all that is self-denying, and most truly glorious, in the history of man. As early as 1816 he cast aside all care and anxiety, looking for no reward beyond that of an honest and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cause of nothing but the great cause of the Master, and his Master's name could possibly be mentioned without all the dangers, perils, privations and difficulties of that kind.

He entered strange lands at the youthful age of twenty, actuated by a sense of duty towards his Master. All his subsequent acts and words were directed to the return from the scenes of labour, when he returned from the scenes of labour, to sound the trumpet of his own conversion. When he is obliged to speak, he does so with such humility and so modestly that it almost seems as if he were afraid to call attention to himself, or to his years of sufferings in the cause of his Master. "Indeed, throughout his life, the spirit of self manifested that we might see something absolutely approaching



DR. MOFFAT ATTACKED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.



to, if it does not reach, sublimity. He is a great discoverer, too, but with Robert Moffat the end of geographical discovery is the beginning of Missionary enterprise.

“ Faithful at all times to the one intent,  
Bearing the message by the Saviour sent  
Unto the dwellers in wild heathen lands ;  
To succour the afflicted, and the bands  
Of sin to loosen ; God’s work ever doing,  
And the great end of life aye steadfastly pursuing.”

All professors of Christianity are under great obligations to Robert Moffat, who has devoted a long life to that noblest of all enterprises—the regeneration of Pagan nations by the diffusion of Christian principles.

“ So long hath he been traversing the wilds  
And dwelling in the realms of savagery,  
That he hath nigh forgot his mother tongue.”

Like his distinguished son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, he is a great traveller, and he takes more accurate observations of the important points in the regions through which he journeys than most other travellers usually do ; but it is all for the glory of God—all for the salvation of souls. Suitable spots for the establishment of missions among the poor benighted heathen, ready means of communication, channels for the admission of light into the dark places of the earth—these were the objects of his researches.

At the mention of such names as Robert Moffat and Dr. Livingstone—and they will always be mentioned together—one recalls instinctively the graphic words of one of the noblest and almost the very first of the world’s missionaries, the Apostle Paul :—“ In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea ; in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.”

After the lapse of two thousand years, it is no less true than strange that these selfsame words should apply with such emphasis to the subject of this memoir.

Robert Moffat was born at Ormes顿, near Haddington, in 1795. He came to England in his youth, and before leaving home his pious mother made him promise that he would read a portion of scripture every day, and he kept his word.

It was in Warrington, while reading a placard announcing a public meeting of the London Missionary Society, that he was moved to the solemn purpose of consecration to God that issued in his conversion. Believing himself called to the work, he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and they were cordially accepted; but for some lengthened period he was kept back by the opposition of his aged father. Ultimately he was ordained in Surrey Chapel, London, in October, 1816, along with eight other young men, of whom he is the only survivor.

On the last day of that month he embarked for South Africa, the future field of his lifelong labours. He began his work in Great Namaqualand, a wild and sterile region, where he was instrumental in the hands of God in leading the notorious chief, Africander, to a knowledge of the truth. But it was in the far distant interior, amongst Bechuanas, that Mr. Moffat won his most splendid triumph. When he visited the land of the Matabele, and preached to the king and his warriors, they were thrilled and terrified on hearing of the resurrection of the dead. "Oh," said his sable majesty, "tell me no more of these things; I cannot bear to think of all the men whom I have killed rising again." Do not these few simple words convey the same sentiment as is embodied in the more expressive utterance of Felix, "Go thy way, Paul, when I have a more convenient season I will send for thee." In 1840 Mr. Moffat visited England to carry through the press his transla-

tion of the Bechuana New Testament. The most extraordinary interest was excited in England by his addresses, as well as by the charming book which he published containing the account of his life and labours in South Africa. He very soon returned to resume his Master's work in Bechuana, with increased ardour and devotion, and with a constitution somewhat invigorated, and a heart greatly cheered by the manifestations of sympathy which had been accorded to him.

The incidents which attended Mr. Moffat's journeyings in the wilderness were many of them very stirring and exciting.

On their journey they were often exposed to danger from lions. One evening, on their way homewards, when they were quietly resting for the night, a terrible roar was heard, and in the next instant the weary oxen rushed madly over the fire round which they were seated, scattering in wild confusion fire, men, huts, bibles, guns and everything. A shout was raised, "A lion! a lion!" The greatest alarm prevailed, and they all rushed down a dark and gloomy ravine after the terrified oxen. But fortunately they did not encounter the lion, which was probably scared with the shouting and the fire. Sometimes Mr. Moffat and his companions were nearly perishing with thirst in sandy deserts. On one occasion, travelling across the plain of Namaqualand, they nearly lost their lives by drinking water from a fountain which the natives had poisoned; they lost their track, and suffered terrible privations from cold, and hunger, and thirst. They had the most narrow escapes from lions, hyænas and other wild animals, and their privations were terrible to the extreme.

After stopping at Lattakoo some days, Mr. Moffat and his party are overtaken in the desert by a terrific thunderstorm, are saturated with rain, benumbed with the cold, and are obliged to lie down at night amid the darkness, with the eyes

of hyænas glaring upon them, fireless and foodless ; are nearly buried in rain and sand, and famished with hunger. But still God preserves them, and brings them home to Namaqualand in safety, notwithstanding that they are furiously attacked by an enormous hippopotamus as they are crossing a river near to their own village.

Mr. Moffat thus describes Namaqualand, the African village in which he wrought so much good amongst the benighted natives :—“As an inhabited country,” says the great missionary, “it is impossible to conceive of one more desolate and miserable, and it is impossible to traverse its extensive plains, its rugged undulating surface, and to descend to the beds of its waterless rivers, without viewing it as emphatically ‘a land of drought,’ bearing the heavy curse of

‘Man’s first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.’”

One who had spent many years in this land of barrenness and desolation, on being questioned by the traveller, thus answers :—“Sir, you will find plenty of stones and sand, a thinly-scattered population always suffering from want of water, on plains and hills roasted like a burnt loaf under the scorching rays of a cloudless sun.”

Of the truth of this description Robert Moffat had ample demonstration ; he found, in most cases, the beds of the rivers and streams dry, and literally glowing. He adds : “Sometimes for years together they are not known to run ; when, after the stagnant pools are dried up, the natives congregate to their beds, and dig holes or wells, in some instances to the depth of twenty feet, from which they draw water, generally of a very inferior quality. They place branches of trees in the excavation, and with great labour, under a hot sun, haul up the water

in a wooden vessel, and pour it into an artificial trough, to which the parching, lowing herds approach, to partially satiate their thirst.

“Thunder-storms are eagerly anticipated, for by these only rain falls ; and more frequently these storms will pass over with a tremendous violence, striking the inhabitants with awe, while not a single drop of rain descends to cool and fructify the parched waste. When the heavens do let down their watery treasures, it is generally on a partial strip of country, which the electric cloud has traversed ; so that the traveller will frequently pass almost instantaneously from ground on which there is not a blade of grass into tracts of luxuriant green, sprung up after a passing storm. Fountains are few indeed and far between ; the best very inconsiderable, frequently very salt, and some of them hot springs ; while the soil contiguous is generally so impregnated with saltpetre as to crackle under the feet like hoar-frost, and it is with great difficulty that any kind of vegetable can be made to grow. Much of the country is hard and stony, interspread with plains of deep sand. There is much granite, and quartz is so abundantly scattered, reflecting such a glare of light from the rays of the sun, that the traveller, if exposed at noon-day, can scarcely allow his eyelids to be sufficiently open to enable him to keep the course he wishes to pursue.”

Such is Namaqualand, such the soil in which the seed of Christianity had to be sown. Its natives, deeply sunk in ignorance and barbarism, disgusting in their habits and manners, and entertaining, moreover, a deep-rooted antipathy towards the “hat-men,” as they termed Europeans ; this arose from the disgraceful acts of deceit and oppression committed by sailors from ships which had visited different parts of the western coast. It was to such natives, and to such a country, that Robert Moffat directed his course, there to lead a life of the greatest self-denial and

privation. But being done in the service of his great Master, he deemed it a blessed privilege to be sustained so long in such noble work.

We will now, in the interest of our young readers, take a glance at the wild animals of South Africa that Moffat was surrounded with, and with which he frequently came in contact. It is in Africa, and especially in South Africa, that animal life appears to have reached its maximum, both as regards size and numbers. All travellers in that part of the world agree in stating that the abundance of wild creatures, and especially those of the larger kind, is perfectly astonishing. When we read of nine hundred elephants being killed on one river alone in three years, and this for the sake of their tusks, what an idea does it give us of the amazing numbers of those huge mountains of flesh which must inhabit the almost impenetrable forests and wild wide mountain ranges of torrid Africa! Gordon Cumming, that mightiest of modern hunters, thinks little of bagging his four or five bull-elephants in a day, not to speak of hippopotami and rhinoceri, buffaloes, giraffes and such small make-weights. He sees the first-named of these huge creatures, congregating in vast herds, sometimes a hundred or more together; he rides in and singles out his bull, and sometimes with three or four shots, but oftener with twenty or thirty, brings him down.

Sometimes a lion, with shaggy mane, and fiery, flashing eyes, looks in upon the traveller as he sits by the fire within his fence of wait-a-bit thorn, seeking for a meal of horseflesh, or oxflesh, or man-flesh, whichever comes handiest. The Hottentots are frightened out of their senses at the approach of their dreaded enemy "Tos." Our readers will remember Freiligrath's graphic description of "the lion's ride" on the back of the giraffe, where he had sprung from his hiding-place in the reeds, when the stately creature came to drink. What a ride was

that over a blood-besprinkled track—with panting heaving chest, glazed and filmy eyes, and every nerve quivering with terror and agony, the maddened steed flew on, his royal rider feasting as he went on this triumphal progress over his wide domain. No pause, no rest, while life and strength remained—on! on! with a wild and terrible cry, like the shriek of despair, over the rocky ridge, over the sandy waste, miles and miles away from the green pastures and pleasant woods, from kindred companionship, and the sound of running water. Flecked with foam, bedabbled with gore, is the smooth shining skin; there is fire in every vein, a burning and consuming thirst, a weariness and exhaustion of strength that would prostrate every energy, were it not for the sharp stimulus of rending talons and fangs piercing into the very vitals. Still for awhile he staggers on, with unsteady gait and relaxed speed, and now a sharper pang shoots through his frame, and gives a momentary impulse to his mad career. But alas!

“ ‘Tis vain! the thirsty sands are drinking  
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;  
The victor’s fangs are in his veins;  
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains,  
His parting breath in foam and gore  
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o’er.”

The same poet, Pringle, thus graphically describes the lion’s home:—

“ Wouldst thou view the lion’s den?  
Search afar from haunts of men—  
Where the reed-encircled rill  
Oozes from the rocky hill,  
By its verdure far descried  
‘Mid the desert brown and wide.”

The lion of South Africa attains a larger size, and a more perfect development of all his brute powers and faculties than

elsewhere. In such a spot as this, in his rocky hiding-place, close by water, to which he must often resort to satisfy the thirst to which all carnivorous animals are more subjected than those which feed on the juicy herbage, lurks the grim desert-king. Seldom, unless impelled by great hunger, does he stir abroad until the shades of night begin to close around, and then, where the gloom is rendered yet deeper by the shadow of the overhanging rocks or the intercession of the little light that is left by the tall grass or reeds, his fiery eyes may be seen gleaming like live coal, as he crouches, cat-like, ready to spring upon his prey. So appalling is the roar of this beast, when he springs on his prey, or makes his complaint to the moon of hunger, that all animals instinctively fly from the sound.

“ Fierce o'er the sands the lordly lion stalks,  
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks ;  
When round he glares, all living creatures fly ;  
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.”

There are five other species of the *feline*, or cat family, found in South Africa, the largest and most formidable of these, next to the lion, is the leopard, which is much dreaded by the Cape farmers for his ravages among the flocks and the young foals and calves in the breeding season. Its habit, while watching for prey, is to crouch on the ground, with its fore-paws stretched out, and its head between them, with its eyes rather directed upwards. Extremely agile and graceful in all its movements, there is, perhaps, no animal more beautiful than this sleek and elegantly-formed cat, but one had better not approach too close in examination of its beauties.

Perhaps, however, the most mischievous and destructive animal with which the missionary and settler in South Africa has to contend is the spotted hyæna, to which the colonists have given the name of the tiger-wolf. This terrible animal

appears to occupy a position about midway between the cats and dogs, partaking much of the nature of both. The hyæna is a hideous shaggy monster, with a voracious appetite, and a cry the most doleful and horrible that can be made up of fiendish laughter and the wail of condemned spirits. The jaws of the animal are so powerful that they are said to be able to crush the largest bones—of a horse even. They follow the lion in his nightly prowlings, and come in for a share of any large animal which he kills.

South Africa, too, is infested with wild hunting-dogs, of a bold and daring disposition ; chattering monkeys, jackals and other equally dangerous tribes.

But Robert Moffat had no fear of these things ; the great cause he was engaged in exorcised the spirit of fear ; and like a true-hearted missionary, as he was, he trusted his life to the care and keeping of Him who had inspired him for the Missionary work, and who said to His disciples, “Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

Mr. Moffat’s daughter married Dr. Livingstone, and in companionship with her illustrious husband, in savage climes, bravely went through untold dangers. She died April 27th, 1862. The work by which Robert Moffat is best known is “The History of Missionary Labours in South Africa,” published in 1842. Another of his books, edited by the celebrated Dr. Campbell, was called “Farewell Services,” and had a wide circulation. He also did good service to the cause of missions in South Africa by translating the Psalms and the New Testament into the Bechuana language for the use of the poor benighted heathen in that land. He manifested the strongest affection and admiration for his heroic son-in-law, and such was his trust in his courage and endurance, that he was sanguine, almost to the last moment, of his safe return to his native land. But it pleased the Almighty disposer of events

BRAVE BOYS.

to order it otherwise. We record with pleasure the fact that in 1873 Mr. Moffat's friends presented him with a substantial token of their recognition of his services in South Africa, and their admiration of the magnanimity of his character and his irreproachable life.





## PROFESSOR RUSKIN

[ART CRITIC AND POLITICAL ECONOMIST].

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LIKE most other pioneers of great ideas, Professor Ruskin has been the best abused man of his time. He is the son of a London merchant, and was born in the year 1819. In no better words than his own can the story of his early life be told. We therefore make a few extracts from the letters which Mr. Ruskin has published under the title of "Fors Clavigera," which will give the reader some notion of the genesis of a career, and the noble lesson of unselfishness it records, and noble beauty of sentences employed.

In his letter to the Squires of England, he thus writes, "Who am I, that I should challenge you, do you ask? My mother was a sailor's daughter, and, please you, one of my aunts was a baker's wife—the other a tanner's, and I don't know much more about my family, except that there used to be a greengrocer of the name in a small shop near the Crystal Palace. Something of my early and vulgar life, if it interests you, I will tell in next 'Fors'; in this one it is indeed my business, poor gipsey herald as I am, to bring you such challenge, though you should hunt and hang me for it."

Mr. Ruskin's father, like so many of our young cousins beyond the Tweed who quit their quiet homes in search of fortune, "came up to London, was a clerk in a merchant's house for nine years without a holiday, then began business on

his own account, paid his father's debts, and married his exemplary Croydon cousin."

To show the character of this father, and the influence so entirely well directed on the discerning mind of the son, we are again to draw on "Fors":—

"My father began business as a wine-merchant, with no capital, and a considerable amount of debts bequeathed him by my grandfather. He accepted the bequest, and paid them all before he began to lay by anything for himself, for which his best friends called him a fool; and I, without expressing anything as to his wisdom, which I knew in such matters to be at least equal to mine, have written on the granite slab over his grave that he was 'an entirely honest merchant.' As days went on, he was able to take a house in Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, No. 54 (the windows of it, fortunately for me, commanded a view of a marvellous iron post, out of which the water-carts were filled through beautiful little trap-doors by pipes like boa constrictors, and I was never weary of contemplating that mystery, and the delicious dripping consequent); and as years went on, he could command a post-chaise and pair for two months in the summer, by help of which, with my mother and me, he went the round of his country customers (who liked to see the principal of the house his own traveller); so that, at a jog-trot pace, and through the panoramic opening of the four windows of a post-chaise, made more panoramic still to me because my seat was a little bracket in front, I saw all the high roads and most of the cross ones of England and Wales, and great part of lowland Scotland, as far as Perth, where every other year we spent the whole summer."

— little further on and we learn the secret of the son's love

— appened also, which was the real cause of the bias of

my after life, that my father had a rare love of pictures. I use the word rare advisedly, having never met with another instance of so innate a faculty for the discernment of true art up to the point possible without actual practice. Accordingly, wherever there was a gallery to be seen, we stopped at the nearest town for the night; and in reverentest manner I thus saw nearly all the noblemen's houses in England, not, indeed, myself at that age caring for the pictures, but much for castles and ruins, feeling more and more, as I grew older, the healthy delight of uncovetous admiration, and perceiving, as soon as I could perceive any political truth at all, that it was probably much happier to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at; but that, at all events, it would not make Brunswick-square in the least more pleasantly habitable to pull Warwick Castle down. And, at this day, though I have kind invitations enough to visit America, I could not, even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles."

Before we describe Mr. Ruskin's present dwelling-place, it may be well to take a lesson which he addresses to his readers in "*Fors*":—

"The first—not the chief, but the first—piece of good work a man has to do is to find rest for himself—a place for the sole of his foot—his house, a piece of holy land; and to *make* it so holy and happy, that if by any chance he receives order to leave it, there may be bitter pain in obedience; and also that to his daughter there may yet one sorrowful sentence be spoken in her day of mirth, 'Forget also thy people, and thy father's house.'"

From Hunter-street Mr. Ruskin's father removed to Herne Hill, to the house now inhabited by his dearly-loved cousin, Mrs. Severn, from whence he moved to a larger one at

his own account  
exemplary Croydon.

To show the  
entirely well directed  
are again to draw.

"My father  
capital, and a  
my grandfather  
before he became  
best friends with  
thing as to be  
least equal to  
grave that  
went on, in  
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which, with  
country and  
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Scotland  
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of art.

"It

the neighbourhood  
of soldiers,  
the sides of the  
plaster ex  
of such a  
order of things,  
to the Unionist  
and further on.  
the Newdigate prize  
to distinguish any  
but the native genius  
devoted him  
Huntingdon and Oprey  
in Cambridge,  
1859. The  
degree of LL.D.  
important services  
us is to be found  
"Journal Magazine,"  
its author was in  
society of Architecture, by  
As in all his after  
with nature's design  
Baskin's peculiarities  
composition, his  
his clear and  
in perfection, and  
English writer who so  
and gave fullest force to  
own chapters, for

they are deserving of careful study by all young writers, being model essays both in language and purpose. To the ordinary reader a work on architecture seems a dry subject to take up for pleasant perusal, but to one who would learn how even science can be explained agreeably, we commend this "Poetry of Architecture." Particular attention may be called to the chapter on chimneys and its characteristic illustrations, and which so clearly exhibits the practicability of the author's recommendations and the fidelity and skill of both eye and hand. In continuation of this idea of always working to the most harmonious effect of art and nature combined, there is an interesting article in the same magazine on the most appropriate situation for a monument to Walter Scott in Edinburgh.

After spending many years studying the masters in various European capitals, he wrote his greatest work on "Modern Painters," wherein also are discussed the works of the great Italian painters. This work ran to five volumes, and is found in every painter's library as well as in the libraries of men of letters, and has become, indeed, the students' text book on the true principles of art.

In his preface, Mr. Ruskin says:—"In the main aim and principle of the book there is no variation from its first syllable to its last. It declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with, or subjection to that. And it differs from most books, and has a chance of being in some respect better for the difference, that it has not been written either for fame, or for money, or for conscience sake, but of necessity."

But this work, valuable as it has since proved and the author's monument of fame, was bitterly assailed in one or two influential reviews, which we insert merely to serve as an illustration that great men can say some very foolish things when

I have the P.M. This  
is to say to Isidor  
that I am a friend to  
you, I am not  
of you, but I do not  
like to see our author,  
the property had fall  
into your hands, which our

At the youthful age of twenty, and thirty, even had he dwelt in the paths of a wild, and studied such fielding;

In 1867 he was  
and Slade Professor  
Senate of Cambrid-  
ge in May in 1867  
1867.

and of the car  
the month we  
have date c  
lent, it  
is now in  
the hands of the  
carriers, and  
will be ready  
in time for  
the 1st of April.

and religion have a living embodiment, and his enthusiasm is just of that degree to communicate them to the reader.

He is the most industrious of authors—never idle, always busy; indeed, his publications are so prolific, that we hesitate even to enumerate their titles.

But Professor Ruskin has distinguished himself as a social reformer, as well as art critic. But of this hereafter. He laboriously defended that school of art known as Pre-Raphaelitism, which he thus defines:—

“Pre-Raphaelitism has but one principle, that of absolute uncompromising truth in all that it does, obtained by working everything, down to the most minute detail, from nature, and from nature only. Or, where imagination is necessarily trusted to, always endeavouring to conceive a fact as it really was likely to have happened, rather than as it most prettily might have happened. Every Pre-Raphaelite landscape background is painted, to the last touch, in the open air, from the thing itself. Every Pre-Raphaelite figure, however studied in expression, is a true portrait of some living person. Every minute accessory is painted in the same manner. This is the main Pre-Raphaelite principle.”

Although not the founder of this modern school, Mr. Ruskin was a most eloquent expounder of this secession from the antique, and but for his enthusiastic pen and lectures it would never have become a school at all, although it was followed by such painters as Hunt, Millais and Rossetti.

But it must be confessed that Professor Ruskin, in attaching himself to the new school, has underrated the old one. In “Fraser’s Magazine” we find a just estimate of Mr. Ruskin as a writer.

“Unquestionably one of the most remarkable men of this—may we not say of any?—age is Mr. Ruskin. He is, if you like, not seldom dogmatic, self-contradictory, conceited, arro-

gant and absurd ; but he is a great and wonderful writer. He has created a new literature—the literature of art. In the fulfilment of his glorious mission, Mr. Ruskin has been assisted by a style singularly clear, rich and powerful. Every inventor of a new philosophy has in some sort to invent a new vocabulary, and Mr. Ruskin's perfect command of a language surpassing all others, dead or living, except Greek, has enabled him to do this with extraordinary success."

" Mr. Ruskin endeavours," says his biographer in Cassell's " National Portrait Gallery," " to persuade men to extract all the beauty and the goodness that are possible out of human life. He is in no sense a pessimist, given over to despair, for Nature speaks to him of truth, of purity, and of goodness ; and he is anxious that all the sons of men should hear her voice, beckoning them back to their Maker. As he said on one occasion, ' Supposing all circumstances otherwise the same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves Nature most will be *always* found to have more *faith in God* than the other.' In fact, he presses home the old yet ever new lesson of ' looking through Nature up to Nature's God.' "

In Professor Ruskin at home we find the poet and man of taste equally as in his works. He resides in a moderate-sized house at Brantwood, the windows of which overlook the Lake of Coniston, and facing the " Old Man's " rocky peak, the rest almost shut in by the trees at either side and the hill that rises up abruptly at the back. Such is the house which Mr. Ruskin bought, without even seeing it first, some seven years ago, wherein, amid the treasures of art he has collected and the scenery he loves, he contrives (to quote his own words) to " get through the declining years of my æsthetic life."

From a valuable series of papers published in " The World," we take the liberty to quote the following concerning the home life of John Ruskin :—

"A short drive, over which the shady trees almost meet, and the visitor has come from the high-road up to the house, the entrance to which might seem somewhat gloomy were it not for the glimpses of blue lake he catches here and there. 'ause in the hall a few minutes if you would see two figures by Burne-Jones before you pass to the cheerful drawing-room. here, since its windows look on the lake, the pleasant breakfast-table is brought in daily, and Mr. Ruskin's guests enjoy the Brantwood strawberries and the cream from the farm across the hill, while their host, who has breakfasted already been writing *Proserpina* or *Deucalion*, or whatever is in hand, almost since sunrise, reads aloud now the results of his morning's work, courting criticism instead of being offended at like smaller men; now some extracts from the letters which have just come; and now, when the meal is nearly over, he reads a book reserved for this occasion, and the party are led to no common reading of one of Scott's novels. in the evening, when they have watched the sunset colour pass from crimson into gray until the mountains stand out sharp and black against the star-bright sky, all assemble—some from the lake's shore, where a cigarette has recently smoked, while the Professor, who does not like the smell of tobacco near him, has been taking his after-dinner walk; and the day's last hours are spent in lively talk or at a game of which Mr. Ruskin is fond, and at which he is unskilful."

It is in the Professor's study that those who would know Ruskin at home must be most interested. The room is long and low, with two large windows opening on the lake. At one end is the fireplace, over which is 'Lake of Geneva,' a water-colour remarkable for and unusual size; at the other is the occupiable. The walls are rightly covered with book-

**cases and** cabinets rather than with pictures. Here are the original MSS. of the *Fortunes of Nigel* and a volume of Scott's letters; here a 'Fielding' on large paper and an edition of **Plato** by a distinguished divine have honourable place; here some specimens of the binder's art and the best that printing can do; and humbly hidden here behind some other volumes are copies, kept for reference or for gift, of the Works of John Ruskin. In this corner stand three marble figures, which once helped to support a font, chiselled by Nicolo Pisano, and broken, it is said, by Dante; and lying on the table is a book of drawings in sepia, by Mantegna and Botticelli, which the British Museum thought it could not afford to buy. This cabinet contains, admirably arranged on variously coloured velvets, the half of Mr. Ruskin's valuable collection of minerals, the greater part of which was once the property of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe. These drawers are full of illuminated missals and fine old manuscripts (though the best, perhaps, lie in the Professor's rooms at Corpus); and here is a cabinet filled with drawings, not a few by Turner, which it would take long to partially enjoy."

In the following, Mr. Ruskin is sketched as a host—and a good host, too; for he possesses that uncommon faculty of making his guests forget that his house is not their own. To its favoured frequenters, Brantwood is Liberty Hall indeed; perfect freedom is allowed them in all they do; and they are not bound to follow out plans laid down in a series of programmes for their supposed amusement, though, if the day be fine, the Professor will take an oar and pull across the lake to show them Old Hall, now a farm, which was once the house of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and where her brother, "Sir Philip Sidney, it is delivered by tradition, lived for a time in the Arcadia of western meres." Gathered round the pleasantest tables, the inmates of Brantwood enjoy the freest "flow of

soul ;" their host directs and sustains, but never monopolizes the talk ; nor need any be afraid of being victimised by that spirit of self-conscious dictation or affected silence which has been known to spoil enjoyment in the company of some literary men.

Mr. Ruskin rises early, and writes for three hours before his guests are down. Breakfast over, he retires to his study to answer letters or complete some piece of unfinished work, or will go out on the hill, perhaps, and make a delicately-finished study of rock and grass for the engraver's hand to copy.

" Between one and six o'clock, the tourist in the Lakes may see a slight figure dressed in a gray frock-coat (which the people round, ignorant of Ascot, believe unique), and wearing the bright blue tie so familiar to audiences at Oxford and elsewhere, walking about the quiet lanes, sitting down by the harbour's side, or rowing on the water. The back is somewhat bent, the light-brown hair straight and long, the whiskers scarcely showing signs of eight-and-fifty summers numbered, and the spectator need not be surprised at the determined energy with which a boat is brought to shore or pushed out into the lake.

" Sometimes a friend breaks in on this peaceful time, and is met with both hands outstretched, whilst the gentle look in the clear blue eyes and a few low-voiced words give him full assurance that he is entirely welcome. To such the place is gladly shown ; and a walk is taken up the grass paths cut through the woods, with seats placed where the views are best, to look out over mountain and lake, and be taught, maybe, in the rich colours and fleecy clouds, the utter rightness of Turner ; till, ascending higher, an admiring eye must be cast on a bit of rough ground red with heather, which, lying just beyond the boundaries of Brantwood, is the Professor's 'Naboth's vineyard.'

“Mr. Ruskin’s sensitive nature is singularly affected by changes of weather, and a bright day makes him as joyful as a dull one makes him sad. But courtesy and kindness to those around him are characteristics he never loses ; insincerity is a fault of which he is thoroughly devoid ; and those who know him best delight in an unaffected simplicity of manner, which in men of acknowledged genius is as valuable as it is often rare.”

By some Mr. Ruskin is put on one side as a man with eccentric views and ideas. But if such views as the following are eccentric, why then we heartily wish the world was full of them, and that there was more Ruskinism amongst our literary men, great and small. Why, the following, which is from the second volume of “Modern Painters,” is brimful of beauty, philosophy and true religion :—

“Whatever may be the inability, in this present life, to mingle the full enjoyment of the Divine works with the full discharge of every practical duty—and confessedly in many cases this must be—let us not attribute the inconsistency to any indigency of the faculty of contemplation, but to the sin and suffering of the fallen state, and the change of order from the keeping of the garden to the tilling of the ground. We cannot say how far it is right or agreeable with God’s will, while men are perishing round about us ; while grief, and pain, and wrath, and impiety, and death, and all the powers of the air, are working wildly and evermore, and the cry of blood going up to heaven, that any of us should take hand from the plough ; but this we know, that there will come a time when the service of God shall be the beholding of Him ; and though in these stormy seas, where we are now driven up and down, His Spirit is dimly seen on the face of the waters, and we are left to cast anchors out of the stern, and wish for the day—that day will come—when, with the evangelists on the crystal

and stable sea, all the creatures of God shall be full of eyes within, and there shall be ‘no more curse, but His servants shall serve Him, and shall see His face.’”

Latterly he has given much time, money and labour as a political economist, and has shadowed forth on many occasions how men might regenerate themselves, and make the world one of love and beauty. But the present generation—except the enlightened few—is too full of frivolity and sensuality to give Christian thinkers any consideration.

The following beautiful incident speaks highly of Mr. Ruskin's filial nature. In 1876 he finished the restoration of a spring of water between Croydon and Epsom, by erecting a tablet over it. This undertaking cost altogether about £500, and it is pleasant to be able to announce that what was a dirty pond is now an exquisitely clear pool of running water, fed directly from the springs underneath the chalk. The inscription is as follows:—“In obedience to the Giver of life, of the brooks and fruits that feed it, of the peace that ends it, may this well be kept sacred for the service of men, flocks and flowers, and be by kindness called Margaret's Well. This pool was beautified and endowed by John Ruskin, Esq., M.A., LL.D.” It appears that the pool lies by the side of the highway, and is beautifully planted round with trees and flowers. It is stated, with regard to the name of Margaret's Well, that the Christian name of Mr. Ruskin's mother was Margaret, and that the fountain may be regarded as an *in memoriam* of her.

Mr. Ruskin's latest labour, the one to which all his thoughts and writings are directed as to a focus, is the St. George's Guild. Gigantic will be the task which shall change the whole social life and thought of this England of ours, yet to this, in all earnest seriousness has he devoted the remainder of his life's strength, firstly by handing over to trustees a tenth part of his entire fortune, and not till then asking for and from

who agree with him, that the bad of the present might be converted into the better of the future.

Many of our readers doubtless have heard little or nothing of the St. George's Society or its objects. We may therefore be permitted to say what the author's design is, viz., "The best possible education of English men and women living agriculture in their native land. I do not care where the land is, nor of what quality, I would rather it should be poor, nor I want space more than food. I will make the best of it that I can at once, by wage labour, under the best agricultural advice. I should best like a bit of marsh land, of small value, which I would trench into alternate ridge and canal, changing it all into solid land, and deep water to be farmed in fish. If, instead, I get a rocky piece, I shall first arrange reservoirs for rain, then put what earth is sprinkled on it into workable masses; and ascertaining, in either case, how many mouths the gained spaces of ground will easily feed, put upon them families chosen for me by old landlords, who know their people, and can send me cheerful and honest ones, accustomed to obey orders, and live in the fear of God. If any young couples of the higher classes choose to accept such rough life, I would rather have them for tenants than any others. Tenants, I say, and at long lease if they behave well, with power eventually to purchase the piece of land they live on for themselves, if they can save the price of it; the rent they pay meanwhile being the tithe of the annual produce to St. George's Fund. The modes of the cultivation of the land to be under the control of the overseer of the whole estate, appointed by the trustees of the fund; but the tenants shall build their own houses to their own minds, under certain conditions as to materials and strength; and have for themselves the entire produce of the land, except the tithe aforesaid. The children will be required to attend training schools for bodily

exercise and music, with such other education as I have already described. Every household will have its library given it from the fund, and consisting of a fixed number of volumes, some constant, the others chosen by each family out of a list of permitted books, from which they afterwards may increase their library if they choose. The formation of this library, for choice, by a re-publication of classical authors in standard forms, has long been a main object with me. No newspapers nor any books but those named in the annually renewed lists, are to be allowed in any household. In time I hope to get a journal published containing notice of any really important matters taking place in this or other countries in the closely-sifted truth of them."

Such, in brief, is a short outline of the main object of the St. George's scheme, a commencement of which has already been made on some land in Worcestershire, and more recently on an estate near Sheffield, besides some cottages which are the property of the Guild at Barmouth. Self-support and self-reliance are the leading features, skill of hand, and not of machine, to be the moving force. To those who wish to learn more of Mr. Ruskin's notions on this subject, we would recommend a perusal of the thirty-seventh number of "Fors," which may be obtained from the publisher, Mr. Allen, of Orpington, Kent, at which rather out-of-the-way place all Mr. Ruskin's works are now published.

In conclusion, we think we shall be fairly warranted in placing Mr. Ruskin in the foremost rank of the great army of the men who have printed their thoughts for the use and guidance of their less worthily endowed countrymen. We are not sure whether future generations may not fix his place in the literature of this century as the true captain. In any case, of both work and worker the living age may well be proud and hold in highest esteem.

Can we do better than end with one very beautiful, albeit very sad, passage from the "Modern Painters?"—

"He who has once stood beside the grave to look back upon the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent, there, are the wild love, and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lessons which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again have they seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."





## GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

[ARTIST AND TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE].

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WHAT a blessing to mankind it is when a man is permitted to live beyond the allotted space of three-score and ten who devotes his years to a life of useful labour! Not to live for himself, but for the benefit of his species. The subject of this memoir began his career of usefulness at a very early age, for he was only eleven when his artistic talents were made known, and he died in his 86th year—so that as artist and indefatigable worker in the great temperance cause he has been labouring for 75 years.

George Cruikshank was born in London on September 27, 1792. His father, Isaac Cruikshank, was a designer, etcher and engraver, and George became his pupil. Although a veteran artist, he cannot be called a roving one, for he has had but two residences during the last half-century. For thirty years together he resided in Myddelton-terrace, Pentonville, whence he removed twenty-five years ago to his abode in the Hampstead-road.

His patriotic ardour as a member of the rifle corps has been so conspicuously manifested, that he long held the position, which he resigned some twelve years ago, of lieutenant-colonel of the Havelocks, or 48th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.

While he was yet a stripling he showed an ambition to pursue the cultivation of art in what are generally esteemed

to be its highest departments. To this end he endeavoured to obtain access, for the purpose of study, to the Royal Academy Schools. They happened, unfortunately, at that time, to be narrowed in space and unusually crowded, and George found it impossible to gain admission. Having despatched, as a specimen of his art, the drawing of a figure of a plaster cast to Fuseli, the then Professor of Painting, he received a message from that gifted oddity laconically informing him that he might come, but that he would have to fight for his place on coming.

Repelled by this incident, the young artist, fired by a genius fully as original, and in many of the highest respects quite as remarkable as that of Hogarth, went his own way, and pursued his own course with resolute independence. Years afterwards, having long previously rendered himself famous—chiefly by means of his wonderful etching-needle—George took to oil-painting, and became a contributor to the walls of the Royal Academy. Many well-known pictures of his were there exhibited; one, “Disturbing the Congregation,” he painted for His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort.

But more remarkable in its way, and a subject after his own heart, is “The Worship of Bacchus.” This is a picture of extraordinary scope, and of equally extraordinary elaboration. It is a pictorial microcosm, illustrative not merely of human life, but in an especial manner of the persuasive influence throughout it, from birth to burial, of the insidious habit of conviviality. What Hogarth simply touched upon in his companion pictures of “Gin Lane” and “Beer Alley,” Cruikshank in his daring work of art has treated not only comprehensively but exhaustively.

“The first idea of ‘The Worship of Bacchus,’” says Cruikshank, “occurred to me at the latter end of 1859, and I then suggested to the National Temperance League that a large

picture should be painted for exhibition, and an engraving made from this. A sketch in oil colours was shown to some of the members of the National Temperance League, at my house, and approved of. They formed themselves into a Picture Committee. This was in February, 1860: and from that time the work was carried on. The large picture was first exhibited at Wellington-street, Strand, in August, 1862."

In 1863 our artist had the honour of exhibiting the painting to Her Majesty at Windsor. It was eventually purchased by subscription for presentation to the National Gallery, and has, ever since the April of 1869, been numbered among the art treasures of the South Kensington Museum. Prior to this it had gone the round of the provinces, having been on view in nearly all the principal towns of the United Kingdom. An engraving of considerable size, in the production of which all the figures were carefully outlined by the hand of Cruikshank himself, has helped still further to popularize a design which, ever since the colours were first put upon the canvas, has silently pleaded the cause of Temperance with the fervour of a Gough, and the persuasiveness of a Father Mathew.

Throughout his life, Cruikshank has obviously exercised his art with a high moral purpose. Even at starting, when he affected to be nothing more than a social or political caricaturist, his ridicule was directed exclusively against the mean and vicious, against baseness and frivolity. Though he might have seemed then to be bent only upon catering for their amusement, those who laughed with him the most merrily were all unconsciously bettered. Youth though he was when he first took pencil in hand, he assumed his place at once, first of all in association with his father, as a master of the *caricatura*, side by side with Banbury and Woodward, with James Gilray and Thomas Rowlandson.

Before the century was out of its teens, he had surpassed

them all ; and, having made good his right, in the midst of inextinguishable laughter, to be regarded as the most grotesque and whimsical of all the purely humorous artists then living, he speedily began to manifest those higher and graver powers which, far more than his display of the *vis comica*, have won for him his exceptional and enduring reputation.

It is curious, now, looking back to the earlier stages of his career, to mark the rapid advance made, even in his boyhood, in the process of its development. Already in 1805, when he was no more than a boy of thirteen, he had begun those daring caricatures of Bonaparte, which were continued in unbroken sequence through all the portentous glories of the French empire, until the Emperor's dazzling course was exhausted in the gloom and seclusion of St. Helena. Any portfolio of these earlier political squibs of Cruikshank—all of them radiant with the gaudiest colours of the paint-box, a very feast of gamboge, cobalt and vermillion—will show the boy satirist having his fling in 1806 at Sheridan, in 1807 at Sir Francis Burdett, in 1808 at Cobbett, and for years and years afterwards pointing the finger of scorn at the bucks and bloods of his time—the fops, and beaux, and dandies, and exquisites, and other useless varieties of mankind.

His was the pencil that pourtrayed, upon the very morrow of their occurrence, the heroic death of Sir John Moore at Corunna, and the assassination of the Prime Minister Percival by the ruffian Bellingham, and the Cato-street conspiracy, the meteor-like appearance of Kean the tragedian, and the droll apparition of the clown Grimaldi. In 1814 Cruikshank presented to public view, in shop windows, the *vera effigies* of Joanna Southcote, and in 1817 that of the humane Mrs. Fry visiting the prisoners in Newgate. When Richard Cobden was a schoolboy under eleven years of age, George Cruikshank, on the 3rd March, 1815, had designed, and etched, and published

his famous caricature entitled "The Curse of the Corn Laws." Another print of his, in association with his father, entitled "Throwing a new Light upon the Subject," notified (in 1815) the first introduction of gas to the streets of London. Nothing apparently that came to the fore was too great or too small for his keen eye to scan, and for his rapid hand to execute. Hence, in the same year 1815, he delineated, offhand, the historic field of Waterloo, and, four years later (1819), the more meanly historic field of Peterloo. Hence even he disdained not, when a monstrosity like the Pig-faced Lady was on view, to draw the hideous outline of her "counterfeit presentment," as he afterwards did, in 1826, in the instance of the so-called Living Skeleton.

Between 1817 and 1825 his pencil was most industriously employed in a variety of work, more than we have space to catalogue. In 1826 he delighted readers, young and old, by his inimitable etchings illustrative of the legendary and fairy stories of the Brothers Grimm. About this period also were published his series of "London Characters," such as the beadle, the flunkey, the butcher's boy, &c. Immediately after these came forth the grotesque series of plates illustrative of "Punch and Judy." In 1835 it was that he commenced his "Comic Almanack," and continued it for nineteen years.

Thrice remarkable in the development of the career of George Cruikshank was the second year of the issue of his "Comic Almanack;" for it was then, in 1836, that he produced his numerous illustrations to the "Waverley Novels;" it was then he embellished the first series of the "Sketches by Boz." Before the last of these illustrations were out, the artist had begun the issue, from month to month, in "Bentley's Miscellany," of those masterly etchings with which the readers of "Oliver Twist" are so familiar. It was shortly after this that the national songs of Charles Dibdin were collected

together and published in a pictorial edition, under the patronage of the Lords of the Admiralty, the etchings adorning it being from the hand of the inimitable Cruikshank.

During the same year he illustrated with terrible vividness, in a series of powerful and tragical etchings, the horrors of Civil War. A grander protest against the atrocity of revolt has never been delivered than is visible at every turn of the leaf in these impressive and often appalling compositions. Two years afterwards (in 1847), appeared the eight renowned glyptographs, designed and etched by George Cruikshank, entitled "The Bottle," the wonderful success of which induced the artist to at once follow it up with its equally powerful sequel, also eight in number, entitled "The Drunkard's Children." This tale thus eloquently told by Cruikshank's pencil was dramatized in all quarters of London. Simultaneously eight distinct versions were performed night after night to as many crowded houses, the chief attraction at each theatre being the tableaux representing, as nearly as possible in *facsimile*, the popular illustrations.

Beginning a new and charming series of etchings in 1853, a series completed as long afterwards as in 1864, the veteran artist, who had already proved himself the dear, delightful friend of so many generations of children, crowned all his benefactions to the little people by a beautiful set of miniature quarto booklets, entitled "The Fairy Library," and in which he depicted anew, in a succession of exquisite embellishments, such bewitching old-world romances of everybody's childhood, as "Hop o' my Thumb," and "Puss in Boots," as "Cinderella," and "Jack and the Beanstalk." When he had risen from the political caricaturist into the social censor, and had long vindicated his claim to the titles, in their truest sense, of artist and moralist, his skilled energies were employed in the embellishment of publications of a far higher character.

About twenty-seven years ago George Cruikshank presented himself to Mr. Cash, president of the London Temperance League, and exhibited his wonderful pictures of "The Bottle." Mr. Cash was of course delighted with the new and most important addition to temperance teachers, but expressed his surprise at the artist not being a teetotaler. The artist retorted that he had been preaching temperance with his pencil for forty years. Mr. Cash, however, convinced him that he still lacked consistency, and the result was the artist signed the temperance pledge. This readiness to enter in the right path was quite in harmony with Cruikshank's antecedents.

The following anecdote will show the high moral tone of this artist's nature. Early in his career he lent his talents to some publishing venture. While preparing the drawings, on one occasion, his wife and sister entered his studio. It occurred to Cruikshank that the drawings were hardly of a character for their inspection, so he put them out of sight. When his studio was again free from visitors, another reflection suggested itself. If the drawings were unfitted for his wife's inspection, they could hardly be of a proper character for publication. The artist felt ashamed of his work, and resolved that he would never again undertake any of a similar character. This tenderness of conscience prevented him from becoming a drone in the temperance hive. His labours for the spread of teetotalism were not limited by the walls of his studio. He found a place on the platform, and no man of influence has been more willing to assist societies, small and great, by the public advocacy of the principle. For his disinterested zeal, Mr. Cruikshank has had to suffer pecuniary losses, such as would have shaken the faith of a man with a heart less bent upon labouring for humanity. The "Worship of Bacchus" was really a financial loss, amounting to something like £2,000. So with other ventures, and not only

directly, but indirectly too, for the same expenditure of effort on other subjects would have brought in large pecuniary gain. Thus, for instance, a London publisher informed the artist that for a picture, same size as "The Worship of Bacchus," illustrating the fight between Sayers and Heenan, he would have given him £10,000!

Such sacrifices are not made in vain. Money is not the only measure of success. The name of George Cruikshank will not live less deeply in the hearts of his countrymen because he loved right before money; while his public efforts for the redemption of the drunkard will write his name on grateful hearts, and interweave it with many an earnest petition to the Throne of Grace. The name of this renowned artist alone has been of immense advantage to the Temperance cause, and his eloquent platform advocacy of it has "plucked many a brand from the burning."





## JOHN STUCKEY REYNOLDS

[FOUNDER OF THE HOME AND COLONIAL SCHOOLS].

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SOME forty years ago national education was at a very low ebb, and it was about this period (1836) that the subject of this memoir became so fully impressed with the importance of the void, that he put aside all other secular business, and devoted himself, without money and without price, for nearly half a century to the service of his God and country by organising these schools, the leading principle of which was to instruct female teachers in the art of imparting their knowledge to others.

But the Home and Colonial Schools were distinguished by another feature, which, to the mind of their revered founder, was dearer than all—that the teachers sent out from his schools to the work of education should bring to their important task religious culture, so that evangelical Christian truths should be blended with their instruction to the young. Mr. Reynolds himself being in a true sense a religious man and an unflinching champion for Bible truths, he was intensely anxious that the girls under training at his schools should be exemplary Christians as well as sound teachers.

From an affectionate *in memoriam* of him, written by one who knew him well, we are told that, “of the aspect and influence of his private life it is difficult to speak in fitting terms. God was in all his thoughts, and a light reflected from

constant communion with Heaven beamed upon all he did." From the same source, with a few alterations and additions, we gather the following incidents in the noble life of this worthy Christian gentleman :—

" John Stuckey Reynolds was the eldest son of John and Ann Reynolds, of Manchester, where he was born on the 13th of September, 1791. His father, who was for many years engaged in the staple trade of that place, held in his later days the office of Comptrolling Surveyor of the Port of London. His mother, who died in 1803, was a sister of the late Mr. Vincent Stuckey, the well-known Somersetshire banker, and in the little town of Langport, in Somerset, the residence of that family, his early youth was chiefly spent.

" A very few years at the Langport Grammar School comprised the entire training of his boyhood ; but long afterwards ; when his position as a public servant was to a great extent established, he devoted his leisure to the completion of his education with competent assistance.

" At the early age of fourteen he removed to London, an appointment in the Audit Office having been procured for him. In 1806 he entered the Treasury, and his zeal and efficiency in the public service very soon attracted attention ; his promotion was rapid ; he received a series of special votes of thanks from the Lords of the Treasury, a grant of money was made to him in 1815 as a reward for distinguished exertions, and his income was increased by cumulative appointments. He filled the office of Private Secretary to three successive Secretaries of the Treasury, and as Secretary to the Irish Revenue Commission of 1822-23 he had a large share in reconstituting the fiscal system of that country. For rather more than two years from that period Mr. Reynolds's time was occupied in connection with the extensive Joint Stock Bank, which Mr. Stuckey

had raised to a commanding position, and in the management of which his nephew took an active part for several years. From his very early manhood, Political Economy and the regulation of the currency were subjects of great interest to him, and both his acknowledged and anonymous writings on these topics were many."

In 1823 occurred the dearest personal event in his long and useful career, for then his mind became awakened seriously to the importance of a religious life. His exertions and abilities had attracted the notice of an influential nobleman, who offered him a seat in Parliament, and the whole career of high office appeared to open before him. But at that very juncture a sermon, preached at a village church near Dublin by the friend who has lived to commit his remains to the grave, so impressed him with a sense of the spiritual dangers almost certain to wait on worldly advancement, that he at once resolved never again to take a step for the furtherance of his temporal interests.

On this resolution he received the Lord's Supper before leaving the church, and during the remaining fifty years of his life he never recurred to that occasion without an expression of devout thankfulness to Him who inspired the vow and gave him grace rigidly to keep it.

For upwards of forty years he carried on a work of education and temporal relief in St. Giles's, which was productive of great good, and the present Colonial and Continental Church Society absorbed in its earlier days much of his attention. In African Missions he took for many years an active and controlling part.

In the establishment of the "Record" newspaper, in 1828, he took an active part, discerning in it a means of awakening an interest in Divine truth and religious organizations. In the neighbourhood of Fulham, in which place he took up his

abode in 1823, he maintained for a long period an efficient infant school, and to the parish of Hampstead, where he took up his abode forty-seven years ago, he secured the continuance of an Evangelical ministry at St. John's Chapel. The London City Mission numbered him among its first supporters, and it was with him that David Nasmyth took counsel in its formation.

But it is as the founder of the Home and Colonial Schools that his name will be remembered and his memory revered.

From Mr. Reynolds's final retirement from business dates the happiest and the most useful portion of his busy life. During his visit to Ireland, fifteen years before, the cause of infant education had enlisted his sympathies. From that time, notwithstanding his multifarious labours in other directions, he found opportunities of establishing Infant Schools in various parts of London ; and in numerous journeys through England he stimulated their formation, at the same time acquiring a thorough practical acquaintance with existing systems of education. His pursuit of this subject brought him into contact with the late Miss Mayo and her brother, Dr. Mayo, of Cheam, both of whom were strongly imbued with the principles of the educational system of Pestalozzi, and had tested it in the training of the higher classes of children with remarkable success.

In conjunction with them, he conceived the idea of applying those principles to the elementary teaching of schools for the poor, and at the epoch in his career to which we have referred his plans were to a great extent matured ; to their development the establishment of a training institution was, of course, essential, and in May, 1836, he was enabled, in conjunction with the late Mr. John Bridges, to achieve, though on a very small scale, this cherished object by the foundation, in

Southampton Street, Holborn, of the Home and Colonial School Society, with three students in training.

Within two years the Institution removed to the centre building of its present nine houses in Gray's Inn Road. From the first it took a strong hold on the sympathies of the Christian public, and its numbers rapidly increased. Fresh buildings were added and fresh houses adapted.

Since 1848 the Home and Colonial Training Institution, with model schools which now contain 700 children, has taken a leading place in the education of the country and of the colonies. Nearly 230 female teachers are constantly under training, and upwards of 4,000 have been sent forth to the work of education since the foundation of the Society, with the most manifest tokens of the Divine blessing on their work, and of the efficiency of the system under which they have been trained.

From the entry of the first student in 1836 to the 38th anniversary of the Society, its welfare was the absorbing thought and occupation of its founder. To him no detail was too trivial, no toil or sacrifice too great; in difficulty his mind seemed to seize by intuition the real point to be achieved, and then the way was cut through to it with a vigour and directness which bore down every obstacle. To his long training as a public servant and a banker he owed a mastery of business which he brought to bear on this and all his other works of charity. His organizing power was marvellous, and no fraction of any machinery with which he had to do could suffer from neglect.

He was a tall, erect, military-looking man, and indeed his habits and discipline seemed formed on the military model. But he had as intense a horror of war as any of the "Friends" could have. To the very close of his eventful life he was rapid and active; there was no putting off with him for to-

morrow what was necessary to be done to-day. He always wore a happy smile, and had an encouraging word for any who needed it. Many a despairing pupil teacher has reached her goal through a word in season from Mr. Reynolds. It would be difficult to conceive a more unselfish man. Regardless of himself, he was always labouring for the good of mankind, collectively and individually. And he had Christian sympathy with the lower animals. But no one ever heard him speak of any good deed that he did or meditated. One anecdote of him is worth a volume to show the humanity of his character. Some five-and-twenty years ago, we were walking up the Old Bailey with him, and he suddenly left us to arrest a blow which he saw a Smithfield drover about to bestow on the head of his intelligent dog, who crouched before the uplifted stick of his savage master. Mr. Reynolds caught the man's stick-arm, saying, "Don't be cruel, my man, the dog did his best to please you ; it was the cart that came along that scattered your sheep, not the poor dog." The drover stood reproved, but he said nothing, and Mr. Reynolds rejoined us with a conscious smile on his face that he had saved an unoffending dog from a blow.

Of the aspect and influence of his private life, it is difficult to speak in fitting terms. God was in all his thoughts, and a light reflected from constant communion with Heaven beamed upon all he did. Not only in public and charitable matters, but in the concerns of his family connections, and of an almost incredible number of private friends, his business habits and ability were brought into action with a self-sacrifice only equalled by his uniform success. In the more intimate relations of private life, those who know him best feel that his death has left a void which cannot be supplied, as his life furnished an example which can never be forgotten.

On the Sunday he attended Divine service at Christ Church

Hampstead, slept well, and rose on the morning of Monday, the 11th, to breakfast, after which he was, as usual, left alone with his Bible. When next seen, a few minutes later, he had passed away, evidently without pain or struggle. Truly, he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.

To compress into such a space as this the lessons of a life so noble and so distinctly marked by tokens of Divine favour and support, is a task from which a sense of inability would deter me, even were it not that a feeling of almost more than filial love and reverence arrests my pen. It is not given to many who combine distinguished abilities, moderate desires, and sufficient resources, with untroubled leisure, and an absorbing appetite for work, to embrace a voluntary occupation, alike entirely congenial and pre-eminently worthy of pursuit. In many points we must admire, without the hope of imitating, such a career as his; but to be with him in his daily walk was to recognise the value of transparent simplicity coupled with true greatness of mind, of the widest charity, the most entire goodwill to all men, and the most perfect singleness of aim. Scarcely need it be added to those who knew him that to value himself on his manifold labours and abundant success was a thing foreign to his whole nature; but it cannot be wrong to lift the veil from his private thoughts and tell, in his own words, his estimate of them thirty years back as regarded himself:—"I know that I have allowed zeal for the active service of God to carry me much too far. My time and thoughts have been far too much occupied about institutions and means of extending the Lord's kingdom to the neglect of the Lord's kingdom within. Mine own vineyard have I not kept. I earnestly pray for the Holy Spirit to enable me to turn from the error of my ways. I give too little time to the Bible and prayer; it is here that real reform must be begun and carried on. All past efforts this way failed, and I have been con-

quered, I do believe, by being over-zealous in what may be called the Lord's out-door service." Yet by those who witnessed his home life, day by day, how different an estimate was formed!

Mr. Reynolds married, in 1819, Mary-Anne, second daughter of Robert Bagehot, Esq., of Herds Hill, near Langport, Somersetshire, and in her endeared society and active co-operation found, for more than forty years, an unfailing support. By her side he rests at last, in the quiet graveyard of the village church which witnessed their union fifty-five years ago.

The holy life of this remarkable man gave rise to three funeral sermons that were preached in memory of him on the Sunday following his decease. We quote the following from the sermon of the Rev. C. H. Waller, M.A., the minister of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead, in which Mr. Reynolds worshipped for upwards of forty years. The reverend gentleman took for his text a most appropriate one as applied to the deceased :—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men." In the course of the clergyman's remarks he observed :—

"Others, who know more, will have observed and remarked upon the great work which Mr. Reynolds did in the formation of the Home and Colonial School Society, which was founded by him in 1836, and has already sent out 4,000 teachers, trained in a most efficient school. This, in itself, is no small achievement, when placed to the account, as it must be mainly, of *one man*. Surely there is a pound that hath gained ten pounds. But work speaks for itself: the picture that our text sets before us is *the man*. 'Hast thou seen a *man diligent in his business?*' That is what we are to contemplate; and that, I venture to say, those who knew most of our departed friend and benefactor have certainly seen. Even in the days when he himself would

say that he was not serving his generation, and certainly thought but little of serving God, he was found a man so diligent in business by the Government of this country, that he was set in a high place and greatly esteemed ; even then he did not 'stand before obscure men.' If anything was needed in his department that demanded unusual energy and rapidity of thought and arrangement, he was the man appealed to, and not in vain.

"When first I came to this church, for many Sundays he did not fail to meet me before morning service to see that all was well. Some of you may remember how almost to the last he would go round the church and collect the alms before the Communion, when he might well have left that labour to younger men. And he was as diligent in hearing as in doing. There are not many men whose attention to the preaching of God's Word continues to be so close at fourscore years that it deprives them of sleep at night. Yet so it was with him. So far from being a sleeper *here*, he heard to such purpose that he was unable, as he often complained, to sleep afterwards. Again, some of us knew him as a friend in a thing which is very unusual : he was a wise *reprover* of the faults of others, as well as a faithful servant of God himself.

"I can think of nothing in which he was *not* diligent and energetic ; indeed, latterly, I hardly liked to visit him, lest I should bring with me the thought or suggestion of something to be discussed or done, which *might* call forth his energies and weary his failing powers. And there was another thing that impressed me greatly of late, and that was his diligence in preparing to die. One could not meet him without being reminded, in some expression or other, of his old age, the near approach of death, and of the necessity that he should be spending all strength and time that was left him upon the things of God, and his regret that he had not thought more

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-the words, "Whatsoever  
-is in the body, is in the grave*





HENRY DEANE, F.L.S.  
[CHEMIST].

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EVERY man is great, as a man ; for he who possesses the divine powers of a soul is a great being, be his place in society what it may. He may be clothed in rags, may be occupied in the lowest business, may make no show, be scarcely known to exist ; but yet he may be more truly great than those who are commonly so-called ; for greatness consists in force of soul, in force of thought, of moral principle and love. For the greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution—who resists the sorest temptations from within and without.

Now it would be difficult to find a man to whom this prelude could be better applied than to Henry Deane, for he possessed force of thought, moral principle and love in an eminent degree, and he carried these actuating principles with him through a long and eventful career, while the piety of his well-balanced mind may be gathered from the following anecdote :—

Once some friend ventured to remonstrate with him on the sadness depicted in his countenance, adding—

“ Give to the winds thy fears—  
Hope, and be undismayed.”

Mr. Deane made a noble reply in answer, observing “ that appearances were no sure guide. He acknowledged and was

thankful for the gifts of Providence, and was grateful to the Giver of all good things for the mercies with which he was surrounded."

Fortunately for society, Mr. Deane wrote a few years before his lamented death a brief autobiography of himself—we say he *wrote* it, because his natural diffidence opposed its publication. He communicated it to a friend connected with a periodical called "The Chemist and Druggist," the editor of which introduced it into his periodical with the following apology :—

"An apology is due to our friend whose autobiography is here given. The manuscript was sent for our private use, but at once perceiving its literary value, we have inserted it almost as it was received. We knew Henry Deane's natural diffidence and acute sense of propriety would not altogether approve the course we have adopted, but we trust to his known forgiving disposition to overlook our offence."

This autobiography interestingly reveals the steps by which the young chemist made his way to fame amongst those renowned members of the scientific pursuits he loved and followed. He chose as a motto to his memoir—another proof, if any were wanted, of the piety of his mind—"I applied mine heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things." (Ecclesiastes vii. 25.)

Henry Deane was essentially a great man without knowing it, and the important services he rendered to science, especially to the science of Chemistry, should be known and perpetuated as a tribute to his excellence. This can be done, too, with better grace, and without offending his peculiar antipathy to praise for his goodness or genius, now that he has passed away. The life or deeds of a good man cannot be "interred with his bones," nor would it be desirable that they should.

*y are the seed to be sown in other minds, and to blossom*

in other forms. The life of Henry Deane was of that pure and honest type that no youth could study it without being wiser and better.

Mr. Deane says, in the autobiography referred to :—

“ I was born at Stratford, in the parish of West Ham, Essex, on the 11th August, 1807. My parents, Moses and Elizabeth Deane, being members of the Society of Friends, I was brought up in that persuasion, and continued a member thereof until my marriage in 1843.”

He married, in 1843, the daughter of a retired officer, who, having been educated for a governess, was fitted, by intellectual culture, to stimulate and share in her husband’s thirst for knowledge. They fought the battle of life together bravely and well for upwards of thirty years, teaching their children, by precept and example, “ to do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God.” The Friends might well regret the loss of Henry Deane as a member of their community—distinguished as being the pioneers of so many good and great national reforms. For their unflinching battle against slavery, war and intemperance the world owes them much.

But to continue Mr. Deane’s autobiography :—

“ For nearly the first eleven years of my life the only sound instruction I received was from my beloved parents. Although I was sent to what was considered a good day school in the immediate neighbourhood, I have a most distinct recollection of its utter inefficiency as a place for communicating even the merest rudiments of knowledge, and it was not until my father sent me to a large Friends’ school at Epping, conducted by Isaac Payne, that I had the slightest idea of what it was to be systematically taught, and to know the value and pleasure of learning.”

We here find the lad’s difficulties in making progress suffici-

ently rapid for his thirsting soul. And he pays a large tribute to Isaac Payne and the Friends' schools for widening the path of knowledge to his enquiring mind.

"I was removed from here (the Friends' schools) before I was fourteen years old, and just at a period when I began to like and understand my daily task. In after years I have felt how much was lost to me by this early removal from mental training. Nevertheless, during this time seed was sown and friendships formed which materially influenced my after life.

"Amongst my schoolfellows were Edwin and Henry Doubleday, who have since attained a world-wide notoriety as entomologists. Their father was fond of collecting birds and insects, and the two sons happily followed his tastes; they in their turn communicated the same to many of their companions, myself amongst the number. Moreover, I occasionally went home with them to tea, occasions which were highly prized as affording opportunities for seeing their collections and illustrated books of natural history."

He next goes on to speak of "habits of observing the beauties of creative wisdom were early fixed in my heart." And certainly, next to godliness of life, no habit is more refining or exalted. It is far more difficult to observe *correctly* than most men imagine; to behold, Humboldt remarks, is not necessarily to observe, and the power of comparing and combining is only to be obtained by education. It is much to be regretted that habits of exact observation are not cultivated in our schools, and we trust that our new institution of the Board Schools will not overlook it, for to this deficiency may be traced much of the fallacious reasoning, the false philosophy and the irreligion which so plentifully prevail. Lavater says, "he alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed."

As we advance in the life under our notice we shall find that Mr. Deane was a minute observer of the beauties of creation. He goes on to say—

“I often look back with thankfulness to that now far distant day, when my friends the Doubledays sowed that seed which was to keep out many temptations to evil, and prove such a lasting source of pure enjoyment. I have ever since advised all my young friends to adopt a hobby calculated to improve the mind, and by acting as a counterpoise to our natural tendency to indulge in sensuous pursuits.”

From this we gather that Henry Deane began in his earliest years to dedicate his long life to useful labour, and subsequently we find that it was not “wasted on the desert air.”

He had thoroughly imbued his mind with the sentiment embodied in the following words of Carlyle:—“I care for nothing. I am of no use in the world. Philosopher of a day! Knowest thou not thou canst not move a step without finding some duty to be done, and that every man is useful to his kind by the very fact of his existence.” The usefulness of a man is not to be estimated by the length of time during which he is employed, but by the character of the resources, powers and qualifications which he combines and puts vigorously in operation, while he is engaged in any undertaking. Some men will be more useful in *an hour* than others will be in *a year*.

Now Mr. Deane was not a rapid worker, but he was most assiduous, and what he did he did well. He was always busy—always engaged in working for the benefit of others; and many of his chemical discoveries society is now enjoying without knowing that they are indebted to Henry Deane for them. His industry was of the most unceasing kind, and in sound but unobtrusive work. When a painter paints a picture, thousands come to behold and to praise; when an author

... a mere novice; he was humanitarian  
... the good of mankind than the good o

... idleness," he continues, "was neither suited  
... physical condition, and I did but little in it  
... to be ruinous to my best interests in life  
... have been so but for the close friendship  
... John Gibson, one of the firm of Howard  
... (now Howard and Sons), whose eldest son  
... I had the run of their laboratory  
... was gained a predilection for manufacturing  
... My investigations were a frequent source  
... of trouble to my maid-servant, whose proper domain was  
... the kitchen with explosive compounds and fetid

... marks another great turning point in his life.  
... over sixteen, my kind friend, John Gibson,  
... and another youth, tickets for a series of  
... Mathematical and Experimental Philosophy, which were  
... given to him in the house of Allen and Hanbury's,  
... Mathematical and Philosophical  
... Chancery Lane, Spitalfields. This course

This was one great turning point in my life, which led to an increasing thirst for knowledge. Parke's Chemical Catechism was placed in my hands, which I read through two or three times to my permanent advantage.

"At the age of eighteen I was apprenticed, for three years, to a chemist and druggist at Reading, Joseph Fardon, who had served his time to my uncle Shillitoe, of Tottenham, and who afterwards lived years with John Bell & Co. in Oxford Street. This well-known pharmacist was a kind, indulgent, considerate friend and master, and while with him I learned to powder alum, ginger, and nutgalls; to grind and mix paints; polish the shop scales, counter and bottles; open and shut shop, and many other things now, unfortunately, *infra dignitatem* in this generation. I had to open shop, summer and winter, at six o'clock in the morning, a practice which I continued with my own hands for many years after I came to Clapham *without losing the respect or confidence of any one of my customers.*"

The biographer himself marked the last sentence of the above in italics, showing how emphatically he wished *humility* to be impressed upon the reader's mind, and that the meanest duty was not to be associated with degradation or a compromise of self-respect. And if there was one characteristic more marked than another in Henry Deane's mind it was *humility*.

"The bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest,  
And she that doth most sweetly sing  
Sings in the shade when all things rest.  
Nearest the Throne itself must be  
The footstool of *humility*."

But he had another marked characteristic, and that was *activity*. Further on in his autobiography he speaks of this feature:—

"To me activity was a necessity, and I rather liked these tasks than otherwise, and I saw no indignity in performing duties required by my master, which were in their nature not only honest, but calculated to improve me in the knowledge of my business. For while grinding Prussian blue, or powdering roots and seeds, I pondered over their physical constitution, and afterwards read up their natural history in my then incomparable book and best friend, Thomson's Dispensatory. This habit of doing anything that was required of me was not only of immediate benefit to myself, but in after years probably rendered me more apt in teaching those placed under my care, and certainly gave me an idea of the nature and requirements of our trade in country places, such as London itself could not afford."

Whatever his right hand found him to do he did it with all his might. We cannot imagine Henry Deane ever to have been listless or idle, his brain and his hand were ever on the rack in his search after knowledge. Henry Deane very early acquired the first important step in knowledge pointed out by Lord Cecil—"to know that we are ignorant." But too many youths are so puffed up with conceit, and imagine themselves after a little study to know all things. And here is a fatal stumbling-block to progressive knowledge.

In the subjoined extract we find how much he economised time, and really the first practical event in his love of science:

"From that time my motto has been—as I believe it ever was in practice—'There is nothing beneath the dignity of a man that is not dishonourable.' Not unfrequently have I had to carry a dozen or two of soda water to a distance of one or two miles on a hot summer's day, and these occasions afforded opportunities for looking after plants. I shall never forget on one of these excursions finding a fine plant of henbane, a plant I had never seen before, but which I recognised at once from

the description read in Thomson's Dispensatory. I took it home, and made some extract much to my own satisfaction, but my master would not have it used, it was so unlike the black stuff regularly dispensed ; mine was of that pleasant green colour now well appreciated."

In the following paragraph the boy's affectionate heart yearned for the welfare of his father and mother, whom he says "it would be my duty and privilege to provide for their declining years." He "honoured his father and his mother, and his days were long in the land." In this passage is disclosed the sweetness of his moral nature, and we earnestly commend it to the attention of all who read and who have parents, whom it is too much the fashion for children to neglect, and to forget that God had chosen them to be the instrument of their life and being :—

" In addition to the real love I had for my business, there was one strong inducement to stick unflinchingly to my duties, which was ever borne in mind. I knew I should have to get my living by an occupation deliberately chosen by myself, and paid for by my father, though with the humble fee he could but ill afford. Both parents would probably grow old, and the day might come when it would be my duty and privilege to provide for their declining years. An amount of honest pride was also a strong stimulant to exertion in acquiring knowledge. When I first entered on my duties behind the counter, I was a tall fellow six feet high, and could look over the heads of my master and his assistant. Consequently many of the customers presumed I knew more in proportion to my size, and asked me questions about things of which I had never heard, and which made me blush in utterest confusion. This state of ignorance was most distasteful, and I resolved to have an answer ready for the next inquiring customer. Thus I soon gained a reputation for more knowledge than I felt I deserved."

His capacity for knowledge now became so intense that he soon exhausted his master's small library, and "my shilling a week pocket money, and other small pecuniary presents, were chiefly devoted to the purchase of such standard works directly or indirectly relating to pharmacy."

Here follows another regret at his ignorance—a feeling, we can well understand, that haunts the finite mind of the true student:—"After I was out of my time at Reading, I was fortunate enough to get a situation at John Bell & Co.'s, in Oxford Street, when I soon found that I was unacquainted with the practical duties of a large business, and I sometimes wished the floor to open and swallow me up, so ashamed was I that such a big fellow should know so little. However, '*Labor omnia vincet*,' I stuck to my early resolution of never allowing anyone to feel dissatisfied for want of a proper answer, and I read a variety of useful books at every opportunity, carefully avoiding politics and novels. All this was heavy work with my daily average labour of fourteen hours. I was much encouraged by the friendship of both the late Jacob and Frederick Bell; to them, or rather to their memory, I owe a deep debt of gratitude for their many acts of consideration for my faults, and the opportunities they placed in my way for improvement.

"Between my first entry into the establishment in Oxford Street, and my ultimately leaving it, there was an interval of two years, during which I was at home endeavouring to manage and improve the business of my father, who had become paralysed, and incapable of attending to it. There I continued some time after his decease. I was in Oxford Street altogether about five years, and had become greatly attached to it, both on account of friendships formed and the many privileges enjoyed. John Bell had an excellent library, which was accessible to the assistants; but as yet there was nothing

specially written for chemists and druggists, and this want was the frequent subject of conversation between Jacob and Frederick Bell and myself, and we more than once suggested the formation of a society adapted not only for mutual improvement, but with a view to the general improvement of the whole body of chemists and druggists. It was not however till some time after I had left, and was in business on my own account, that Mr. Hawes's Bill stirred up the general body, and gave rise to the formation of the Pharmaceutical Society.

"In the autumn of 1837, I took the business now occupied by me at Clapham, assisted by several friends, but more especially by the late Richard Hotham Pigeon, whose large pecuniary aid, afforded in the most liberal and trusting spirit, was supplemented by the advice of a judicious mother. This step was looked upon as certain failure, but my friend Pigeon and the minority encouraged me with better hopes. Besides, had I not my dear mother and sister with me entirely dependent on my success? My own mind never wavered, I was not afraid of work, and I knew how to live on bread and cheese, with no stronger drink than a cup of tea or a glass of water. Providence favoured me in a most wonderful manner, and my best hopes were more than realised, so that in a very few years I was out of debt and prospering to my heart's content.

"In 1841, on the establishment of the Pharmaceutical Society, I became one of its first members, but took no active part in its formation. In 1844, I was requested to become one of the Board of Examiners. After a little hesitation, I accepted the honourable post, a step which I have never regretted. It afforded me large means of self-improvement, and at the same time brought me in contact with men, the value of whose friendship I cannot express in words."

His gratitude was unbounded to those who lent him the smallest service in his onward course, and he was never slow

to acknowledge it both in public and in private. He never glorified himself for anything, but gave to others the credit of really what was due to himself for his earnestness and his zeal, his active genius and modesty.

In 1849 the Microscopical Society was formed, and Henry Deane joined it on the foundation, and invested £10 in a microscope, and began work investigating and mounting objects with great ardour. But this instrument did not please him long, and he got the basis of a more complete one, with which he made in 1845 the remarkable discovery of *Xanthidia* and *Polythalamia* in the grey chalk of Folkestone, a bed below the common white chalk. Upon this important matter he says:—

“ It is well known that the white chalk is chiefly made up of the *débris* of the shells of *Foraminiferæ*—a fact first brought to my notice by the late Dr. Pereira—and that the layers of flints, supposed with strong reason by Dr. J. S. Bowerbank to be the fossilized condition of ancient sponges, contained a great variety of the organisms called *Xanthidia* and *Polythalamia*. I looked carefully in the chalk itself for the *Xanthidia* without success, but found them freely distributed in some portions of the grey chalk in which flint in layers, like those of the white chalk, do not exist, but in which occur occasional masses of chert, showing abundant evidence of the structure of sponges without, so far as I could detect, any evidence of *Xanthidia*. The *Polythalamia* in this grey chalk were in a very remarkable condition, showing what appeared to be the investing membrane of the shells and the bodies in a truly fossilized but not silicified condition. The species seemed to be identical with those found in the white chalk. Another curious fact seemed to me to be brought out, namely, the mode of distribution of the silica in these two kinds of chalk. In the white chalk it chiefly exists in the form of

layers of flints ; in the other it is distributed in minute grains or crystals. I also discovered an abundance of a beautiful silicious organism (prepared as an article of diet in China or Japan), occasionally found in Ichabœ-guano, and which, in a notice read to the Society, I named *Arachnoidiscus Japonicus*, forming the basis of a genus of great beauty, and deservedly popular amongst amateur observers with the microscope."

It appears that the first meeting of the new Society was held at 338, Oxford-street, and Mr. Deane read a short paper on "Displacement," as a method of preparing tincture, &c. ; this paper set many chemists experimenting and working at that method of preparing tinctures and extracts. About this time also he contributed a paper on "Experiment on Senna" to the "Pharmaceutical Journal," and which was favourably noticed by Dr. Pereira and Dr. Royle.

Mr. Deane was now doing great things in Chemistry.

"When I took my place at the Board of Examiners, I found that very efficient arrangements had been made for conducting the examinations, and although not so efficient as they afterwards became under energetic care and ordering, they were fully up to the acquirements of the students. The tables were well supplied with specimens of all kinds, fresh plants, drugs and chemicals, but as yet there was no practical dispensing. One striking fact was constantly noted for many years, that the larger number of the best qualified men were those who had acquired their knowledge in the country, without those special advantages afforded to those who attended the lectures and laboratory at the establishment in Bloomsbury-square. This was the case for several years after the institution of examination ; but it is notorious that these first men have now taken their place as leaders amongst their brethren in pharmacy.

"I was elected on the Council in June, 1851, and almost before I had taken my seat, Mr. John Watts, of the Edgware-

THE BOYS.

President, which unexpected pro-  
- and I was enthroned at the lower  
- Herring was President. The  
- Joseph Gifford was elected Presi-  
- t- 1853 and 1854 I was

Physicians applied to the Council  
- Society for aid in the preparation of a  
- Committee was formed to assist in  
- I was Chairman of the Committee,  
- of the Chairman of the Pharma-  
- College of Physicians, Dr. F. Farre,  
- as the medium of communication  
- the Royal Medical Council was  
- meetings to form a national Pharma-

Secretary, and performed  
- instances suggested. I made many  
- in the meetings, which were  
- a month. Once a week would  
- council, committee and ex-  
- a large amount of time, which  
- sacrifice. I can safely say that  
- these responsible positions, one-  
- taken up in the service of

has been a service of love,  
- at time, being fully aware  
- incurred with some degree  
- set on foot by my late  
- the mental energies of  
- a system of education which  
- "never existed."

These important scientific labours brought Mr. Deane to the age of 67, but he had a youthful heart, and a calm and serene mind. Yet he was still in love with scientific pursuits, and he never appeared so completely in his element as at the gatherings of the Pharmaceutical Society. During his presidency of the Society he made many hundreds of experiments between the meetings, which were seldom held oftener than once a month. He states on this subject, "I can safely say that during the six years I held these responsible positions, one-fourth of the time was entirely taken up in the service of the Society."

There were three topics that formed for Henry Deane an unfailing subject of interest. The first was the labours of the Pharmacopœia Committee already mentioned, in which he bore his share. These persevering efforts eventually paved the way for the publication of a work of which English pharmacists are proud. Some notion of the pains taken in preparing materials which facilitated its compilation may be gained from reading Mr. Deane's own paper on the acetic acids of the three Pharmacopœias.

The second idea of which he was fond was the application of heat, derived from gas or otherwise, to pharmaceutical operations.

The third favourite theory of Mr. Deane was that of percolation, on which process he was a diffuse expatiator.

The apparatus he preferred was a portion of an elongated cone, whose sides formed an angle of  $82^{\circ}$  to the base line. The dimensions were, twelve inches deep, nine inches broad at top, and six inches at the bottom; the bottom rather concave, with a tubular opening for arranging a tap. Into the vexed question of percolation Mr. Deane would dive on the slightest provocation; and when fairly embarked on the enticing theme, he would much resemble that Ancient Mariner who once stopped one of three.

The scientific observations by which he will be best known amongst his brethren are the papers on microscopic analysis applied to pharmacy, which were the joint researches of himself and his friend, Mr. Brady, of Newcastle. They were read before the members of the British Pharmaceutical Conference, and met with the reception of which they were worthy. The conference was a new institution, and Mr. Deane was an old man ; he risked his situation, and had his reward. At each recurring autumn festival he seemed to renew his youth ; his anxieties were left behind at the Clapham Junction, and they experienced the usual fate of luggage left at that hopeless spot—they got no further on their journey. No sooner was the historic wide-awake of the veteran despaired by his *confrères* than joy spread throughout the camp, and unbounded satisfaction filled every heart. There was no affectation in his love for his younger companions ; there was no concealment on their part of the pleasure created by his presence.

Space forbids our going further into Mr. Deane's scientific labours and researches, nor would they perhaps be interesting to the general reader. His high moral attainments were quite in harmony with his intellectual ones, and his memory is revered amongst all who knew him as an exemplary and excellent man in all the relations of life.

He died suddenly at Dover on the 4th April, 1874. Accompanied by his daughter, he was on his way to Hungary, bent on a visit to his eldest son, who held a position as civil engineer in Pesth. He had intended to travel by easy stages, but partly in consequence of indisposition, and partly owing to the roughness of the sea, his journey was delayed. On Good Friday he found himself in excellent health : took walks, wrote home amusingly, and frequently remarked that for a long time he had never felt so well. Next morning he was walking to

the Ostend boat, when he suddenly gave a slight exclamation, and fell down, never to speak again. He was taken to the family residence, a cottage at Coolinge near Folkestone ; and on Thursday, April 9th, was buried in the quiet churchyard of Cheriton, the resting-place of his wife's relatives. No more suitable spot could have been selected for his remains, as it was a neighbourhood where he had passed much time in former years, and of which he was extremely fond. A large number of pharmacists and other friends paid the last tribute of affection by standing round his grave.

It is difficult to convey to comparative strangers a just estimate of his character. He was intensely individual—on the one hand commanding reverence as a founder of the Pharmaceutical Society and one of its most distinguished officials ; on the other, intimately connected by companionship and keen sympathy with those of a younger generation. By some he will be mentioned as a skilful examiner and an assiduous member of council ; he will live in the recollection of others as a president of the British Pharmaceutical Conference, equally disposed to advance the pursuit of science and to share in the amusement of the hour ; and by all as a Christian gentleman.





## WILLIAM CHAMBERS

[LITERATURE AND SELF-HELP].

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THE life of William Chambers is remarkable for filial devotion and for the heroic manner in which he made his honest, unassisted way from comparative poverty to affluence ; and it is for these virtues that we commend his example to our youthful readers. Scotland can boast of having produced many great men—men who have left “ footprints on the sands of time ”—but none who will be more honoured for usefulness to this and succeeding generations than William Chambers.

His life, though a chequered one, abounds in human interest and bright example. Difficulties that would have overwhelmed any ordinary mind, succumbed to his perseverance, his self-denial, and his manliness.

Although a distinguished son of Scotland, as far as his birth was concerned, yet the good works he has achieved make him a citizen of the world. It is not for the wealth that he has accumulated that he will be remembered, but for the manner in which he won it, and for the unspeakable benefit of his labours to mankind.

But it is neither possible nor just to notice the life of William Chambers without doing so in association with his deceased brother Robert. The brothers were inseparable in their labours for cheap and wholesome literature, of which they were the successful pioneers, and their names will always be mentioned in that cause.

Peebles, the birthplace of William Chambers, is a quiet, obscure little town on the banks of the Tweed. In a delightful description of his birthplace, he says it was at the beginning of this century in exactly the same condition that it had been a hundred years before. The ancestors of William Chambers were woollen-manufacturers, and were in rather comfortable circumstances, though "living in a very plain style." His father had been sent in his youth to Glasgow, to learn the business of cotton-manufacturing, about the time when that industry was first introduced into Scotland. That he carried it on in Peebles on a tolerably large scale, is clearly proved by the fact that he used sometimes to have a hundred looms running in his employment.

Robert Chambers describes his early home as "a neat, small mansion, fronting to the Eddleston Water; a tastefully furnished sitting-room, containing a concealed bed, one or two other little rooms, and a kitchen; a ground-floor full of looms, and a garret full of webs and weft."

Both brothers, however, linger most lovingly on the memory of their mother, a delicate, lady-like woman, full of natural refinement and high purpose, whose courage in the dark hour of pecuniary distress alone enabled her boys to attain that success which ultimately brought them both fortune and distinction. She was a most lovable and exemplary woman, and she was quite idolised by her distinguished sons. William says of her that, "both in appearance and manners, she was by nature a lady, and circumstances made her a heroine."

His father was a free-hearted man, whose very breadth of geniality made him his own enemy. He was deficient, too, in that quality which his two sons possessed so eminently—business capacity; and, as William once said of him, that he was too soft to make much headway in the world. Yet he was a man of high tastes, and considerable culture, and lofty

ambition, and never weary of impressing on his boys that no amount of money should ever induce them to continue in the service of others, and that they were always to strive to be their own masters, no matter how poor might be their lot. The elder Chambers was a man with strong literary, scientific, and even artistic sympathies. He purchased a costly copy of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," which, after the first flush of interest in it had cooled, was stowed away in a big chest in the garret.

This great work was the means of giving both William and Robert the larger part of the education they possessed when they started life, for their schooling was of the most meagre description. The first seminary to which William Chambers was sent was kept by a widow, who, according to her own account, was qualified to carry her pupils as far as reading the Bible, with the reasonable exception of leaving out long names, such as Maher-shalal-hash-baz. These she told the children might be made a "passover."

From this school William went to one kept by a rather festive dominie, where, for two shillings a quarter, he was taught the three "R's." William tells us that when the dominie was temporarily absent, there took place a battle of the books, the one side of the school against the other, in which the missiles used (dog-eared Bibles without the boards) flew about like leaves before the wind.

He was then sent to a grammar-school, where, for five shillings a quarter, he had Latin and some of the higher branches of education flogged into him. His entire education, he says—which ended when he was thirteen—cost, books included, only £6.

The father of William Chambers, from his yielding trust in human nature, gradually drifted into bankruptcy, and the family quitted Peebles to push their fortunes in Edinburgh.

They entered the Scottish capital, writes William, “ my mother with but a few shillings in her pocket, whilst there was not a halfpenny in mine.” Here they struggled on in a shiftless, poverty-stricken way for some time, the father getting a scanty living by doing some commission business for Glasgow manufacturers, and the mother wistfully striving to find some employment for her eldest boy. Through accidentally seeing in the window of Mr. John Sutherland, bookseller, Calton-street, Edinburgh, an announcement intimating that an apprentice was “ wanted,” William went into the service of this worthy man, and on the 8th May, 1814, he was launched into the world of business with four shillings a week for his wages. In the August of the following year the family went to Joppa Pans, a smoky, odorous place, consisting of a group of sooty buildings, situated on the sea-shore, half way between Portobello and Musselburgh; and thither, to a small dwelling amidst the steaming salt-pans, they all removed but William, who says:—

“ Until this disruption I had no occasion to rely on myself. Now matters were changed. I was to have an opportunity of learning practically how far my weekly earnings would go in defraying the cost of board and lodging. In short, at little above fifteen years of age, I was thrown on my own resources. From necessity, not less than from choice, I resolved, at all hazards, to make the weekly four shillings serve for everything. I cannot remember entertaining the slightest despondency on the subject.

“ As favourable for carrying out my aims at an independent style of living, I had the good fortune to be installed in the dwelling of a remarkably precise and honest widow, a Peebles woman, who, with two grown-up sons, occupied the top storey of a building in the West Port. My landlady had the reputation of being excessively parsimonious, but as her honesty was of importance to one in my position, and as she consented to

let me have a bed, cook for me, and allow me to sit by her fireside—the fire, by the way, not being much to speak of—for the reasonable charge of eighteenpence a week, I was thought to be lucky in finding her disposed to receive me within her establishment. To her dwelling, therefore, I repaired with my all, consisting of a few articles of clothing and two or three books, including a pocket Bible, the whole contained in a small blue-painted box, which I carried on my shoulder along the Grassmarket."

While he lodged with the widow he achieved the feat of living on 1s. 9d. a week by abstaining from all articles of luxury, and by taking his meals with the family. His daily expenditure amounted to threepence-halfpenny. Breakfast and supper cost him each one penny, and they consisted of buttermilk and oatmeal porridge. His dinner consisted of bread and broth, and cost three-halfpence.

William had to work very hard for his master, who, in addition to his business as a bookseller, kept a circulating library, and acted as an agent for the State Lottery, the delivery of circulars in connection with which gave William many a weary tramp. But he had adopted as his motto an inscription he saw written in the old Scottish dialect over a dilapidated doorway in the West Bow—"He that *tholes* overcomes;" and he made up his mind to *thole* and bear the burden of life with brave and manly patience.

He was not even allowed to read in the shop, and he could only do a little study by getting up early in the morning, especially in summer, when light cost nothing. "In this way," he says, "I made some progress in French, with the pronunciation of which I was already familiar from the speech of the prisoners of war at Peebles. I likewise dipped into several books of solid worth." Another odd way he had of eking out his scanty wages was to go every morning early and read for a

couple of hours some amusing book to a baker and his two sons, whilst they were working at their "batch," in their shop in Canal Street, his fee for this service being a penny roll, drawn hot from the oven.

The following touching anecdote shows how deep was the affection he had for his beloved mother. Each day of the week was one round of ceaseless, cheerless, sordid drudgery, save Sunday, when the poor lad went home to visit the mother he loved so dearly, and who was passionately proud of her boy, who was thus bravely and uncomplainingly battling with the world. One of their evenings was miserable enough, however. When the lad went home, wet and weary, he found his father had lost his situation, and the family again flung on the world. The heart-broken mother and her boy sat up in the dark consulting as to what was to be done. She was to take a small shop and try and earn a little money in that way. "It was little I could do," says William Chambers, in his autobiographical recollections. "Still," he says, "some insignificant savings were at her disposal, and so was a windfall over which I had cause for rejoicing. By a singular piece of good fortune, I had the previous day been presented with half a guinea by a good-hearted tradesman, on being sent to him with the agreeable intelligence that he had got the sixtieth of a twenty thousand pound prize in the State Lottery. The little bit of gold was put into my mother's hand. With emotion too great for words, my own hand was pressed gratefully in return. The loving pressure of that unseen hand in the midnight gloom, has it not proved a more than ordinary blessing of a mother on her son?"

Things now became desperate with the family, and something must be done to relieve their condition. What was to be done with Robert, a studious lad, with quaint archæological and literary tastes? William made the bold suggestion that

he should strike out for himself into life as a bookseller, no matter in how humble a way. Some old books, relics of the paternal library, were gathered together, and with these and a few cheap Bibles, the boy began business as a bookstall-keeper, at sixteen years of age, in 1818, in a little shop in Leith Walk. In May, 1819, William Chambers' apprenticeship came to an end, and he determined to follow his father's advice, not to serve others. His capital was the five shillings which he drew for his previous week's wages. He took a little shop in the same place that Robert's had stood—for by that time the younger brother was forced to remove, owing to some alterations in the buildings, which, however, were completed when William wanted a place of business. His rent was £10 a year. He could not even get a few old books at home to start with, as Robert had used them all up. He therefore literally began without stock, capital, or prospects. Whilst doing a temporary job at a great trade sale organised by the agent of a London publisher, young Chambers, in reply to a question of the agent's, told him his plight. Struck by the honest frankness of the lad, this gentleman offered him £10 worth of his samples, on the usual credit. With his five shillings of wages he bought a few rough deal boards, which he made into a counter. This he put on a pair of trestles outside his door, and so, on a fine sunny June morning, he began business on his own account. Then a craving came upon the young stall-keeper to possess a printing press and types. For three pounds he bought an old rickety apparatus, which, he says, emitted a "jangling, creaking noise, like a shriek of anguish," when worked. He also procured about thirty-five pounds weight of worn-out type, and thus equipped, he began life as a printer. He had to learn type-setting, and grope his way through the mechanical difficulties of the art as best he could. His first effort was a handy little pocket edition of the songs

of Robert Burns. This he set up by instalments of eight small pages at a time. These he printed off, and then, having rearranged the type, went on with a second lot. Seven hundred and fifty copies he printed in this way. They were bound by himself, and sold for a shilling a-piece. After paying all expenses, he found he had made £9 by this first boyish speculation as a publisher. After this he did a little business as a job-printer, and started a diminutive circulating library in connection with his stall.

We now see these heroic brothers on a sound business footing, and it will scarcely be necessary to follow in their steps of adversity and struggles any longer, but shift our scene to the year 1832, when the great and triumphant success of their lives culminated in the serious enterprise of a weekly periodical—the celebrated “Edinburgh Journal.” The first number appeared on the 4th of February, 1832. Robert thought the enterprise a hazardous one, but William Chambers’ courage won for the “Journal” the success it deserved. There was in Scotland alone a sale of fifty thousand copies. At the third number, when the English market was supplied, the sale was eighty thousand. From the outset Robert Chambers threw himself, heart and soul, with true brotherly affection, into the conduct of the literary department of William’s daring enterprise. After the fourteenth number was issued, it was found that both brothers would have to relinquish their separate businesses and join in partnership. From that time, therefore, the firm of W. and R. Chambers became known all over the world. Speaking of this partnership with his brother, William Chambers writes: “Such was the degree of mutual confidence between us, that not for the space of twenty-one years was it thought expedient to execute any memorandum of agreement.” Though William Chambers wrote many of the most charming and instructive papers in the “Journal,”

and though Robert never shirked his business duties when necessity laid any pressure upon him, yet it may be said that the subject of this memoir was, on the whole, the commercial and administrative head of the firm, whilst Robert took more exclusively the charge of the literary department.

In 1834 the brothers issued their "Information for the People." After this venture came a series of about a hundred school-books—the "Chambers' Educational Course," only too familiar to many middle-class schoolboys. Twenty volumes of a series entitled "Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," were issued about this time, and had an enormous circulation. The crowning enterprise of the firm, however, was their great "Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Universal Information for the People," a work begun in 1859 and completed in 1868. As a handy book of popular and ready alphabetical reference, on every conceivable subject, this work has no rival in Europe or America. Another work of a similar character was the "Cyclopædia of English Literature," projected by Robert Chambers.

In 1860-61 the brothers projected the great work which gave Robert Chambers his death-blow. This was the "Book of Days," a miscellany of popular antiquities in connection with the calendar. Disappointed in promised literary assistance, Robert Chambers was obliged to go through the greater part of the task himself, and during the winter of 1861-62 he might be seen every day in the British Museum, working hard at this fatal book. The mental strain broke him down. Domestic bereavements aggravated the effects of ill-health, and with it, though he lived to finish his "Life of Smollett," his literary career closed. He died in St. Andrews, in the beginning of the year 1870.

William Chambers still lives, a hale, healthy man, as full of cheerfulness and intellectual vigour as in the days when he

tugged at his jangling hand-press in the dingy little shop in Leith Walk. In 1849 he purchased the estate of Glenormiston, situated a few miles from Peebles, at which he has since spent some time every summer. In 1859 he presented to the community of Peebles a large suite of buildings for purposes of social and intellectual improvement, comprising a hall for lectures, a public library of fifteen thousand volumes, a reading-room, and gallery of art and museum. This extensive and useful establishment is understood to have cost the donor about £20,000.

In 1865 William Chambers was elected Lord Provost of the city of Edinburgh, and his reign of office was marked by the energetic organisation of sanitary and architectural improvements in the older part of the city which he set on foot. In 1872 the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of LL.D. "Chambers' Journal" is now conducted by him, and the able and chatty papers in its pages, with his well-known initials attached to them, are amongst its chief attractions.

In reviewing the life of this eminent man, one may say that he has so lived as to teach the world how the good, old-fashioned, common-place virtues can be exalted into the loftiest range of moral heroism; that he has left on record a noble and manly example of self-help, which Time can never obliterate from the admiring memory of succeeding generations. Life has to him been a sacred trust, to be used for helping on the advancement of humanity, and for aiding the diffusion of knowledge, not a mere huckstering basis of operations for money-making. The moral to be drawn from the biography of William and Robert Chambers is that, with manly self-trust, with high and noble aims, and with diligence, a man may, no matter how poor he be at the outset of his career, struggle upwards and onwards to fill a high social position, and enjoy no ordinary share of earthly honours and possessions.

It is manifest that the very hardships they had to endure very obstacles they had to surmount, only served to discipline their character and fortify their courage in fighting the battle of life.

[We beg to acknowledge our obligations to Messrs. Cassell & Co., and to the *Memoir of William Chambers*, published in their "National Portrait Gallery," for much of this article.]





## ABEL HEYWOOD

[A SELF-MADE MAN].

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IN Abel Heywood we find an honest man, whom Pope has eloquently defined to be the “noblest work of God.” By honesty and industry he has worked his way from an errand-boy, at eighteenpence a week, to be the Right Worshipful Mayor of Manchester. A “self-made” man does not imply a man who has selfishly worked for his own aggrandisement, but one who, while zealously working for his own advancement, has also had at heart the advancement of others.

By the native force of his own character and invincible integrity he has achieved that social distinction which ever waits on merit. But it was from higher motives than social distinction that Abel Heywood worked; he had no ambition to be Mayor of Manchester, he had higher impulses than that to sustain him in the struggles of life and solace him in the confines of a prison. Was the Mayor of Manchester ever in prison? Oh, yes; for three months he was incarcerated in the New Bailey, but he suffered this indignity for his country’s good.

There was a tax upon knowledge in those days, and Abel Heywood became the gallant martyr to rid the people of it. Literature was taxed, paper was taxed, and there was even a tax upon advertisements; and these baneful imposts needed such staunch men as Abel Heywood to fight against them,

regardless of all personal inconvenience. He knew full well that when an evil had to be resisted it must be met in earnest, whether it is the evil within us, or the evil flowing from the work of others.

The objection and opposition to the taxes that hindered the spread of knowledge, that stopped the free circulation of the Bible and wholesome literature, was a work which Abel Heywood will long be remembered for; and his imprisonment in such a cause was the crowning glory of his useful life.

Mr. Abel Heywood may be described, in the widest and most unreserved sense of the term, as a self-made man. He was born at Rooden Lane, Prestwich, in February, 1810, and was the youngest of a family of three sons. His father was in humble though comfortable circumstances, employed as a "putter-in" to cotton weavers, who at that time wove on their own looms in their own houses. He died when his youngest son was only five years old. Mrs. Heywood shortly afterwards removed to Manchester, for the purpose of finding her sons work. What school education her son Abel received was at the British National School, Prestwich, and afterwards at the Manchester Mechanics' Institute; but the lad's academic career must have been exceedingly brief, since we find him when nine years of age taking employment at eighteenpence per week as a message-boy in the warehouse of the late Mr. Thomas Worthington.

After eleven years spent in this service, Mr. Heywood, who may be said to have graduated as a public man before he came of age, opened a penny news-room. He very soon got into trouble about his news-room and his meddling with politics. He became the agent of the "Poor Man's Guardian," a small paper published at a penny, and conducted, as its name implies, in the interest of a Root and Branch Reform. The Tories put a tax upon literature in these days. They had not

yet discovered the advantages of a cheap press. An excise stamp of fourpence per copy on all newspapers made a penny daily, or even a penny weekly, impossible ; and so the "Poor Man's Guardian," instead of helping the poor man much, found itself ere long within the clutches of the law. The printer of the proscribed paper, as the law then stood, could not be dealt with directly, but his parcels were subject to seizure in transit, and the newsvendor who smuggled the contraband literature into the hands of the public was liable to arrest and imprisonment. This was very speedily the fate of young Heywood, and some hundreds more, who sold the "Poor Man's Guardian," though it was ruled eventually by the Court of Queen's Bench that the publication was not a newspaper, and was therefore exempt from the operation of the stamp duty.

This afforded little consolation to the unfortunate news-vendor, who had suffered his three months' imprisonment in the New Bailey before the mistake of the local magistrates was found out. In 1834 Mr. Heywood was again prosecuted, but this time, being in better circumstances, he was able to pay the fine imposed, which, with costs, amounted to £18, and he thus escaped another term of imprisonment.

These reminiscences of his past life cannot but afford Mr. Heywood great gratification now that he is the Mayor of Manchester—the scene where he had suffered so long and nobly for the benefit of the working man ; and the working man has now no truer friends living than Abel Heywood and T. B. Smithies—each in his different sphere.

The new Mayor of Manchester has one great merit which must not be disregarded by his biographers. He always trusted, and he still trusts, the people. To them he remains the same staunch advocate for their weal and welfare that he always was. Honours and dignities have erected no barriers between the two.

Mr. Heywood is extremely undemonstrative in manner, and thus occasionally gets taxed with indifference to the dignity of his office. He is the same with every one of his visitors—squire or artisan—who go to him on public business ; he is not obsequious with the first, nor does he cut short the last. His visitor may leave with the idea that the unimpulsive chief magistrate has not been particularly impressed with his observations ; but therein he will err, always supposing that his observations were expressive. Dilettantism is not the rôle of his worship, who is above all things a man of business. His career has meant honest toil and trouble, industry and self-denial, and imprisonment for conscience sake. Nevertheless, the fact of being imprisoned even for conscience sake does attach a stigma to a man in after life. We have met good churchmen—and there are thousands who, notwithstanding all Dean Stanley may say in his Commendation, think that John Bunyan must have been a very immoral tinker, whom the ecclesiastical authorities of his day found it necessary to shut up in Bedford Gaol. It has meant ungrudged time and labour for your fathers, who could stay at their offices while Abel Heywood was working for them.

In person Mr. Heywood is, for his years, by far the youngest-looking man in the Manchester Council. At sixty-eight he can scarcely be alluded to as a grey-haired man, or as suffering from the effects of the three-score-and-ten verge. If the Mayor cared about his toilet at all, or if he could enlist any other member of his family in that interest, he might put back the apparent hand of Time a dozen years without any difficulty.

Mr. Heywood has suffered most unjustly from a suspicion of holding revolutionary principles. What friend of the working classes has not ? To this charge made against him by the "Manchester Guardian" he replies in his address to a meeting of his Parliamentary supporters.

In 1848, when the Council were called together to deliberate upon the course to be adopted in the disturbed state of Manchester, he was present, and a gentleman asked, "What does Mr. Heywood say?" He declared his conviction that if they treated the people in a proper spirit, and appealed to them to assist in keeping the peace, peace would be kept. Next morning large placards containing such an appeal were issued, and tranquillity followed. The then Mayor was knighted for having so well controlled Manchester.

We will now take a retrospect of Mr. Heywood's labours for the good of Manchester and its citizens, and his public life generally. He very early began to take his part in public affairs, and having set his hand earnestly to the plough he has never turned back. In 1835, only three years after he had established his modest stationer's shop in Oldham Street, he was appointed to the commission of police, a body which up to the time of the incorporation of the borough, in 1838, controlled the local administration. He was elected to the City Council in 1843, and after 10 years of hard work he so commended himself to the favour of his fellow-Councillors that he was appointed Alderman, and 11 years later he was elected Mayor, and so qualified as Justice of the Peace.

Throughout his long and uninterrupted municipal career he has been distinguished as a hard worker in committee, and a ready and wise debater in council, marred by an occasional tendency to prolixity, and a certain heavy playfulness of style. His special work, apart from the chairmanship of the New Town Hall Sub-Committee, which after all is only an incident in his long career, has been in connection with the paving and highways of the city. He has been a member of the committee charged with this business since the Commissioners of Highways transferred their powers to the Corporation in 1844, and for many years he has been its indefatigable chairman.

In this capacity he has become perfect master of his subject, there being probably no man in England who knows more thoroughly the management of the highways of a great city. The Corporation of London have more than once, we believe, had recourse to his advice and experience. It must be said that he has served in a good school, for there is probably no town in which the exigencies of a heavy and incessant traffic require to be more firmly met, and the difficulty of the problem he has had to solve has doubtless sharpened his wit and developed his fertility of resource.

It is perhaps unnecessary to give any sketch in detail of Mr. Heywood's later municipal career. His year of office as Mayor was that in which the Prince of Wales came of age, and one of his first duties was to forward the loyal addresses of congratulation adopted by the Council to his Royal Highness and to the Queen. His duties as chief magistrate were increased by his *ex officio* connection with the Cotton Famine Relief Fund, which still continued its necessary labours in the distressed districts of South Lancashire. It was not a time in Manchester when any heroic measures of civic improvement could be carried out, or even discussed; but we believe we are safe in saying that at the close of his term the retiring Mayor retained the unanimous respect of the Council which had elevated him to the office.

Mr. Heywood has been twice before the constituency as a candidate, on both occasions as an advanced Liberal, and claiming and obtaining specially the support of working men. He was the advocate of a wide extension of the suffrage, and for the protection of the voter by the ballot. Such was the advanced Radicalism of 1859, which the wiseacres denounced as revolutionary! Mr. Heywood's election in 1859 was in one way unique. He used no cabs, and there is probably no other instance on record of a canvass of such an enormous consti-

tuency being conducted at such a trifling expense—the total outlay being three hundred and fifty-one pounds, a sum which was cheerfully subscribed and paid by his friends. Mr. Heywood was not successful, it is true, but he gained a virtual triumph for purity of election; and his candidature, conducted as it was, has conferred a lasting service on the Liberal party in the city, as showing the power of well-organised voluntary canvassing and the influence of working-men in the constituency. Since then Mr. Heywood, though an ardent politician, has taken no very prominent part in election matters; but his old connection with the working-man has been maintained by occasional appearances at trade meetings and the social gatherings of the co-operative societies.

Mr. Alderman Heywood has been twice married. The present Mrs. Heywood is the widow of Mr. Alderman Goadsby, who was her husband's immediate predecessor as Mayor. Mrs. Heywood is herself well known in Manchester as the generous donor of the Cromwell Statue, and at an earlier date of the Prince Albert Memorial. Mr. and Mrs. Heywood, from the accident of their residence at Old Trafford, had the pleasure of welcoming the Prince and Princess of Wales on their arrival in Manchester by barge from Worsley, when they visited the royal show in 1868. Pleasant memories linger in Manchester of the genial and refined hospitality which was dispensed at the Mayor's private residence, and on a more popular scale at the Town Hall during the reign of Mr. Goadsby, and it is not the least pleasing anticipation respecting the renewed lease of power which the citizens propose to bestow upon our Mayor, that the ordinary humdrum routine of Manchester municipal work may again be brightened by the exercise of a generous and graceful example of social good fellowship.

In this capacity he has been there being probably no thoroughly the manager. The Corporation of London had recourse to his advice that he has served in a town in which the executors require to be more firm, he has had to solve which developed his fertility of

It is perhaps uninteresting to Heywood's later life, that in which one of his first duties was the gratulation adopted by the Queen. It was by his *ex officio* of the Poor Fund, which still tressessed districts of Manchester when he could be carried are safe in saying that the Mayor retained him, had elevated him

Mr. Heywood, candidate, on the 1st of January, of parents in very humble circumstances, claiming and always required that their children should be very well educated in order to supplement their scant earnings. He was the protege of a master to school that he might acquire some advanced knowledge. At five years of age he was placed in a dame school, where he greatly disliked the regular attendance, which were exacted by the dame. Attracted occasionally lingered until he was too



## WARD

Dr. Smiles for his literary flowers that would have been produced by his eloquent subject of this sketch, whose life extraordinary instances of perseverance that has ever been made

Edward was born a naturalist. At this age, it is said that he leapt from his window endeavour to catch some flies that were about. About two years after his attempt

he was an enthusiastic collector of field mice, cubs, and various other objects, such as

school, and then he hied away to gather every kind of thing that he dared to touch.

The young naturalist soon filled his home and his school with the living things which he captured in his truant haunts, and was at last expelled the seminary for bringing in a jackdaw, which was so inconsiderate as to make a noise even in prayer-time. In order to hide the bird, Thomas concealed it in some part of his trowsers, but the creature, not liking its confined quarters, stoutly complained, uttering a shrill "cre-aw! cre-aw!" "The Lord preserve's a'! Fat's this noo?" exclaimed the mistress. "It's Tam Edward, again!" shouted the scholars, "wi' a crow stickin' out o' his breeks!"

After he had been expelled the school, he was sent to another, from which he also shared the same fate. In the latter case it was through his collecting horse-leeches and taking them to school. One of these animals, leaving the bottle, took up its quarters on a boy's leg—the leg being bare; the boy screamed, and Thomas was shown to the door, receiving a farewell at the door, and requested never to return.

His mother afterwards interceded for him, but in vain. "Don't bring that boy here," said the master; "I'll not take him back, not though you were to give me twenty pounds! neither I nor my scholars have had a day's peace since he came here."

His father was much annoyed at his son's second expulsion, and finely lectured him, winding up with, "Such is the case with all boys that neglect their schooling and disregard what their parents bid them. You'll become an idler and a ne'er-do-weel; you'll get into bad company, and end your days in misery and shame."

But there was still another trial in store for Thomas. This time he was sent to the Lancaster School in Harriet Street, Aberdeen, but was again expelled. But on this occasion he

was innocent. Another boy had brought an animal into the school, and alarmed all who were in it. Edward was blamed, and, although he denied it, he was flogged and sent home. "Tell your father," said the master, "to get you on board a man-of-war, as that is the best school for all irreclaimables, like you." And Tom got his slate and his books and hurried downstairs—thus leaving his third and last school. Rather than go again to school, which his father wished, he ran away, or rather he stayed out all night in fear of his father's correction. As a matter of course, this new freak of Tom's caused his family great grief; but they had soon to accommodate themselves to still stranger behaviour on the part of the young naturalist.

When he was only six years of age he went to work at the wages of fourteenpence a-week. His first employment was in Craig and Johnston's tobacco works; and even small as his earnings were, they proved useful to his poor parents. While at the tobacco factory his ruling passion was strong as ever, but as his master was a bird-fancier, and he and the boy had thus some tastes in common, Tom was more than tolerated. He was even permitted to keep rabbits in the yard. In two years Tom obtained employment at another factory at Grandholm, about two miles from Aberdeen, where his wages were about three shillings and sixpence a-week. He was required to be at work at six o'clock every morning, and was constantly employed till eight at night. The young naturalist found the mill delightfully situated for his wanderings, the neighbourhood in which it was placed teeming with animated nature. Accordingly, during the hour allowed for dinner, Thomas was able to roam about unquestioned, feasting his eyes with the sight of the birds and beasts of the locality. The surrounding woods were of easy access. "What lots of nests! What insects, wild flowers and plants, the like of which I had never seen before!"

Ultimately he left the mill to learn the trade of a shoemaker, at which business he became an adept. During the time of his apprenticeship, whenever he had leisure he pursued his rambles in search of birds and beasts, and thus very largely increased his knowledge of natural objects. When he was about twenty, he settled down at his trade as a journeyman shoemaker, contented to earn and live upon the scanty pittance that, small as it was, could only be gained by very hard work. His hours were from six in the morning till nine at night, with hardly an interval of time he could call his own. But, with all the difficulties of his position, the naturalist would not be put down. After nine o'clock, dark or light, he hastened away to the fields and plantations, or to the sea-shore, in search of specimens of the vegetable or animal creation. He went especially after birds and insects ; but also had collections of caterpillars and larvæ, of which he carefully watched the development.

At this time, so far as school knowledge went, Edward was very ignorant. He could read only with difficulty, he had not yet learned to write, and arithmetic was to him a thing unknown. While an apprentice with a drunken master he had, indeed, asked permission to attend a writing-class at an evening school, but had not been allowed. "What !" said the poor ignorant sot, "learn to write ! I suppose you will be asking to learn dancing next !" For a man in such a position as this, without the most rudimentary education even, it may well be believed that Edward's scientific researches were all uphill. In fact, he was all his life rowing against the stream. He knew nothing of books. Having married early, it required all the money he could make to keep his house. His income, at first, would not be more than twelve shillings a-week. But out of his wages he contrived to purchase an old gun to aid him in collecting natural history specimens. The weapon had already

seen no small amount of service, and the wonder is that it stood fire after he got it; but it was useful, and aided him greatly in his task, when he began in the spring of 1828 to make a formal collection of natural specimens. All his machinery for bird and animal catching was of a piece with his gun—equally rude and fragile; but as he had never possessed better, he set to work with his usual ardour, and reigned supreme on the moors and by the shores of the sea, “lord of the fowl and the brute.” He was at home on the mountain sides and in the wooded valleys, familiar with their inhabitants, and fond of their company. “He loved the fields, the woods, the moors. The babbling brooks, the whispering trees, the driving winds, the aspects of the clouds, were all sources of delight. He felt himself free amidst the liberty of Nature.”

His early marriage was a wise one. It settled his plans for life. His partner was bright and cheerful, and was always ready to welcome him from his wanderings. They were very poor, it was true; his earnings did not yet amount to more than twelve shillings a-week, but natural affection makes up for much. He had a house of his own, and was free to fill it with his “beauties,” no man forbidding him. His wife had the good sense never to interfere with his pursuits. They were very happy.

The great feature in Edward’s character after his intense love of nature and power of observation is his invincible determination. He had little time, no friends, and few books, and yet he not only found time to learn to write, to follow his favourite pursuits, but to make extensive collections. His first scientific collection was made in 1838, when he was twenty-four years old. This was procured, as we have said, by the sacrifice of his night’s rest and by the help, so far as birds and beasts were concerned, of an old gun which he had bought for 4s. 6d., and which was so ricketty that he had to tie the barrel

on to the stock with a piece of twine. He carried his powder in a cow's horn and measured his charge with the bowl of a tobacco pipe, while his shot was stored in a loose paper bag. Thus equipped, he used to start about nine at night, taking his supper with him, and so long as there was any light he scoured the country for moths, or beetles, or plants, or birds, or any living thing that came in his way. In this pursuit the long summer nights of the North of Scotland must have stood him in good stead ; when the light failed him he slept under a bush or by the side of a bank till dawn returned, when he resumed his chase after natural objects.

On Saturdays he never stayed out after midnight. Thomas Edward, although he had been a school-truant, was never a Sabbath-breaker. To him Sunday was invariably a day of rest and devotion. Dr. Smiles says on this excellent feature in the mind of the naturalist :—" It was a good thing for his mental and physical health that there was a seventh day during which he could not and would not work. But for his seventh day's rest he would have worked night and day. On Sundays he went to church with his wife and family. After evening service he took off his best clothes and donned his working dress. Then he took a few hours' sleep in his chair, or lying across his bed, before setting out. He thus contrived to secure a few hours' observation on Monday mornings before six o'clock."

In the course of his wanderings he had strange adventures with wild animals, some of which are sufficient to prove that he was no mere rose-water naturalist. Whatever the animal, his first effort was to grasp it with his hands, and thus secure it. We need hardly say that the man who thus grapples with a badger, a polecat or a weasel, or even with a squirrel or a rabbit, may get seriously bitten, and yet, after all, lose his prey. Thus, one badger, in whose hole he had established

himself for the night, was so resolute in pressing into his own house that Edward had to shoot him.

On another occasion he was worsted in an encounter with three full-grown badgers, one of which he tried to seize by wrapping a handkerchief round his hand, but in the scuffle he was tripped up, and the trio escaped, leaving Thomas flat on his back, with a tremendous bump on the back of his head. Much in the same way he had sharp experience of the powers of biting displayed by most of the night-roaming animals, as the fox, the stoat, the weasel, the polecat and the rat; the worst enemy he ever had to deal with being a polecat, which attacked him while he was sleeping in the vaults of a ruined castle on the Boyne, and which would not leave him till he grappled it as it crawled up his chest. Those who read his account of the struggle, which lasted about two hours, must decidedly feel they would rather not tackle a polecat if they were naturalists. While Edward held on to the beast's throat it tore his hands to pieces with its claws, all the while yelling in a most unearthly way; nor would he ever have mastered the powerful creature, had he not dosed it with an ounce of chloroform, which sent it to sleep. Then he dislocated its neck with his heel, and the prize was his. His hands were sorely bitten, but the polecat was a splendid specimen, and Edward exults over the fact that he succeeded in capturing it "without the slightest injury to its skin," though, as we have seen, his own suffered severely.

In this way he became acquainted with the habits of all these animals, and to him the "grunt" of the badger, the "bark" of the roedeer, the "bleack bleack" of the hare, the "tap-tap" of the rabbit, the "yelp" of the fox, the "squeak" of the otter, the low "singing" of the field mice, and the peculiar "blowing" or "hizzing" of the polecat, stoat and weasel, when surprised, were familiar sounds. His night wanderings brought rheumatism.

While crossing the Clackmanet on his way to Huntley, in searching about, he came upon a wild duck, lying within a few feet of the remains of a wreath of snow, beside a tuft of rushes. There had been a heavy snowstorm, which had forced the plovers and wild ducks to abandon their nests, though then full of eggs, and greatly interrupted the breeding season in the Northern counties. Edward tells us :—

“ As I imagined she was skulking with a view to avoid observation, I touched her with my stick, in order that she might rise ; but she rose not. I was surprised, and, on a nearer inspection, I found that she was dead. She lay raised a little on one side, her neck stretched out, her mouth open and full of snow, her wings somewhat extended, and with one of her legs appearing a little behind her. Near to it there were two eggs. On my discovering this I lifted up the bird, and underneath her was a nest containing eleven eggs ; these, with the other two, made thirteen in all ; a few of them were broken. I examined the whole of them, and found them, without exception, to contain young birds. This was an undoubted proof that the poor mother had sat upon them from two to three weeks. With her dead body in my hand, I sat down to investigate the matter, and to ascertain, if I could, the cause of her death. I examined her minutely all over, and could find neither wound nor any mark whatever of violence. She had every appearance of having died of suffocation. Although I had only circumstantial evidence, I had no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that she had come by her death in a desperate but faithful struggle to protect her eggs from the fatal effects of the recent snowstorm.

“ I could not help thinking, as I looked at her, how deep and striking an example she afforded of maternal affection. The ruthless blast had swept, with all its fury, along the lonesome and unsheltered hill. The snow had risen higher, and

BRAVE BOYS.

the smothering drift came fiercer, as night drew on ; yet still the poor bird, in defiance of the warring elements, continued to protect her home and the treasure which it contained, until she could do so no longer, and yielded up her life. That life she could easily have saved, had she been willing to abandon the offspring which Nature had taught her so fervently to cherish, and in endeavouring to preserve which she voluntarily remained and died.

“ Occupied with such feelings and reflections as these, I know not how long I might have sat, had I not been roused from my reverie by the barking of a shepherd’s dog. The sun had already set—the grey twilight had begun to hide the distant mountains from my sight, and, not caring to be benighted on such a spot, I wrapped a piece of paper, as a winding-sheet, round the faithful and devoted bird, and, forming a hole sufficiently large for the purpose, I laid into it the mother and the eggs. I covered them with earth and moss, and, over all, placed a solid piece of turf ; and having done so—and being more affected than I should perhaps be willing to acknowledge—I left them to moulder into their original dust, and went on my way.”

Another instance of maternal instinct refers to the partridge :—

“ A very cunning and faithful mother is the female ; for when she has eggs she never leaves her nest without hiding them so carefully that it is almost impossible to detect their whereabouts ; and if you take her by surprise, away she hobbles on one leg, and a wing trailing on the ground, as if wounded. Wandering about the Waggle Hill one day,” says our naturalist, “ with my friend, the Rev. Mr. Smith, I chanced to observe a ~~small~~ <sup>small</sup> bird squatted on the ground amongst the heather, close ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> nest ; in fact, I stood above her before I noticed her. ~~At~~ <sup>At</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~time~~ <sup>time</sup>, I at once guessed the nature of the case.

On my friend coming up, I drew his attention to the bird, over which I stood. ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘she’s surely dead, Mr. Edward.’ ‘Oh, no,’ said I, ‘there are eggs or young beneath her.’ ‘Well,’ he answered, ‘if so, it is certainly a very wonderful circumstance; but we shall see.’ Then, stooping down, he touched the bird, but she did not move. ‘She must be alive,’ he said, ‘because she is warm; but she must be wounded, and not able to rise or fly.’ ‘Oh, no,’ I once more said, ‘she has something beneath her which she is unwilling to leave.’ The bird allowed him to stroke her without moving, except turning her head to look at him. On my friend’s dog Sancho coming up and putting his nose close to her, she crept away through the bushes for some distance, and then took to flight, leaving a nest and fifteen eggs exposed to our gaze. Before leaving, we carefully closed up the heather again, so as to conceal as much as possible the nest and its beauteous treasure; and I need not say that we were both delighted with what we had seen. Mr. Smith was particularly struck with the incident, as he had never seen anything of the kind before; and he remarked, ‘I verily believe that I could not have credited the fact if I had not seen it myself,’ and he afterwards spoke of it with the greatest admiration.”

One of Edward’s greatest pleasures was in rambling along the sea-shore to observe the habits of the sea-birds. The multitude of birds which frequent the shores of the Moray Firth are occasioned by the shoals of herrings, which afford food not only for thousands of fishermen, but for millions of sea-birds. To show the number of birds that frequent the coast, it may be mentioned that during the storm that occurred in December, 1846, Edward counted between the Burn of Boyne and Greenside of Gamrie, a distance of about nine miles, nearly sixty of the Little Auk, which had been driven ashore dead, besides a large number of Guillemots and Razorbills.

Numbers of these birds were also found lying dead in the fields throughout the country.

And yet the Little Auk has a wonderful power of resisting the fury of the waves. "It is a grand sight," says Edward, "to see one of these diminutive but intrepid creatures manoeuvring with the impetuous billows of a stormy sea. Wave follows wave in rapid succession, bearing destruction to everything within reach; but the Little Auk, taught by Nature, avoids the threatened danger, either by mounting above the waves or by going beneath them, re-appearing unhurt as they spend their fury on the shore. The eye for a time wanders in vain amongst the turbulent surge, to catch another sight of the little sailor bird. One unaccustomed to such a scene would be apt to exclaim, 'Poor little thing! It is buried amidst the foam!' Have a little patience. See, there it is, once more, as lively as ever, and ready to master the approaching billow. Its descent among the waves may have been merely in search of food, for it is only betwixt the waves, whilst inshore during a storm, that the bird can descend for that purpose. The bird is known in our locality by the curious term of 'Nor-a-wa-wifie,' from the supposition that it comes from Norway."

The rocky coasts along the east shore were, however, the most attractive scenes for our naturalist. Not only the wildest scenery, but the wildest birds, were to be found in that quarter. Gamrie Mohr and Troup Head were especially favourite places. Here is a description of his visit to Troup Head:—

"Sailing in a little bark, with a gentle breeze blowing, I had ample opportunities of viewing the various birds as they approached, and as they flew past. Passing in front of the several sea-fowl nurseries of Troup, I beheld scenes truly magnificent—scenes which could not have failed to create feelings of the deepest interest in a mind capable of appreciating the

sublime and beautiful workings of Nature. Having landed at the most famed of these nurseries, in order to view the scene with advantage—here, I thought, as I gazed at the white towering cliffs which had laughed to scorn the angriest scowl of the most mighty wave that ever spent its fury at their base, and defied the stormiest blast from the icy North ; where the largest gull in its midway flight appears no larger than the smallest of its kind ; where the falcon breeds beside and in perfect harmony with the other inhabitants of the rocky cliffs ; where multitudes of birds, of various forms and hues, from the snowy whiteness of the Kittiwake to the sable dye of the croaking raven, have found a resting-place whereon to build their nests and deposit their young ;—here, I thought, as I was about to leave the busy throng—even here, man, the noblest creature, though too often degrading himself beneath the lowest of animals, might learn lessons of industry and affection from these humble monitors of Nature.”

Though the poor naturalist had continually to contend with poverty, there was no better conducted family in Banff than that of which he was the head. His children have always been proud of him. They assisted him, when they were young, in collecting, and as he has grown old they have aided him in every way they could. Two of the ministers of Banffshire took much interest in the struggling naturalist, and did all that was in their power to help him. They opened their houses to him, borrowed for his use books of natural history, and one of them induced him to communicate his discoveries to the world in scientific periodicals, and this he was, in time, able to do. But these labours did not yield him any remuneration worth mentioning. Such work is usually a labour of love. During all his struggles for daily bread or science, Edward could always pay his way. Throughout his whole life he has been a most temperate man, living within his humble means,

and for thirty-six years he has never entered a public-house or a dram-shop. He did not feel any need of whiskey, and therefore he never drank. He and his patient and enduring wife have brought up a family of eleven children, all of whom have been well clad, and better educated than their father. Edward's facts of natural history were at first often disputed, but being true, and stated from original observation, the truth ultimately prevailed, and now they are freely acknowledged by the highest authorities.

After his recovery from fever and debility some years ago, he again set to work, and this time he directed his labours more especially into one distinct channel. He kept mostly to the sea, and his investigations in regard to fishes and crustaceans obtained for him recognition in quarters where to be noticed is fame. He was now elected an Associate of the Linnæan Society, and carried on a copious correspondence with the most learned naturalists of the day. "The history of the humblest life is a tale of marvels;" and that of Thomas Edward is an example of dogged, undeviating perseverance in one long unyielding struggle against many difficulties for the attainment of a great and worthy object. He is now advanced in years, but is still able to recreate himself by indulging in his favourite pursuits, and his family being now grown up and able to help him, he is less under the necessity of sticking to his last.

Some short time ago Mr. Smiles, the author of "Self-Help" and other valuable works, together with an artist friend, Mr. Reid, A.R.S.A., were on a tour through Scotland, and were introduced to Mr. Edward, in whom they soon felt a deep interest. They could not give him money, neither would he have accepted their gifts; but the author resolved to write the working-man naturalist's life, and the artist to illustrate it. The book is now before the world, and the subject of it reaps

the profits. A copy of the work having come into the hands of the Queen, she was pleased to grant Edward, through Lord Beaconsfield, a pension of £50 a-year. Since the publication a committee has been formed, with members in various towns in Scotland, whose object is to collect as much money as, along with Her Majesty's bounty, will yield the admirable old man an annual income of £150. So that, so far as the means of earthly comfort are concerned, the last days of Thomas Edward will be better than his first. A few months ago he was presented, in the city of Aberdeen and in the midst of a distinguished company of the citizens, with a handsome money testimonial. This he acknowledged in a highly characteristic address, in the course of which he said that many people about Banff used to think he must be rich. One morning a gentleman whom he met as he was returning from his rambles insisted that he must be so, as otherwise he could not spend so much time on his favourite pursuits. "Yes," said Edward, "I have a fortune, and if you go into the town with me, I'll let you see it." "No," said his companion; "that cannot be, for the banks are not open yet." "Ah, but," rejoined the naturalist, "I dinna keep it there. Just now, I think we would find it in the washing-tub." "And," said the proud old man, addressing his friends at Aberdeen, "I have that fortune yet; and," bringing forward his venerable wife, who was present at the meeting, "here she is!"





## T. B. SMITHIES

[THE BRITISH WORKMAN'S FRIEND].

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“MAN’s inhumanity to man” has for ages been a reproach to this Christian country. But at length the divinity within us has been stirred up to protect the weak from the oppression of the strong—to bring the rich and the poor into more peace and harmony with each other—to encourage the labourer and artizan to shun their great enemy Intemperance—to succour the falling and help the poor—to diffuse a higher education, and make it national—to shorten the hours of labour, and improve the mental and moral condition of the workman—and, above all, the diffusion of a purer literature.

Wise legislation has done much in these good works, but Christian workers and philanthropists have done more; for while the first has had only a view to make men good citizens, the others have had the higher motive of awakening their souls to the love of God.

But what has T. B. Smithies had to do with this work of amelioration amongst the working classes? What is he? Who is he? If these questions were asked of the man himself, he would answer “Nothing,” “Nobody,”—but we are bound to reply, he has been more or less a great help in every good work. But happening to be a simple-minded, modest man—one who does “good by stealth, blushing to find it fame,” he is not quite so well known as he ought to be; but if he

could have his unobtrusive way, he would like to “work—work—work” without even his name being mentioned, or the quality of his work known. It is enough for him to be about his Heavenly Father’s work, without being stopped on his way to be praised or flattered.

Indeed, we fear he will never forgive us for introducing his name amongst the great characters that are comprised in this volume. But we love to do our duty as fearlessly as the subject of our biography likes to do his, and we felt it to be our *duty* to give him a niche in our humble temple of fame.

“Who is he?” Ask the reformed drunkard—ask the Sunday-school scholar—ask the Band of Hope children—ask the British Workman and his wife—and they will one and all be able to tell you more about T. B. Smithies than we can, for they can one and all tell you what a benefactor he has been. Why the very dogs and horses, could they but “ope their dumb mouths,” could tell you how much Mr. Smithies has done for them. Indeed kindness to animals has been one of the distinguishing works of his laborious life; in every possible way he has pleaded for more humanity towards dumb creatures—those creatures whom God has so entirely left to our care and mercy—to those creatures who are so good, so affectionate, so faithful, and so serviceable to us. His voice has been often heard on the platform pleading for them, and a new number of his wide-spread publications seldom appears but there is to be found some very interesting article or anecdote about our domestic animals, showing up their good qualities, and how deserving they are of man’s love and care. Animals are ever found in the publications which Mr. Smithies presides over, to “point a moral and adorn a tale.”

If Mr. Smithies is such a champion for the lower animals, how much his heart must be engaged in the welfare and progress of mankind! He takes an especial interest in educating

the heart of the young, and some of his temperance and Sunday-school addresses to them have been of the most edifying and interesting character, and have been listened to by thousands with the most rapt attention. It is not that he is eloquent—for he is not—but he is always apt, and sometimes humorous.

Mr. Smithies is the editor, and we believe proprietor, of several well-known penny publications, notably amongst which are “The British Workman,” and “The Band of Hope Review,” both of which are pregnant with the two causes he has so much at heart—namely, Temperance and Kindness to Animals. These and other of his popular serials—which serve more to illustrate some moral purpose than mere entertainment—have indirectly kept down the spread of the penny pernicious literature with which the shops and homes of the poor were at one time flooded.

“The British Workman,” on which its editor bestows much care, labour, and expense, with all its excellence, we should like to see a little more robust in its literature; it holds the workman too much in leading strings, and the style in which he is addressed is a little too effeminate. But it is the heart more than the understanding that Mr. Smithies seeks to educate. He knows that the “heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,” and that until it is renewed and brought into accord with the Master’s teachings, all other things are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

Recently, when that most abominable cruelty, vivisection, was brought under the eye of the public and the notice of Parliament, Mr. Smithies worked earnestly in every direction for the poor brute who was tortured under pretence of science, and as far as his influence went, he resolved that evil should not be done that good may come. It was clearly demonstrated that good never came from the practice of vivisection, and the

torturing pains and penalties of the poor dog and rabbit were in some degree modified. But no doubt torturing animals is still carried on in holes and corners, and it is the duty of every Christian person to seek it out. Kindness to animals has been brought to the "fore" by the activity of the Baroness Burdett Coutts and T. B. Smithies ; and we trust they will not cease their good work until men and boys are awakened to treat all animals that are entrusted to them with that care and patience which they are entitled to receive at their hands, and for which, in many ways, they show their never-failing gratitude.

Kindness to animals is no unworthy exercise of benevolence. We hold that the life of brutes perishes with their death, and that they are never to be clothed again with consciousness. The inevitable shortness, then, of their existence should plead for them touchingly. The insects on the surface of the water, poor ephemeral things, who would needlessly abridge their dancing pleasure of to-day? Such feelings we should have towards the whole of animate nature. To those animals over which we are masters, for however short a time, we have positive duties to perform. This seems too obvious to be insisted upon ; but there are persons who act as though they thought they could buy the right of ill-treating any of God's creatures.

Birds'-nesting is a very cruel practice, which our town and country boys indulge in ; and we entreat all parents to watch carefully that their children never climb a tree to rob a poor bird of its nest. Cruelty—and there are few more wanton than birds'-nesting—constitutes the greatest moral distance at which an intelligent creature can be removed from God's mercy and forbearance. The best practical moral rule that we know of is, never to do what at any time we should be ashamed of. Applying this to birds'-nesting, we are sure that if the evil and the cruelty were pointed out to boys by their

parents, they would be ashamed for ever having indulged in it.

While we are dilating on cruelty and kindness to animals, we are almost forgetting our biographical duty. And yet not so ; for Mr. Smithies' inner life has been so bound up in this subject and intemperance, that while we have been speaking of them, we have been speaking of him, for we can hardly dissociate his name from them.

Biographers are bound to tell something of the personal history of their subjects, which should always be approached with delicacy, and, where required, with tenderness. Mr. Smithies is a Yorkshireman, and was born of respectable parents in the city of York, and where for some years he was in connection with the Wesleyan Sunday School. His mother, to whose memory he is tenderly attached, lived to the age of 82 years, and died in great peace, October 25th, 1877. For her sake he never married. He came to the Metropolis in 1842, where he embarked in publishing in the cause of Temperance. We have before spoken of "The Band of Hope," for children, and "The British Workman" (as its title implies), for older people. The popularity of these two publications and "Family Friend" and "Weekly Welcome," &c., are very extensive.

These publications circulate largely in Sabbath schools, in cottage homes, in workmen's dwellings, in shops, in mills, in mines, on board ship, and in the homes of thousands of the middle classes, and they promote the highest standard of national morals.

If Mr. Smithies had done nothing more than establish these two publications, he would have done a work which is worthy of all praise. Mr. Smithies is a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, but there is not a particle of sectarianism in his nature. He would not quarrel with his neighbour be-

cause he has eggs roasted when his were boiled. He is a lover of all good men and a promoter of all evangelistic objects. He was associated with the late Mr. Pennyfather in the building of the Mildmay Park Hall, from which many Christian workers have gone forth to scatter seeds of truth and kindness through many parts of the great metropolis. His name is known both in Ireland and on the Continent, and to the former especially he is a true friend, for he is a thorough Protestant, and, whilst he loves the misguided Romanist, he is a thorough hater of Popery and its dogmas. Through Messrs. Partridge and Co. he has published numerous tracts and books from the pens of various authors, having for their object the advocacy and spread of evangelical principles at home and abroad. Illustrated leaflets and quarto sheets in many languages have gone forth under his direction; and when the Shah of Persia was in this country he had translated into Persian some of the parables, which were printed with illustrations and sent to that country.

If the idea of the British Workman Public House did not originate with Mr. Smithies, yet he has always been an influential promoter of the institution; and, in fact, the British Workman has no better friend than he. Mr. Smithies was a member of the first London School Board, on which he was elected a member for the borough of Hackney; but when the second board was elected, he declined being nominated again, on the ground of health, and numerous engagements which occupied his time.

Mr. Smithies is always at work; indeed, we think him an over-active man, and that he occupies his valuable time with things that he might well entrust to others.

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;  
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

He carries out the old maxim, "If you want a thing well

done, do it yourself," a little too far. This is a danger that many active minds are prone to ; they not only do the great things, but they must do the little ones also, and thus the world often gets deprived prematurely of valuable men by reason of their having drawn too largely upon their strength. There are so many men of thought and men of action, who have got so much to do, that really they have not a minute to spare to say "How d'ye do?" to a friend, or to sit at ease while a stranger calls upon them upon business. They are too much in demand for trivial duties which others could do as well as themselves ; and to our mind it implies an ungenerous mistrust in those not endowed with their good gifts. When they have set the ball in motion, they should leave the task to others of keeping it going. But the fault we have pointed out leans to virtue's side, as all Mr. Smithies' faults do. The amount he gets through is marvellous. He has correspondence in all parts of the world, and his projects for doing good are so numerous and varied that it is a wonder to his friends how he sustains them.

We have heard a good deal lately about representative men —men who stand out and represent the class to which they respectively belong. Thus, we have had, and still have, representative politicians, representative soldiers, representative preachers, and representative writers for the press. It is well for a nation to possess such men, and if they are fewer at present than in some former periods of England's history, it is because there is a larger distribution of talent in the land, so that but few comparatively appear conspicuous. Mr. Smithies is a representative man, but he represents a class which is by no means so large as it ought to be—the class of Christian workers, who are aiming to benefit the working classes, to save the children of the poor, to elevate the tone of general society, and to make this country a moral power in the world.

It is not only to his own countrymen that Mr. Smithies devotes his time and energies, but foreigners, who come to England and find themselves in straits and difficulties, often find their way to him, and his resources are seldom appealed to by such persons in vain, whilst to the poor with whom he is personally acquainted, he is a sincere and generous friend, at the same time enjoining silence on all as to the source from whence they derive repeated assistance and in various forms. In some cases his generous and unsuspecting nature has been imposed upon, but he continues his works of benevolence notwithstanding.

Mr. Smithies has so eminently furnished us with the standard of his Christian faith in the works he has done, and still hopes to do, that we need know nothing more about him. "By their works ye shall know them." His Christianity is adapted to the purposes of every-day life, and it shines more and more with every passing day.





done, do it yourself," a little too far. Many active minds are prone to; things, but they must do the little world often gets deprived prem: reason of their having drawn to: There are so many men of tho: have got so much to do, that re: spare to say "How d'ye do?" while a stranger calls upon them much in demand for trivial well as themselves; and to: mistrust in those not end: they have set the ball in n: others of keeping it going leans to virtue's side, : amount he gets through! ease in all parts of t: good are so numero: friends how he sus:

We have heard a few men who stand in a very high position in politics, and in society, and in the nation; but few, if any, so that they can present themselves so well in public. We

remarkable compound! In lawyers and barristers hardly thought possible canoeing or anything else, being over briefs and defend sketch, like many others of ning and arrangement, found canoeing, we may tell those y rough and perilous kind of e brave enough to disregard e "stormy winds do blow," no yous or healthy than a trip over hoe.

It were too limited for Mr. Mac- "Rob Roy," and so his enthusiasm rivers of Europe, over which he s. His delightful narrative of this in every boy's attention, being full of delicious scenery, bright and philosophic whole animated with a true religious the public that Mr. Macgregor can handle middle his own canoe;" had it not been those glorious pictures that he so well

phed on his eye, and  
Nature's God ;" for  
of the Great Being.  
the minor throne of the divine  
aplates and studies it gradu-  
ation of the interior throne of  
the narrow limits of the planet  
to fix our existence, what varied  
the spectacles, are offered to us

does Chateaubriand in his "Genius  
the works of Nature, in his descrip-  
the open sea. He says :—"The ship, in  
ing to America, had got completely out  
space around us was filled exclusively  
re of sea and sky, like a vast sheet of  
the future creations of the painter. The  
s could only be compared to that of liquid  
a heavy swell from the westward, though  
from the east ; enormous waves spread them-  
north to the south, and disclosed in their  
as in the deserts of the ocean. These mov-  
es, so to speak, changed their aspect every  
sometimes little green hillocks were formed, re-  
the rude resting-places of the rustic dead in an  
cemetery ; sometimes the foaming waves had the  
ce of flocks of white sheep grazing on a wild heath ;  
ally the space around us seemed to be confined,  
; no point of comparison ; but if the waves arose, or  
sts curved and broke like the tide upon a rocky shore,  
adron of porpoises passed the horizon, the way, as it  
ened before us. We were further impressed with an  
space when a light fog crept along the surface of the

sea, and seemed to increase immensity itself. Oh, how sad and grand are the aspects of the ocean at such times! Into what reveries they plunge us, whether the imagination is appealed to amidst the frozen regions and tempests of the north, or on the southern seas, amidst islands of repose and happiness!

"It often happened that I arose in the middle of the night and went on deck, where no one was to be seen but the officer of the watch and a few sailors smoking their pipes in silence. The only sound which broke the general stillness was caused by the plunging of the prow as the ship forced her way, while sparks of fire, accompanied by a white froth, skirted the sides of the vessel. God of Christians! it is in the abyss of waters and the impenetrable vault of Heaven that Thou hast powerfully engraven the works of Thy almighty power! Millions of stars glitter in the sombre azure of Thy celestial dome; the moon sails in the midst of the firmament—a sea without a shore—the Infinite in the heavens and on the waters! Never have I been more appalled by Thy greatness and grandeur than upon those nights when, suspended between the sky and the ocean, I have had immensity above my head and immensity under my feet.

"I am nothing—I am but a simple, solitary being; I have often heard learned men dispute regarding the Creator, and I have not understood them; but I have always observed that, at the sight of the grand scenes of Nature, that unknown Being made himself manifest to the hearts of men. One evening (it was during a profound calm) we were near the shores of Virginia; all the sails were furled. I was engaged on deck, when I heard the bell call the crew to prayers. I hastened to mingle my adoration with that of my fellow-voyagers. The officers were on the poop with the passengers. The chaplain, book in hand, stood in front of them; the

sailors were scattered over the deck ; we all stood with our faces to the prow of the vessel, which was turned to the west. The sun, ready to plunge into the sea, showed itself through the rigging in the midst of boundless space. We might have supposed, from the rolling of the poop, that the radiant luminary changed its horizon every moment. A few clouds were distributed without order in the east, where the moon slowly rose ; the rest of the sky was pure and serene. Towards the north, forming a glorious triangle with the dog-star and the star of the night, a waterspout, exhibiting beautiful prismatic colours, arose out of the sea like a crystal pillar supporting the vault of heaven.

“He who, beholding this spectacle, did not recognise the beauty of God, would have been to be pitied. Tears stole from my eyelids, in spite of myself, when my companions, taking off their tar-covered hats, intoned with their rough voices their simple canticle. How touching was the prayer of those men who, on a frail plank in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the setting sun ! How that invocation of the poor sailor penetrated my soul ! The consciousness of our littleness in the presence of the Infinite ; the chorus wafted far beyond the waves ; the mantle of night gradually covering us ; our wonderful little vessel in the midst of so many great waters ; a religious crew full of admiration and of fear ; a minister in the act of prayer ; the Almighty graciously bending over us, with the one hand retaining the sun at the portals of the west, with the other raising the moon in the east, and lending an attentive ear to the voice of His creatures across immensity ; here was a picture which no one could possibly paint, and which the whole heart of man would scarcely be able to realize.”

The reflections of Mr. Macgregor were animated by the same religious feeling and spirit as his canoe brought him face to

face with the glorious scenes—with the grand ever-shifting panorama of the sublime and the beautiful—as was the French Christian philosopher. His log is of a charming cruise of a thousand miles in the Rob Roy canoe, as with her paddle and sails she traversed the following waters:—The Rivers Thames, Sambre, Meuse, Rhine, Main, Danube, Reuss, Aar, Ill, Moselle, Meurthe, Marne and Seine; as well as the Lakes Titisee, Constance, Unter See, Zurich, Zug and Lucerne, together with six canals in Belgium and France, and two expeditions in the open sea of the British Channel. The route of the traveller on land led sometimes over mountains and through forests and plains, where the canoe had to be carried or dragged.

It is only just to the benevolence of Mr. Macgregor to say that the profits he has made from the sales of his interesting and instructive books he has generously given to the National Lifeboat Institution and to the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, as well as a share to the Chichester, Indefatigable, and Havannah training ships for boys. This is a cheering and convincing proof that Mr. Macgregor is a benevolent as well as a "Brave Boy."

Our Canoeist opens his interesting volume thus:—

"A smash in a railway carriage one day hurled me under the seat, entangled in broken telegraph wires. No worse came of it than a shake of those nerves which one needs for rifle-shooting; but as the bulls'-eyes at a thousand yards were thereby made too few on the target, I turned in one night back to my life on the water in boyish glee, and dreamed a new cruise, and planned a new craft, on my pillow."

We will now glance at the Rob Roy itself, and see how it was built for the many perils it had to encounter:—

"The Rob Roy canoe was built of oak, with a deck of cedar. She was made just short enough to go into the German railway waggons; that is to say, fifteen feet in length, twenty-

eight inches broad, nine inches deep, and weighed eighty pounds. My baggage for three months was in a black bag one foot square and six inches deep. A paddle seven feet long, with a blade at each end, and a lug-sail and jib, were the means of propulsion; and a pretty blue silk Union Jack was the only ornament.

“But, having got this little boat, the difficulty was to find where she could go to, or what rivers were at once feasible to paddle on, and pretty to see.”

But our enterprising traveller was not long in deciding this perplexing question to the ordinary tourist, who takes the common Guide Book for his companion. He decided for the rivers and streams on the Continent, and on this new world of waters we are to launch the boat, the man, and his baggage.

But before we follow Mr. Macgregor on his cruise, we will just quote his words as to the clothes he equipped himself with for his notable tour:—

“My clothes for this tour consisted of a complete suit of grey flannel for use in the boat, and another suit of light but ordinary dress for shore work and Sundays (the Sabbath was a law with Mr. Macgregor, whether on the water or land). The ‘Norfolk Jacket’ is a loose frock coat, like a blouse, with shoulder-straps, and belted at the waist and garnished by six pockets. With this excellent new-fashioned coat, a something in each of its pockets, and a Cambridge straw hat, canvas wading shoes, blue spectacles, a waterproof overcoat, and my spare jib for a sun shawl, there was sure to be a full day’s enjoyment, in defiance of rain or sun, deeps or shallows, hunger or *ennui*.

“After all the preliminaries were got over, and the weather at the end of July being very hot, and when the last bullet at Wimbledon came ‘thud’ on the target, it was time for the Rob Roy to start on its memorable cruise.

"She bounded away joyously on the top of the tide through Westminster Bridge, and swiftly shooting Blackfriars, she danced along the waves of the Pool, which looked all golden in the morning sun, but were, in fact, of pea-soup hue. A fine breeze at Greenwich filled the new white sail, and we skimmed along with a cheery hissing sound. At such times the river is a lively scene with steamers and sea-bound ships, bluff little tugs, and big looming barges. I had many a chat with the passing sailors, for it was well to begin this at once, seeing that every day afterwards I was to have to talk with the river-folk in English, French, Dutch, German, or other hotch-potch patois.

"For good humour, the bargee is not a bad fellow, but he will beat you at banter. Often they began with 'Holloa, you two!' or, 'Any room inside?' or, 'Got your life insured, gov'nor?' But I smiled and nodded to every one, and every one on every river and lake was friendly to me."

Here we have a large experience of the value of preserving good temper and cheerfulness in our intercourse with the "roughs" of life. Following this is a good word for the insects, and an earnest appeal on behalf of vagrant boys, suggested while on board the "Cornwall" Reformatory Ship, lying off Purfleet.

"While lolling about in my boat, a fly stung my hand, and the arm speedily swelled, until I had to poultice the hand at night and to go to church next day with a sling, which excited a great deal of comment in the village Sunday-school. This was the only occasion on which any insect troubled me on any voyage, though croakers had predicted that in rivers and marshes there would be hundreds of wasps, flies and gnats, not to mention other more intimate companions.

"As I entered the quiet little church at Purfleet, a very old gentleman fell down dead at the door. Here was a solemn warning!

“The ‘Cornwall’ Reformatory School Ship is moored at Purfleet. Some of the boys came ashore for a walk, neatly clad and very well behaved. The captain of this interesting vessel received me on board very kindly, and the evening service there was a sight to remember for ever. About a hundred boys sat in rows along the old frigate’s main-deck, with the open ports looking on the river, now reddened by a setting sun, and the cool air pleasantly fanning us. The lads chanted the Psalms to the music of a harmonium, played with excellent feeling and good taste, and the captain read a suitable portion, and then prayer was offered. Let us both work and pray for poor vagrant boys, whose claim on society is great indeed if measured by the wrong it has done them in neglect, if not in precept, nay, even in example.”

It is delightful, as we go on with the Rob Roy canoe and its heroic master, to see what a true ring of the Christian and religious spirit flows through it all, and how much these sacred qualities are enhanced when blended with the grandeur of Nature.

“It was amusing to see how much interest and curiosity the canoe excited even in the Thames, where all kinds of new and old and wonderful boats may be seen. The reasons for this I never exactly made out. Some wondered to see so small a boat at sea, others had never seen a canoe before, the manner of rowing was new to most, and the sail made many smile. The graceful shape of the boat pleased others, the cedar covering and the jaunty flag, and a good many stared at the captain’s uniform; and they stared yet more after they had asked, ‘Where are you going to?’ and were often told, ‘I really do not know.’”

Here we have a sweet religious piece of moralising:—

“It is, as in the voyage of life, that each care and hardship

is a very mentor of living. Our minds would only vegetate if all life were like a straight canal, and we in a boat being towed along it. The afflictions that agitate the soul are as its shallows, rocks and whirlpools, and the bark that has not been tossed on billows knows not half the sweetness of the harbour of rest."

In a paragraph further on, and while our traveller is paddling on the River Meuse, is disclosed his reverence for the Bible. He says:—

"As we rounded a point there was a large herd of cattle swimming across the stream in close column, and the Rob Roy went right into the middle of them to observe how they would welcome a stranger. When in my canoe on the Nile, I have seen the black oxen swim over the stream night and morning, reminding one of Pharaoh's dream about the 'kine' coming up out of the river, a notion that used to puzzle in boyhood days, but which is by no means incongruous when thus explained. The Bible is a book," adds our author, "that bears the fullest blaze of light upon it, for truth looks more true when most clearly seen."

Further on we have a rich picturesque description of the Danube—a river very interesting just now on account of the wicked war that recently raged on each side of it by the Russians and Turks. When will the "still small voice" warn us against the sin of warfare? Oh, but it does—and yet we heed it not. A modern poet has sung:—

"This world's as full of beauty  
As any world above,  
And did each one do his duty  
It would be a world of love."

Mr. Macgregor and his good canoe are on the Danube.  
"The Rob Roy shot off like an arrow on a river delightfully

new. At first the Danube is a few feet broad, but it soon enlarges, and the streams of a great plain quickly bring its volume to that of the Thames at Henley. The quiet, dark Donau winds about them in slow serpentine smoothness for hours in a level mead, with waving sedge on the banks and silken sleepy weeds in the water. Here the long-necked, long-winged, long-legged heron, that seems to have forgotten to get a body, flocks by scores with various ducks, while pretty painted butterflies float on the sunbeams, and fierce-looking dragonflies simmer in the air.

“ Soon the hills on either side have houses and old castles, and then wood, and lastly rock ; and with these, mingling the bold, the wild and the sylvan, there begins a grand panorama of river beauties to be unrolled for days and days. Few rivers I have seen surpass this Upper Danube, and I have visited many pretty streams. The wood is so thick, the rocks so quaint and high and varied, the water so clear, and the grass so green. Winding here and turning there, and rushing fast down this reach, and paddling slowly along that, with each minute a fresh view, the mind is ever on the *qui vive*, or the boat will go bump on a bank, crash on a rock, or plunge into a tree full of gnats and spiders. This is veritable travelling, where skill and tact are needed to bear you along, and where the exertion of either is rewarded at once. I think, also, it promotes decision of character, for you *must* choose, and that promptly, too, between, say, five channels opened suddenly before you. Three are probably safe, but which of these three is the shortest, deepest, and most practicable? In an instant, if you hesitate, the boat is on a bank ; and it is remarkable how speedily the exercise of this resolution matures into habit, but of course only after some rather severe lessons.

“ It is exciting to direct a camel over the sandy desert when you have lost your fellow-travellers, and to guide a horse in

trackless wilds alone; but the pleasure of paddling a canoe down a rapid, high-banked and unknown river, is far more exhilarating than these. Part of this pleasure flows from the mere sense of rapid motion. In going down a swift reach of the river there is the same sensation about one's midriff that is felt when one goes forward smoothly on a lofty rope swing. Now the first few days of the Danube are upon very fast waters. Between its source and Ulm, the descent of the river is about 1,500 feet.

"But another part of the pleasure consists in the satisfaction of overcoming difficulties. When you have followed a channel chosen from several, and, after half-a-mile of it, you see one and another of the rejected channels emerging from its island to join that you are in, there is a natural pride in observing that any other streamlet but the one you had chosen would certainly have been a mistake.

"The islands on beauteous Donau were of all sizes and shapes. Some low and flat, and thickly covered with shrubs; others of stalwart rock, stretching up at a sharp angle, under which the glassy water bubbled all fresh and clear.

"Almost each minute there was a new scene, and often I backed against the current to hold my post in the best view of some grand picture. Magnificent crags reached high up on both sides, and impenetrable forests rung with echoes from the canoeist's shout in the glee of freedom and hardy exercise."

Mr. Macgregor at length reaches Bearm, where the magnificent scenery, he says, culminated, and in this village he put up for dinner.

"Here a great convent on a rich mound of grass is nearly surrounded by the Danube, amid a spacious amphitheatre of magnificent white cliffs, perfectly upright, and clad with the heaviest wood. The place looks so lonely, though fair, that you could scarcely believe that you might stop there for the

night ; and so I had nearly swept by it again into perfect solitude, but at last pulled up under a tree, and walked through well-ploughed fields to the little hamlet in this sequestered spot.

“ The field-labourers were of course surprised at the apparition of a man in flannel, who must have come out of the river ; but the people at the Kloster had already heard of the ‘ schiff,’ and the Rob Roy was soon mounted on two men’s shoulders, and borne in triumph to the excellent hotel.

“ Now tolls the bell for ‘ even song,’ while my dinner is spread in an arbour looking out on this grand scene, made grander still by dark clouds gathering on the mountains, and a loud and long thunder-peal, with torrents of rain.

“ A young girl on a visit to her friends here could talk bad French rapidly, so she was sent to gossip with me as I dined ; and then the whole family inspected my sketch-book—a proceeding which happened at least twice every day for many weeks of the voyage. This emboldened me to ask for some music, and we adjourned to a great hall, where a concert was soon in progress with a guitar, a piano, and a violin, all well played ; and the Germans are never at a loss for a song.

“ My young visitor, Melanie, then became the interpreter in a curious conversation with the others, who could speak only German ; and our thoughts were turned on some of the nobler things which ought not ever to be long absent from the mind—I mean what is loved, and feared, enjoyed and dreaded, as ‘ religion.’ ”

The following paragraph shows us that Mr. Macgregor’s mind was always occupied in some way or other for the spread of religion and the truths of Christianity :—

“ In my very limited baggage I had brought some selected pieces and Scripture anecdotes and other papers in French and German, and these were used on appropriate occasions, and

were always well received, often with exceedingly great interest and sincere gratitude. Some people are shy about giving tracts, or are even afraid of them. But then some people are shy of speaking at all, or even dislike to ride, or skate, or row. One need not laugh at another for this.

“The practice of carrying a few printed pages to convey in clear language what one cannot accurately speak in a foreign tongue is surely allowable, to say the least. But I invariably find it to be very useful and interesting to myself and to others; and as it hurts nobody, and has nothing in it of which to be proud or ashamed, I am not to be laughed out of it now.

“In the more lonely parts of the Reuss the trees were in dense thickets to the water's edge, and the wild ducks fluttered out from them with a splash, and some larger birds like bustards hovered about the canoe. I think, among the flying companions, there was also the bunting or ammer (from which German word comes our English ‘Yellow-hammer’), wood-pigeon, and very beautiful hawks. The herons and kingfishers were here as well, but not so many of them as on the Danube.

“Nothing particular occurred, although it was a pleasant morning's work, until we got through the bridge at Imyl, where an inn was high up on the bank. The navigation after this began to be more interesting, with gravel banks and big stones to avoid, and the channel to be chosen from among several, and the wire ropes of the ferries stretched tightly across the river requiring to be noticed with proper respect. You may have observed how difficult it is sometimes to see a rope when it is stretched tight and horizontal, or at any rate how hard it is to judge correctly of its distance from your eye. This can be well noticed in walking by the sea-shore among fishing-boats moored on the beach, when you sometimes will

even knock your nose against a taut hawser before you are aware that it is so close.

“This is caused by the fact that the mind estimates the distance of an object partly by comparing the two views of its surface obtained by the two eyes respectively, and which views are not quite the same, but differ just as the two pictures prepared for the stereoscope. Each eye sees a little round one side of the object, and the solid look of the object and its distance are thus before the mind. Now, when the rope is horizontal, the eyes do not see round the two sides in this manner, though if the head is bent sideways it will be found that the illusion referred to no longer operates.

“Nor is it out of place to inquire thus at length into this matter, for one or two blunt slaps on the head from these ropes across a river make it at least interesting, if not pleasant, to examine the reason why. And now we have got the philosophy of the thing we may let go the ropes.

“The actual number of miles in a day’s work for the canoeist is much influenced by the number of waterfalls or artificial barriers which are too dry or too high to allow the canoe to float over them. In all such cases I had to get out and to drag the boat round by the fields, or to lower her carefully among the rocks. Although this sort of work was a change of posture, and brought into play new muscular action, yet the strain sometimes put on the limbs by the weight of the boat, and the great caution required where there was only slippery footing, made these barriers to be regarded on the whole as bores. Full soon, however, we were to forget such trifling troubles, for more serious work impended.

“The river banks suddenly assumed a new character. They were steep and high, and their height increased as we advanced between the two upright walls of stratified gravel and boulders.

"A full body of water ran here, the current being only of ordinary force at its edges, where it was interrupted by rocks, stones and shingle, and was thus twisted into eddies innumerable. To avoid these entanglements at the sides, it seemed best, on the whole, to keep the boat in mid-channel, though the breakers were far more dangerous there in the full force of the stream. I began to think that this must be the 'hard place' coming, what a wise man farther up the river had warned me was quite too much for so small a boat, unless in flood-time, when fewer rocks would be in the way. My reply to this was that when we got near such a place I would pull out my boat and drag it along the bank. 'Ah! but the banks are a hundred feet high,' he said. So I had mentally resolved (but entirely forgot) to stop in good time and to clamber up the banks and investigate matters ahead before going into an unknown run of broken water.

"Such plans are very well in theory, but somehow the approach to these rapids was so gradual, and the mind was so much occupied in overcoming the particular difficulty of each moment, that no opportunity occurred for rest or reflection. The dull, heavy roar round the corner got louder as the Rob Roy neared the great bend. For here the river makes a turn round the whole of a letter S, in fact, very nearly in a complete figure of 8, and in wheeling thus it glides over a sloping ledge of flat rocks, spread obliquely athwart the stream for a hundred feet on either hand, and just a few inches below the surface.

"The canoe was swept over this singular place by the current, its keel and sides grinding and bumping on the stones and sliding on the soft moss, which here made the rock so slippery and black. The progress was aided by sundry pushes and jerks of mine at proper times, but we advanced altogether in a clumsy, helpless style, until at length there came in sight

the great white ridge of tossing foam, where the din was great, and a sense of excitement and confusion filled the mind.

"I was quite conscious that the sight before me was made to look worse because of the noise around, and by the feeling of the loneliness and powerlessness of a puny man struggling in a waste of breakers, where to strike on a single one was sure to upset the boat. Here, too, it would be difficult to save the canoe by swimming alongside if she capsized or foundered, and yet it was utterly impossible now to stop.

"Right in front, and in the middle, I saw the well-known wave which is always raised when a main stream converges as it rushes down a narrow neck. The depression or trough of this was about four feet below, and the crest two feet above the level; so the height of the wave was about six feet. Though tall, it was thin and sharp-featured, and always stationary in position, while the water composing it was going at a tremendous pace. After this wave, there was another smaller one, as frequently happens.

"It was not the height of this wave that gave any concern; had it been at sea the boat would rise over any lofty billow; but here the wave stood still, and the canoe was to be impelled against it with all the force of a mighty stream, and so it must go through the body of water, for it could not have time to rise. And then the question remained, 'What is behind the wave?' for if a rock is there, then this is the last hour of the Rob Roy."

Mr. Macgregor adds in a foot-note to these graphic particulars the following:—

"I had not then acquired the knowledge of a valuable fact, that a sharp wave of this kind *never* has a rock behind it. A sharp wave requires free water at its rear, and it is therefore in the safest part of the river, so far as concealed dangers are concerned.

"The boat plunged headlong into the shining mound of water as I clenched my teeth and clutched my paddle. We saw her sharp prow deeply buried, and then my eyes were shut involuntarily, and before she could rise the mass of solid water struck me with a heavy blow full in the breast, closing round my neck as if cold hands gripped me, and quite taking away my breath.

"Vivid thoughts coursed through the brain in this exciting moment, but another slap from the lesser wave, and a whirling round in the eddy below, soon told that the battle was over, and the little Rob Roy slowly rose from under a load of water, which still covered my wrists, and then, trembling, as if stunned by the heavy shock, she staggered to the shore. The river, too, had done its worst, and it seemed now to draw off from hindering us: and so I clung to a rock to rest for some minutes, panting with a tired thrilling of nervousness and gladness strangely mingled.

"Although the weight of water had been so heavy on my body and legs, very little of it had got inside under the water-proof covering, for the whole affair was done in a few seconds, and though everything in front was completely drenched up to my necktie, the back of my coat was scarcely wet. Most fortunately I had removed the flag from its usual place about an hour before, and thus it was preserved from being swept away."

In an appendix to his valuable narrative of "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe," Mr. Macgregor adds most important hints and suggestions to the Amateur Canoeist, which all aspirants to fording rivers in a canoe would do well to study before trusting themselves on the water.

Mr. Macgregor has travelled more in a canoe than any other Englishman; and a glance at the map accompanying the volume, showing all the rivers, English and foreign,

he has braved in his invincible Rob Roy, is most  
ishing, while the reverence he expresses towards Him  
made heaven and earth, with which the magnificent  
s he has paddled amongst filled him, is very grati-  
; for there are so many travellers who gaze on the  
lers of Creation without a thought of awe or love for the  
tor.





## SIR JAMES SIMPSON, BART., M.D.

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ALEXANDER Pope has the following admirable couplet on the importance of the Physician :—

“A wise physician, skill’d, our wounds to heal,  
Is more than armies to the public weal.”

Armies indeed! they do nothing but inflict pain, desolate homes, and destroy life.

Every member of the human race has cause to cherish the name of Simpson for his great and beneficent discovery of that great conqueror over pain—chloroform. In November, 1847, Sir James discovered the anæsthetic effects of chloroform. Countless lives have been saved by it, and thousands of the most painful and perilous operations have been performed under its beneficent agency, while the injurious effects attributed to it are so few and far between as to be as nothing compared with the benefits which it has conferred on mankind. It is now universally used by the most eminent surgeons in our homes and hospitals, and operations have been made with its potent help that surgeons would not have attempted before its introduction.

Nitrous oxide, or laughing-gas, was the first anæsthetic which was used for the production of insensibility to pain under surgical operations, and was introduced by Sir Humphry

Davy in 1844, and continued in use by surgeons until it gave place to Sir James Simpson's chloroform.

And surely the biography of the man who has done so much good for his species should be made known; for besides having discovered an antidote to physical pain, he was a wise and good man. Many of the great discoveries made have been discovered by accident; but the inestimable one of chloroform was found out after much patient investigation. We will cluster together a few of the former, as they will be found peculiarly interesting and instructive.

The fall of an apple suggested to Sir Isaac Newton the system of the universe. Galileo, again, the discoverer of the pendulum, was one day standing in the metropolitan Church of Pisa, when he noticed the movements of a suspended lamp, which some accidental disturbance had caused to vibrate; the application of the regular motion to the measurement of time suggested itself to him, and the invention of the pendulum was the result, and which is the most perfect measure of time that we have. And to Galileo, also, we are indebted for the telescope, which an accident again suggested to his fertile mind. While he was residing at Venice, a report came to that city that a Dutchman had presented to Count Maurice of Nassau an instrument by which distant objects were made to appear as if near. This was all that was stated, and this was enough for the mind of Galileo. He set himself at work, and soon found that by a certain arrangement of spherical glasses he could produce the same effect. The discovery of the *telescope* was the result.

To a very singular circumstance, also, we owe the discovery of the most beautiful of modern arts. Prince Rupert one morning noticed a soldier rubbing the rust off his gun-barrel, occasioned by the dew of the night before, and that it left on the surface of the steel a collection of very minute holes, re-

sembling a dark engraving, parts of which had, here and there, been rubbed away by the soldier. The kind of engraving called *mezzolinto* was thus suggested to the Prince, and its invention the result of his experiments.

The waving of a linen shirt hanging before the fire in the warm and ascending air suggested to Stephen Montgolfier the invention of the air-balloon.

The discovery of *galvanism* affords another of those instances of a great result from a very simple occurrence. About the year 1790, Galvani, a professor in the University of Bologna, was engaged in a series of experiments to show the intimate connection between muscular motion and electrical action. One day some dead frogs, which were intended to make soup for his lady, who was ill, were lying on a table near an electrifying machine, when a student, in the absence of Galvani, was amusing himself with the instrument, and noticed that convulsive motions took place in the muscles of one of the frogs when touched by a piece of metal. Madame Galvani, a lady of great intelligence, communicated it to her husband, who afterwards discovered the means of exciting these contractions at pleasure, by merely using two wires of different metals, independent of the electrical machine. Thus was discovered Galvanism, one of the most powerful modes of electrical action.

There are other similar cases to these which might be enumerated. It is in this way that many great inventions have been suggested. Printing, no doubt, was first thought of by an impression made, similar to that by a type, turned to proper advantage by genius. "It is a mark of superior genius," says a writer on Natural Philosophy, "to find matter for wonder, observation, and research, in circumstances which, to the ordinary mind, appear trivial, because they are common, and with which they are satisfied, because they are natural,

without reflecting that Nature is our grand field of observation, that within it is contained our whole store of knowledge."

But the discovery of chloroform was not one suggested by a passing occurrence, but worked out, as we have said before, by laborious investigation and experiment, and no doubt much prayer, for Sir James was a devout man as well as an eminent physician. He read his Bible diligently in private, and it was daily used in household worship; he attended the house of God with a regularity only interrupted by the imperative claims of his profession. Asperities, which had often caused his friends and those with whom he had associated great regret, were gradually softened, and it became evident to all who knew him that it was his earnest desire and his constant endeavour to become a true follower of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart."

James Young Simpson was born at Bathgate, a village in Linlithgowshire, about eighteen miles from Edinburgh, on June 7th, 1811, and was the seventh son and youngest child of the family. His father was a baker, and at the time of James's birth was struggling both with crippled means and with severe domestic affliction. The scene brightened afterwards; but it does not appear that he ever attained anything beyond the most moderate worldly success. The baker's son James, like many who have left "footprints on the sands of time," owed much to his mother, who was a woman of great energy and industry. She was a truly religious woman, and implanted the religious practice and sentiment in all her household. She died when James was only nine years old, but during the short space she was spared to him she sowed in his heart those everlasting truths, which bore fruit after many days.

After Mrs. Simpson's death, her place in the household

was filled by her only daughter, Mary, who became a second mother to James, watching over him with loving solicitude, and rendering him valuable help in his lessons.

At the village school he was diligent in the preparation of his lessons, and he was nearly always at the head of his class. Besides, he had an ardent thirst for general knowledge, and he availed himself eagerly of every opportunity of gratifying it. All the family felt quite sure—and especially his eldest brother, Alexander, who regarded him from the first with peculiar tenderness—that he “would be great, some day.”

He entered the University of Edinburgh as a student at the age of fourteen, and at the commencement of his second session competed successfully for a bursary, with £10 a year, and tenable for three years. He prosecuted his studies in languages and in natural and moral philosophy with considerable diligence. He lodged in a room, rented at three shillings a week, at Dr. Macarthur's, along with John Reid, a young friend and schoolfellow who had preceded him thither two years before, and who was studying medicine. Hence, when his literary course was completed, he became a pupil of the celebrated surgeon, Liston. Besides attending Liston's classes, he became under him a dresser in the Royal Infirmary. He passed his surgical examination with ease and credit, and was admitted a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons before he was nineteen years of age, and at twenty-one he became Doctor of Medicine.

His tenderness of heart led him to shrink from a branch of the profession in whose practice he must witness the most painful forms of human suffering. But it was when looking on the work of Liston as an operator that he first began to grope after means for the alleviation of pain, which afterwards led to the discovery of chloroform. After seeing the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman under amputation of the

breast, he left the class-room, and went straight to the Parliament House to seek for work as a writer's clerk. But, on second thoughts, he returned to the study of medicine, asking, "Can anything be done to render operations less painful?"

A paper which he wrote for his M.D. examination attracted the attention of Dr. John Thompson, a physician in large practice in Edinburgh, who was so much pleased by the indications of ability which it presented, that he immediately proposed to Dr. Simpson to become his assistant. The salary was small, but the appointment gave him an excellent introduction to professional life, and, besides, he found Dr. Thompson's counsels of invaluable service. His connection with Dr. Thompson lasted five years, and then, at the age of six-and-twenty, he commenced practice in Edinburgh on his own account.

Dr. Simpson had determined that he would be something more than a mere general practitioner. He kept up a course of diligent investigation and study bearing on all points of medical science, and contributed valuable papers to medical journals. While yet an assistant with Dr. Thompson, and only four-and-twenty years of age, he received the high honour of being elected Senior President of the Medical Society.

In the year 1837 he was elected Interim Lecturer on Pathology — a temporary appointment, however, as Dr. Thompson was still the occupant of the chair; and in the session of 1838-9 he delivered his first course of lectures in the Edinburgh Extra-Academical School. These, however, were only preliminary to the great contest of his life, the successful issue of which placed him on the high road to fortune.

It was about this time, and during a severe contest for the Midwifery Chair of the University, which had become vacant by the resignation of Dr. Hamilton, that Dr. Simpson married

**Miss Jessie Grindlay**, a lady on whom his affections had long been fixed. The union was a thoroughly happy one, and it proved to be one of the greatest blessings of his life.

The election for the Chair was closely contested, and called forth the utmost energies of both himself and his friends. Several of his opponents were men of eminence in their profession, and of mature years; whilst the lowliness of his origin, his youth, and his comparative inexperience were all against him. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, he gained the post, although by the bare majority of one, over his principal opponent, between whom and himself the choice finally rested. The election cost him £500, which he could ill afford.

Dr. Simpson's election was immediately followed by a rapid increase in the number of his patients, very many of them belonging to the wealthier classes and to the nobility. Ere long he found himself in the enjoyment of both high professional reputation and a large income. In 1844 his fees amounted, in two months, to nearly £1,000. His house in Albany Street became too small for the increasing numbers who sought his advice: he therefore removed, in 1845, to a large and commodious house in Queen Street, in the western portion of the city, where he resided till his death.

A time arrived, indeed, when the demand for his services became far beyond the power of any man to answer. His drawing-rooms were daily crowded with patients, many of them from distant parts of the country, and some even from other lands; there were also many others who were unable to go to him, and whom he visited at their own residences.

He was repeatedly sent for from great distances, both in England and Scotland; and besides all this, letters poured in upon him from members of the profession respecting cases which had arisen in their practice, and which, for the most

part, he must answer with his own hand. Yet, with all these demands on his time, he fulfilled, with unfailing efficiency, the duties of his class, besides keeping himself well acquainted with medical literature and with the progress of medical science, and making important and valuable contributions to both.

Dr. Simpson could have filled up every moment of his time by attendance on patients who would have been glad to give him the largest fees for his eminent services; but, in innumerable cases, where payment was out of the question, least of all such payment as he might have commanded, he gave his best help freely and ungrudgingly. Among letters to him, a Lammermoor shepherd hopes the "Lord will bless him and his for all his kindness to Jean." A shoemaker tells him, "Tommy's been another Callant since you saw him; we thank God for such a doctor." A minister writes, "To you, under God, I feel indebted that I have still her who is the light of my heart and hearth. We cease not to remember you in our prayers." Hundreds of such cases occurred. His income in 1850 was estimated at £10,000 a-year.

In January, 1847, Dr. Simpson was appointed one of Her Majesty's physicians for Scotland. In the same year he discovered the anæsthetic, chloroform, which has been such a marvellous boon to suffering humanity.

The honours that poured in upon him, not only from universities and scientific societies and medical corporations in Great Britain, but from nearly all parts of the world, would fill pages.

In 1866 the Queen made him a baronet, "in recognition of his professional merits, especially his introduction of chloroform."

But the most interesting fact is that Sir James Simpson was not only the skilful medical practitioner, the man of science,

the beneficent discoverer; he was, besides, a lowly, earnest follower of Christ.

During the summer and autumn of 1861 he was, in the course of professional duty, brought into frequent contact with a highly-intelligent Christian lady and her household, and the result was a warm friendship between them. Writing of the lady to a friend, early in 1862, he says, "I have a patient, a dear, dear friend. If you ever come north again, I have promised you should meet. In a day or two I will send you a little beautiful book she is now publishing. She has indeed been a kind of 'well of living water to me and mine!'"

In a letter written to the Doctor by the lady referred to, she said, "I often feel that, while unflagging kindness carries you hither and thither on errands of mercy, it is the bounden privilege of grateful patients, who can themselves do so little, to follow your steps with earnest prayer. So you will, maybe, like to think that one at least—and one of how many!—is every morning asking the Lord Jesus to bless you and all your house with the full spiritual blessing He has to give."

Kind, wise words in season had been spoken to him from time to time as opportunity occurred. About the same time preaching of the Word in different parts of Scotland was accompanied by signal manifestations of Divine power—a great revival having followed the Ulster revival of 1859; and these formed the subject of frequent conversation in the circle where Dr. Simpson had become a frequent visitor. Wonderful things, too, came to his knowledge relating to God's dealings with some of his patients.

Faithful words spoken years before to him by Christians came vividly to his recollection, and with these the remembrance of past trials and sorrows. The result of all was that he became dissatisfied with himself, and restless. One evening he went to see his friends.

"I felt," he said to them, "I must go somewhere to-night. I thought of Duns and Hanna; but I have come to you." Then he added, sadly, "I wish to come to Christ, but I don't see Him."

Much conversation followed between himself and his friends, which tended to clear away his doubts and difficulties; and one day, before the end of 1861, he entered a sick-room with a bright, beaming countenance, exclaiming, "My *first* happy Christmas! my *only* happy one!"

From this time his letters show the highest estimate of the value of prayer; it was the habit of his own daily life both in private and in the family; he frequently urged it on others, both as a solemn duty and an exalted privilege; and he sought an interest in the prayers of his friends as the expression of their kindest love to himself. To a clergyman he wrote, "Allow me to return the fee you sent. I do not think it right to take any professional remuneration from clergymen or their families. Give me your prayers, and I will value them far more."

On February 6th, 1862, his fifth child and third son, James, who was fifteen years old, died. He wrote of him:—"Jamie is now with Christ in that happy land, where there are no more tears and no more sufferings and sorrows. Jamie became a changed boy for many months before he died, and perhaps he was one of the great means why my whole household have seemed to change, too. He was led to place *such* faith in the certainty of salvation through the atoning blood of Christ, that for a length of time he was able to look forward to death without fear. One of Jamie's last utterances was:—'We must speak for Jesus, for it is a glorious thing to do so.'"

It was probably under the impulse of the stirring words which his dear Jamie had just spoken that, before the grass

had begun to grow on his grave, Dr. Simpson began to "speak for Jesus" on several occasions at meetings of the Carrubber's Close Mission in the Free Church Assembly Hall, where on the Sabbath night, for many years, an audience numbering about 2,000 has regularly met to listen to the Word of God.

His conversation on religious topics was marked by an earnest tone and thoughtful seriousness. One day at lunch, a lady had spoken rather warmly in favour of certain ritualistic practices in vogue under a clergyman whose name happened to be mentioned when Dr. Simpson was engaged talking to a gentleman, and did not seem to hear her. But when a pause occurred, he remarked—"I don't see how lighting candles in sun-light can help souls to heaven. Besides, Christ is the Light of the world and the Light of life. We don't want candles in our Scotch churches. We have, I hope, the Sun of Righteousness. Church tinsel and glitter won't do for people who are hungry. *They ask for bread.*"

It would not be easy in fewer words to deal with the ritualistic tendencies of the age. The sacramental *substitute*—the pretended creation of priestly power—which superstition offers for the **BREAD OF LIFE**, will satisfy no hungering soul.

In 1874 this eminent man of science and man of God, passed peacefully and triumphantly to his everlasting rest and happiness.





## DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY

[SCHOLAR].

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It does one's heart good to contemplate the life of such a man as Dr. Arnold of Rugby. He possessed that quality of intense earnestness which gives force and energy to every purpose in life. He was full of strong sympathy for all that was true and good in our modern social movements, and of as strong antipathy for all that he conceived to be false and unjust. He did battle in the cause that he conscientiously felt to be right with his whole heart and soul; and waged as uncompromising war against what seemed to him to be shams and falsities. He was of the stern stuff of which martyrs are made; for when he once saw his way clear, and his conscience approved, he never hesitated to act boldly and energetically. We may not agree with him in all the views that he held and advocated; but we never fail to admire the undeviating and high-minded consistency of his life, and the purity of the views on which he acted.

The history of Dr. Arnold contains comparatively few incidents. He was a scholar and a thinker, acting upon the world through his school and his study, rather than taking an active part in its practical struggles and combats. He influenced it from without, and spoke to the men in action as if from a higher sphere. Thomas Arnold was born at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in 1795. His father, who was

the Collector of Customs at that place, died suddenly in 1801, and left a large family to be provided for, Thomas (the youngest) being then only six years old. His aunt undertook the care of his education, and sent him to Wafminster school in 1803, where he remained for four years, and then removed to Winchester, leaving there in 1811. As a boy, he was shy and retiring, but entertained numerous strong friendships and also strong opinions, from which neither force nor fraud could move him, when he had once fairly got hold of them. He was fond of ballad poetry, and while at Winchester wrote a long poem on the subject of Simon de Montfort, which obtained for him the appellation of "Poet Arnold." But in his school career there was, on the whole, nothing remarkable.

He entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1811; was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1815, and subsequently obtained the Chancellor's prize for the University Essays in Latin and English. While at college he formed many warm friendships, which continued throughout his life; and he often looked back with delight to his residence there, and trod over again in fancy the beautiful scenery of the neighbourhood—Bageley Wood and Shotover, with Horspath nestling under it; Elsfield, with its green slope; and all the variety of Cumnor Hill. He had an intense love of nature in all its aspects, and quite revelled in delight among the beautiful scenery of Westmoreland, where he had his rural home in the later years of his life. While at college he displayed an inquisitive and contemplative turn of mind, and as his inquiries were directed to religious subjects, he was early beset by those doubts and scruples through which every really strong mind has once in its life to struggle. Indeed, it may be affirmed that there are very few minds, of a strongly rational cast, that have not to reach the firm footing of faith through the narrow and painful avenue of doubt and temporary unbelief. But Arnold suc-

ceeded in at length reaching what he felt to be the firm ground, with his nature strengthened by the struggles he had undergone.

In December, 1818, he was ordained deacon at Oxford; in 1819, he settled at Laleham, with his mother, aunt, and sister, taking in pupils to prepare them for the Universities; and in 1820 he married Mary Penrose, the youngest daughter of the Rector of Fledborough, Lincolnshire. He remained at Laleham for nine years, diligently improving his mind, engaged in the study of Greek and Roman History, learning German in order to read Niebuhr, searching out the deep meaning of the Scriptures, and devoting himself to the improvement and culture of the minds of his pupils. He loved teaching, and seemed to live for it, entering into the pursuits of his scholars, making them feel in love with knowledge and virtue, giving them new views of life and action, and discovering to them the means of being useful and truly happy. He loved his pupils, and they loved him warmly in turn. He bathed with them, leaped with them, sailed and rowed with them, and entered into all their amusements as well as intellectual occupations.

His success at Laleham, and the high opinion which began to be entertained of him by leading minds, directed attention to Dr. Arnold as the proper person to fill the office of Head Master of Rugby School, on the resignation of Dr. Wool, for a long time master of that academy; and on presenting himself as a candidate he was at once elected to the office in December, 1827. In the following year he received Priest's orders; shortly after, he took his degree of B.D., and D.D., and entered upon his duties in August, 1828. He commenced his work with the ardent zeal of a reformer; he had long deplored the state of the public schools of England; he recognised in many of them seminaries of vice rather than of virtue,

and longed to try "whether his notions of Christian education were really impracticable, and whether our system of public schools had not in it some noble elements which might produce fruit, even to life eternal." Many have expressed a regret that Arnold, with his fine powers of mind, should have devoted his main energies through life to the performance of the duties of a schoolmaster. But he himself had the proper notions of this high calling, and he felt that in forming, influencing, and directing the minds of hundreds of young men, who were to occupy, many of them, prominent places in society, at the same time that he was labouring to reform and to elevate the entire system of school education, he was really engaged in a noble and elevating work. He threw himself into this work with great zeal, at first feeling his way, but gradually acting with greater boldness and decision. He soon enlisted the boys themselves in his service, made them co-operators with himself in the improvements he had introduced, and the result was, that in the course of a very few years, Rugby School was rendered one of the most famous and successful in all England. It would occupy too much space to detail the tenderness, the firmness, the judgment, the kindness, and the Christian zeal which the master displayed in carrying out his great purpose, and to exhibit by what means he enlisted his pupils in the ranks of virtue, intelligence, and true nobility—teaching them to do for themselves rather than to depend on others for success—treating them as gentlemen, and thus making them such—trusting in them, confiding in them, stimulating them, and encouraging them. But there were many unruly spirits to be dealt with among an indiscriminate mass of three hundred boys; and mischievous tendencies and bad feeling could not be altogether repressed among them. On one of these occasions he exclaimed, "Is this a Christian school? I cannot remain here if all is to be carried

on by constraint and force ; if I am to be here as a jailer, I would rather resign my office at once ;" and on another occasion, when he had found it necessary to send away some unruly boys, he said, "It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or of one hundred, or of fifty boys ; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

What he mainly aimed at was, to promote the self-development of the young minds committed to his charge, by encouraging them to cultivate their own intellects. "I am sure," he used to say, "the temptations of intellect are not comparable to the temptations of dulness," and he often dwelt on "the fruit which I above all things long for—moral thoughtfulness—the engrossing love of truth going along with the devoted love of goodness ;" and again, "I am quite sure that it is a most solemn duty to cultivate our understandings to the uttermost, for I have seen the evil moral consequences of fanaticism to a greater degree than I ever expected to see them realised ; and I am satisfied that a neglected intellect is far oftener the cause of mischief to a man than a perverted or over-valued one." He longed to train men so that they should form their own opinions honestly and entertain them decidedly. He could not bear the nondescript in society—the *neutral* character. "Neutrality, however," he observed, "seems to me a natural state for men of fair honesty, moderate wit, and much indolence ; they cannot get strong impressions of what is true and right, and the weak impression, which is all that they can take, cannot overcome indolence and fear ; I crave a strong mind for my children, for this reason—that they then have a chance, at least, of appreciating truth keenly, and when a man does that, honesty becomes comparatively easy." "I would far rather," he said, "send a boy to Van Dieman's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in

BRAVE BOYS.

without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages. Childhood in boys, even of good abilities, seems to me to be a growing fault, and I do not know to what to ascribe it, except to the greater number of exciting books of amusement, like 'Pickwick' and 'Nickleby,' 'Bentley's Miscellany,' &c., &c. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetites of a boy, which is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally pulled, not only for his regular work, which I could well excuse in a son, even for his own, mere cleverness, whether less and mental than intellectual acuteness," for example, "divested as is comprehensive and great, than the most helpless imbecile, the spirit of Mephistopheles." "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been nobly, truly, and实在ly cultivated." In speaking of a pupil of this character, he said, "I would stand to that man for my life!" Once at Laleham, when teaching a rather dull boy, he spoke rather sharply to him, when the pupil looked up in his face and said—"Why do you speak angrily, sir? and I am doing the best I can." Years after he used to tell the story to his children, and said—"I never felt so much in my life—that look and that speech I have never forgotten." In such a spirit did Dr. Arnold enter and proceed upon his work of educating young minds, and the success that attended him was immense. He excited quite an enthusiastic admiration among his pupils, and many there are who confess that they owe to him the main bent of their lives and actions, and all the good that has followed them.

While thus diligently occupied among his pupils, and superintending, with an anxious eye, the whole business of this great school, Dr. Arnold took the most intense interest in the goings of the busy world without. He followed the public movements of the day with eager enthusiasm ; he was a man who could not possibly be neutral, and he at once took his side with the cause of progress.

It is not needful that we should here enter into any detail of the movements of the Reform Bill period, which then enlisted all minds and activities on either the one side or the other. In his youth, Arnold had been a Conservative ; but the reading of history, of the Bible, and Aristotle, with a free mind, soon led him entirely the other way. His feelings were most intense as to the neglect of the poor by the rich, and the injustice and want of sympathy exercised towards the multitudinous classes of the State. "It haunts me," he said, "almost night and day. It fills me with astonishment to see anti-slavery and missionary societies so busy with the ends of the earth, and yet all the worst evils of slavery and heathenism are existing among ourselves." Again, in 1840, he says : "The state of the times is so grievous that it really pierces through all private happiness, and *haunts me daily like a personal calamity.*" Again and again does he give expression to similar desponding views in his letters to his friends. "It seems to me," he said, "that people are not enough aware of the monstrous state of society, absolutely without a parallel in the history of the world ; with a population, poor, miserable, and degraded, both in body and mind, as much as if they were slaves, and yet called freemen, and having a power as such ofconcerting and combining plans of risings, which makes them ten times more dangerous than slaves. And the hopes entertained by many, of the effects to be wrought by new churches and schools, while the social evils of their condition are left

uncorrected, appear to me to be utterly wild." The money and the Debt, the increasing mortgages on our land and industry, oppressed his mind like a hideous nightmare. He could not rid himself of the thought of these things. He feared that "too late" were the words which we must affix to every plan of reforming society in England, and that we were already "engulphed, and must inevitably go down the cataract." "The English nation," he observed, "are like a man in a lethargy; they are never roused from their conservatism till mustard poultices are put to their feet." The conduct of the higher classes at the same time roused his complete ire. "There is," said he, "no earthly thing more mean and despicable in my mind than an English gentleman destitute of all sense of his responsibilities and opportunities, and only revelling in the luxuries of our high civilisation, and thinking himself a great person."

He endeavoured to give his views on these subjects a practical direction, and laboured to organise a society "for drawing public attention to the state of the labouring classes throughout the kingdom." But the plan never came to maturity. He tried to establish a newspaper, but it failed after a few numbers. He wrote letters in the "Sheffield Courant" and the "Herts Reformer," and endeavoured thus to rouse the public attention. "I have a testimony to deliver," he said, "*I must write or die.*" His scholastic studies were all prosecuted with the same views. His Greek and Roman history was not an idle inquiry about remote ages and forgotten institutions, but a living picture of things present, fitted not so much for the curiosity of the scholar as for the instruction of the statesman and the scholar. "My abhorrence of conservatism," he observed at another time, "is not because it checks liberty,—in an established democracy it would favour liberty; but because it checks the growth of mankind in

wisdom, goodness, and happiness, by striving to maintain institutions which are of necessity temporary, and thus never hindering change, but often depriving the change of half its value." Yet Dr. Arnold, decided though his views were, might be said to belong to no "party," either in the State or in the Church. His independence was too great—his opinions were so entirely self-formed and elaborated, and held with such tenacity, that he was not a man that could jog quietly along in the train of any "party." He was strongly in favour of Catholic emancipation, and wrote an eloquent pamphlet in its favour; but, strange to say, for reasons which he stated equally strongly, he was opposed to the emancipation of the Jews.

On Church questions, his views were equally bold and decided. He stood quite aloof from High Church and Low Church alike. He was strongly impressed with a sense of what he termed the "corruption of the Church," which, he maintained, had been "virtually destroyed," for by the Church was now understood only "the clergy," the laity being excluded from all share in its administration. He inveighed, in an article of his in the "Edinburgh Review," "On the Fanaticism which has been the Peculiar Disgrace of the Church of England,"—"a dress, a ritual, a name, a ceremony, a technical phraseology,—the superstition of a priesthood without its power,—the gown of episcopal government without its substance,—a system imperfect and paralysed, not independent, not sovereign,—afraid to cast off the subjection against which it was perpetually murmuring,—objects so pitiful, that if gained ever so completely they would make no man the wiser, or the better; they would lead to no good, intellectual, moral, or spiritual." For this article he was brought to book by Earl Howe, one of the trustees of Rugby School, and called upon to confess whether he were the author. He replied that the

authorship of the article was well known—that he had spoken undisguisedly of it to his friends; but he refused to give a direct answer to his lordship's interrogatory, which would be “to acknowledge a right which I owe it (he said) not only to myself, but to the master of every endowed school in England absolutely to deny." The result was a meeting of the trustees, but Dr. Arnold was retained in his office without any further communication being made to him.

Dr. Arnold had an intense sense of the true religious life, and this it was which shocked him at its shams, and at the virtual Atheism in which men lived. "I cannot," he said, "understand what is the good of a national Church, if it be not to Christianise the nation, and introduce the principles of Christianity into men's social and civil relations, and expose the wickedness of that spirit which maintains the Game Laws, and, in agriculture and trade, seems to think that there is no such sin as covetousness; and that if a man is not dishonest, he has nothing to do but to make all the profit of his capital that he can." He deplored that religion had become, among us, "an affair of clergy, not of people; of preaching and ceremonies, not of living; of Sundays and synagogues, instead of one of all days and all places, houses, streets, town and country." "Alas!" he exclaimed, "when will the Church ever exist more than in name, so that this profession might have that zeal infused into it which is communicated by an *esprit de corps*; and if the 'Body' were the real Church, instead of our abominable sects, with their half-priestcraft, half-profane-ness, its 'Spirit' would be one that we might receive into all our hearts and minds."

Into the questions raised by the Oxford controversy, also, he entered with great warmth. He saw in it the essence of "priestcraft," which he hated, and characterised Newmanism as "the great Anti-Christian heresy;" but into his views on

this subject we need not enter. Speaking thus strongly, it will be obvious that he could not fail to rouse a strong feeling of hostility against himself. At London, where he wished religious, not sectarian, examination to be introduced into the University, he was regarded as a bigot ; while at Oxford he was regarded as an extreme latitudinarian. "If I had two necks," said he, "I think I had a very good chance of being hanged by both sides." Nor would he aid the Sabbatarians in stopping railway travelling on Sundays, holding that the Jewish law of the Sabbath was not binding on Christians. Loud outcry was raised against him in many and various quarters, but still he was nothing daunted, even though old friends grew cool, and new ones fell away. The truth which he felt, he uttered, and never ceased till his last breath to do so. In course of time, however, as the rancour of the strife subsided, and the great success of his management and teaching at Rugby became apparent, and as his works on Greek and Roman history made their appearance to show the magnificent calibre of his mind, new and powerful friends came around him, and his fame spread wider than before. Lord Melbourne offered him the vacant chair of History at Oxford, in 1841, which he joyfully accepted, though he lived only to deliver the introductory course of lectures on his favourite theme.

It will be observed, from what we have said, that the prominent characteristic of the man was intense earnestness. He felt life keenly, its responsibilities as well as its enjoyments. His very pleasures were earnest ; he was indifferent or neutral in nothing. He was always full of work, learning some new language, studying some fresh historical subject, or cheering on by his pen the progressive movements of the age. "It boots not," he said, "to look backwards : *forward, forward, forward* should be our motto. I covet rest neither for my

friends nor yet for myself, so long as we are able to work," but again he would say, "work after all is but half the man, and they who only work together do not truly live together." "Instead of feeling my mind exhausted," he would say, after the day's business in the school was over, "it seems to have quite an eagerness to set to work. I feel as if I could dictate to twenty secretaries at once." He was a thoroughly "go-ahead" man, and rejoiced at all the signs of work and progress in this busy age. The delight with which he regarded the mightiness of the great Birmingham Railway was quite characteristic of him. "I rejoice to see it," he said, as he stood on one of its arches and watched the train pass on through the distant hedgerows, "I rejoice to see it, and think that feudalism is gone for ever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct."

He was a great lover of men. When he met with one earnest and zealous as himself—and such were rare—he loved them with his whole heart. Chevalier Bunsen and Niebuhr were objects of his high admiration. Carlyle, too, was a great favourite. "What I daily feel more and more to need," he said, "as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things, and I think that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip, or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still on the surface; they do not touch the real depths of life." And again:—"Differences of opinion give me but little concern; but it is a real pleasure to be brought into communication with any one who is *in earnest*, and who really looks to God's will as his standard of right and wrong, and judges of actions according to their greater or less conformity." Hence Arnold disliked the mere theologians. "There appears to

me," he said, "in all the English Divines a want of believing or disbelieving anything, because it is true or false." And again:—"I have left off reading our Divines, because, as Pascal said of the Jesuits, if I had spent my time in reading them fully, I should have read a great many indifferent books. But if I could find a great man amongst them, I would read him thankfully and earnestly. As it is, I hold John Bunyan to have been a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His 'Pilgrim's Progress' seems to be a complete reflexion of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it."

Interested as Arnold was in the ongoing of the outer world, he intensely enjoyed his own family and fireside. At Laleham, at Rugby, but, above all, in his country home at Fox How, near Rydal, in Westmoreland, his heart ran over with expressions of joy and deep delight. Fox How was the paradise to which he retreated from the turmoil of the world. "It is with a mixed feeling of solemnity and tenderness," he said, "that I regard our mountain nest, whose surpassing sweetness, I think I may safely say, adds a positive happiness to every one of my waking hours passed in it." When absent from Fox How, "it dwelt on his memory as a vision of beauty, from one vacation to another," and when present there, he felt that "no hasty or excited admiration of a tourist could be compared with the quiet and homely delight of having the mountains and streams as familiar objects connected with all the enjoyments of home, one's family, one's books, and one's friends." Among the delicious scenery of Italy, he said that "if he stayed more than a day at the most beautiful spot in the world, it would only bring on a longing for Fox How," and it was his repeated wish that when he died, "his bones should go to Grasmere churchyard, to lie under the yews which

His age, 175 years, and his life a grand legacy of  
knowledge, cannot be easily replaced. His noble example is to his  
and while it is to be deplored, the world will not wil-





## SIR JOHN RICHARDSON

[ARCTIC EXPLORER].

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AFTER a long, adventurous, and useful career, in which he did much to advance the interests of natural science, Sir John Richardson slept away his life amid the quiet retirement of a country life, in a beautiful valley near Grasmere; and in striking contrast with the latter end of his friend and associate of former years, Sir John Franklin—Richardson passing away in peace, surrounded by those he loved; Franklin amid the ice-crags and iron-bound shores of the frozen North, surrounded with dreariness and discomfort, and his fate shrouded in mystery, only to be partially revealed after the lapse of long years.

John Richardson was born at Dumfries, 1787, where his father held for some years the civic dignity of Provost. At the early age of fourteen, Richardson left his native town for Edinburgh, where he qualified himself for the medical profession, and was thus enabled to enter the navy at the time of the great French war as assistant-surgeon; and in this capacity, if he, perhaps, gained few honours, he had plenty of practice in his profession. The ship to which he was appointed was the "Nymphe," and in her he served at the battle of Copenhagen, where the fleet of Denmark was seized by the British—the benefit to Britain of this event having been "not in what she acquired, but in what Denmark had lost." Soon after the "Nymphe"

was employed at the mouth of the Tagus, and for the ~~other~~ Richardson displayed two cutting-out expeditions—especially for having served in the boats in a night attack upon a French brig in the river—he was appointed to be surgeon of the "Hercule," a 74 gun-ship. After several shifts about into different vessels, in which Richardson was actively engaged on the coast of Africa, and then in the Baltic and North Seas, he was transferred to Canada, where he acted as surgeon to the 1st Battalion of Royal Marines, whence again he was transferred to Georgia, where he had charge of the hospital ship for the sick and wounded of the brigade. In all these varied and active experiences, twelve years of the early manhood of Richardson passed away.

The next appointment was in association with those arctic expeditions upon which so much of his future fame was to rest, and it is not too much to say that from the exertions of Dr. Richardson in these, great results were obtained, though ~~not~~ directly in connection with the primary object of those expeditions—the finding of the North-west Passage—but in relation to natural science for which he was especially appointed and charged with. In September 1818, an overland expedition started from Fort Factory, Hudson's Bay, under charge of Dr. John Franklin, accompanied by Dr. Richardson as surgeon and naturalist to the expedition; two midshipmen, Messrs. Lumsden and Head, and Hepburn, a seaman, with the object of exploring the north coast of America to its eastern extremity and the mouth of the Coppermine.

Franklin and his party, associated with whom were sixteen Indians, interpreters, &c., left Fort Chipewyan in September for Fort Enterprise on Winter Lake, more than five hundred miles distant. Here they wintered; and on the last day of January 1819, the whole party having dragged their ~~canoes~~ and canoes to the river—a harassing labour—they

embarked on the rapid stream, and reached the sea on July 18th. The main object of the expedition now commenced, and with two bark canoes, each manned by ten men, and provision for fifteen days, Franklin sailed for the eastward. They followed the coast for two weeks—pinched at times for want of food, as some of their stores had turned mouldy—till they came to Coronation Gulf, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. By this time the canoes were scarcely serviceable, and the stock of food was reduced to three days' consumption. Under these circumstances, it was resolved to return. They walked first to a spot on the shore ten miles distant from their halting-place, which was named Point Turn-again. To attempt to reach the Coppermine so late in the season would have been fatal to the whole party; they therefore made for Hood's River, up which they ascended to the first rapid by the 26th August. Two small portable canoes were now constructed out of the two larger ones, for the purpose of crossing rivers on the journey before them; and on the 1st September they set off for Fort Enterprise, one hundred and fifty miles distant. The fatigues and privations endured on this journey are scarcely to be paralleled; short of food, ill-clothed, and exposed to the severity of the climate, the escape of any one of the number appears almost miraculous. Some days, when there was little to eat, and no means of making a fire, they passed in bed; on others, after a weary and exhausting journey, their sole nourishment on halting at night was *tripe de roche*, or rock-tripe, a species of lichen, a plant of most execrable taste, and the cause of cruel bowel complaints to the whole party. They daily became weaker, and less capable of exertion; one of the canoes was so much broken by a fall, that it was burned; the resource of fishing was also denied them, for some of the men recklessly threw away the nets. Rivers had to be crossed by wading or in the canoe. On the

split, before setting out, "the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigues of the day's journey. These," says Franklin, "would have satisfied us at ordinary times, but we were now almost exhausted by slender fare and travel, and our appetites had become ravenous. We looked, however, with humble confidence to the great Author and Giver of all good, for a continuance of the support which had hitherto been always supplied at our greatest need." A day or two afterwards the men failed; no extraitives could be had; Dr. Richardson was obliged to abandon his collection of plants and minerals, from ty to carry them. On the 26th they came to the Coppermine, the crossing of which, from their weak condition, the loss of the canoe, and having to construct a raft of willow-branches, detained them till the 4th October. At this point Dr. Richardson all but perished in a brave attempt to cross the river; he was drawn out with a spear by four of his winters, and it was some time before he was sufficiently recovered to proceed. They were now almost at the last verge of starvation, and had it not been for the exertions of Hepburn in collecting the rock-tripe, none of them would have remained to tell the tale of their sufferings. On the 11th, when only twenty-four miles from Fort Enterprise, the party divided: Franklin, with eight of the men, went on, while Dr. Richardson stayed behind to attend on Hood, who was scarcely able to move. Hepburn remained with them. Three of the voyageurs and an Iroquois, who had gone on with Franklin, with his permission attempted to return to the halting place of Richardson, because with him they thought themselves certain of fire and rock-tripe, but, with the exception of the Iroquois, they all perished by the way. Franklin, with the remainder of his divided party, reached Fort Enter-

prise on the 11th; but instead of the friendly welcome they expected from the hunters, and abundance of provisions, they found all a blank—the building was tenantless!

A letter was found from Mr. Back, who had been sent on in advance, stating that he had gone in search of the Indians, and, if necessary, should proceed to Fort Providence. This was sorry comfort for the travellers, who were obliged to take up their quarters in the ruinous hut. The rubbish was searched for skins, bones, or anything that might serve as food when prepared with rock-tripe. A weary eighteen days were passed in these privations, when Dr. Richardson and Hepburn arrived in an emaciated condition, bringing the intelligence that both Hood and the Iroquois were dead. The Indian, in a fit of sullen spite, shot the young officer at the encampment where they had parted; and his demeanour becoming more threatening, the doctor, under a sense of self-preservation, took upon himself the responsibility of putting the Iroquois to death by a pistol-shot. It appears that there was reason to believe that two of the missing voyageurs had also been murdered by the Indian.

Two others of the party died on the second day after Dr. Richardson's arrival at the fort. On November 7th, relief at last came, borne by three Indians, sent by Mr. Back. With good fires and sufficient food, the sufferers soon began to recover strength. A week later, they were able to set out for Fort Chipewyan, where they remained till June of the next year, and in July reached York Factory, whence they had started three years before, and thus ended a journey of 5,500 miles, during which human courage and patience were exposed to trials such as few are ever called upon to bear. The gain to science from this expedition was great, both from the care and extent of the surveys, and from the attention which was paid to the natural productions of those inclement shores.

Dr. Richardson, it is true, had been obliged to abandon his collection of natural objects, but his own notes, as well as those of Hood, were published in the appendices to Franklin's narrative.

The expedition had lasted three years, and one might think it an experience severe enough to deter any man from again engaging in a similar enterprise; but, in 1824, Franklin, undeterred by the recollection of the fearful hardships of his former journey, proposed another expedition, in which Dr. Richardson and Back, who both again volunteered, held prominent places. In June, 1826, they descended the Mackenzie River to the sea, where the party were to separate and explore the coast in different directions; Richardson and Mr. Kendal going with two boats to the east, in order to survey the coast in that direction, between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine—a task they executed with singular skill and success. Franklin and Back went westward, meeting with great difficulties and hardships; and it was only by the courage of the leaders that the whole party were saved from being destroyed by a large body of Esquimaux. They also met with the usual fate of arctic voyagers—storms, fogs, cold, and ice. The extreme density of the fogs, caused by the low and swampy nature of the coast, was a great hindrance. The season being advanced, little progress was made towards the purpose of the expedition, and they were obliged to return to Fort Franklin, which they reached on the 1st September, after a journey of about 2,000 miles. At the fort, the unsuccessful party met their friends who had gone in the opposite direction. These had been favoured with good weather, and their sail of so many hundred miles from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine had been a pleasant voyage, during which they had added much to the stores of natural history, botany, etc. The expedition passed the winter at Fort

Franklin in great comfort, having plenty of provisions, and amusing one another as they best could ; and while here, Dr. Richardson delivered a course of lectures on practical geology —a very useful subject in so primitive a district.

Of the degree of cold endured by arctic voyagers, some idea may be gathered from the following incident related of a sailor in one of the later expeditions. The man “having incautiously done some out-of-door work without mittens, his hands became frozen ; one of them was plunged into a basin of water in the cabin, and the intense cold of the hand instantly *froze the water*, instead of the water thawing the hand! Poor fellow! his hand required to be chopped off.” Dr. Kane also states that while walking, his beard and moustache became one solid mass of ice. “I inadvertently put out my tongue, and it instantly froze fast to my lip. This being nothing new, costing only a smart pull and a bleeding afterwards, I put up my mitten hands to ‘blow hot,’ and thaw the unruly member from its imprisonment. Instead of succeeding, my mitten was itself a mass of ice in a moment ; it fastened on the upper side of my tongue, and flattened it out like a batter-cake between the two discs of a hot griddle. It required all my care with my bare hands to release it, and then not without laceration.”

On the return of the second expedition to England, in 1827, Dr. Richardson resumed the duties of surgeon to the Royal Marines at Chatham, an appointment which had been given him on his return from the first expedition. In this employment he continued till 1838, when he was appointed physician to Haslar Hospital, and Inspector of Naval Hospitals and Fleets ; and in 1846 Dr. Richardson was created K.C.B., an honour none deserved more than he did ; besides having had degrees of several kinds conferred upon him, he was made a fellow of most of the great scientific bodies in Britain, on the

Continent, and in America. During these years of comparatively quiet life, Sir John Richardson published a number of works, mostly relating to and in connection with the natural history and topography of the arctic regions, besides adding appendices to the narratives of Parry, Ross, Back, and others.

In these quiet literary pursuits, Richardson no doubt thought the remainder of his life would pass. His old friend, however, Sir John Franklin, had been away on his last and fatal expedition for two years, and Richardson had laid himself under a pledge that if Franklin was not heard of in the course of a second period, he would not fail to come to seek him. It was not expected that the "Erebus" and "Terror" would return before 1847, nor was news expected of them much sooner; but when that year had nearly run its course without anything being heard of them, a melancholy interest and sympathy began to be excited for the missing expedition. The attention of Government was called to the necessity of searching for and conveying relief to them, in case of their being imprisoned in the ice, or wrecked, and in want of provisions and means of transport. For this purpose, a searching expedition was fitted out in the early part of 1848. Sir John Richardson, with willing zeal, joined this expedition; and in March, 1848, accompanied by Mr. Rae, he sailed from Liverpool, once more bound to the icy shores of the north.

Richardson landed at New York, thence proceeded north to the head-waters of the Mackenzie, where their search was to commence. They went eastward, by Cape Bathurst and Cape Parry, expecting to find open sea, as formerly, at Cape Krusenstern; but in this they were disappointed, as it was completely closed by pack-ice. They had arrived too late in the season to effect any extensive exploration of the coast. As nothing could now be done in this direction, the party had to return; and, after great labour and much suffering, they

succeeded in reaching Fort Confidence, at the Great Bear Lake, where the succeeding winter was passed, because from its nearness to the sea, and the supply of fish the lake afforded, it was the most convenient station they could find. Other expeditions were now in search for Franklin, and Richardson returned home in 1849, leaving Mr. Rae to continue the search, which was carried on by him for two years longer, but was ultimately unsuccessful.

For some years after this Sir John Richardson continued to superintend at Haslar, busying himself also in publishing the accounts and scientific observations of his last expedition; and after forty-eight years of active labour in the service of his country, he resigned his appointments in 1855. The last ten years of his life he resided at Grasmere, in suitable repose after his arduous life, to the end showing a cheerful and active disposition, and in June, 1865, passed away in peace and quiet, having been, during his long career, one of the most amiable and useful men of the present century. He died at the ripe age of seventy-seven—a long life, considering the risks which he had undergone, and the cold, hunger and hardships which he had repeatedly endured.





## GENERAL GARIBALDI

[Patriot].

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THE General was born at Nice in 1807, his family having resided in that port for a considerable period. They have principally devoted themselves to the maritime profession, for which the subject of this memoir, at one time, also displayed a decided liking.

The liberty his mother allowed him from an early age gained him a precocious knowledge of mankind, and to that he owed, in a great measure, his success in life. Garibaldi derived from the same source that physical energy and moral force which always have distinguished him in such an eminent degree. But he is also indebted to it for his love of independence, his invincible thirst for daring adventures, and his intense admiration for the ocean—a true image of liberty. Another feeling equally warm in him, and which explains many actions of his life, is his propensity to take the part of the weak against the strong, whenever justice, as is generally the case, is on the side of the former. The passion for equity—the attribute of chosen minds—Garibaldi has felt from his earliest years.

When Garibaldi was of age to begin his studies, he displayed a general aptitude for the several branches of human knowledge, but he chiefly excelled in algebra and geometry; and this constant application to the exact sciences in a youth

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naturally impetuous is a contrast worthy of notice. But so soon as his studies were terminated, Nature re-asserted her rights. A feverish activity tormented the lad, and he might be often seen wandering along the beach, only stopping to gaze with delight on the collecting storm, which finally burst with a crash. It was an emblem of the future condition of the Fatherland.

When only thirteen years of age, Garibaldi furnished the first instance of his intrepidity. Some of his companions, who were sailing in a pleasure-boat between Nice and Villafranca, were surprised by a squall, and in danger of losing their lives, when he, braving all dangers, swam out to them and saved them.

The following years were spent by him in mercantile voyages in the Levant and Black Sea. Commercial interests also caused him to visit several Italian ports. On one occasion, while his vessel was lying in ballast at Civita Vecchia, the young sailor obtained leave to visit Rome. From that moment his true vocation was decided. Still, up to twenty-six, Garibaldi's political sentiments exercised no influence over his fortunes. Continuing peacefully the profession he had embraced, he enjoyed an excellent reputation both for nautical skill and commercial acquirements.

But the time had arrived when a great change took place in our hero's career. On the accession of Charles Albert to the throne of Sardinia in 1831, a conspiracy was formed, under the guidance of Mazzini, in which Garibaldi took a share. But the conspiracy failed, and Garibaldi fled. Disguised as a peasant, and proceeding along the most inaccessible mountain paths, he succeeded in reaching Nice, where a friend, M. Gaume, concealed him for a time, and conveyed him across the Var in the dress of one of his farmers. So soon as he had crossed the French frontiers, he proceeded to

Marseilles, where he obtained employment as captain of a French vessel trading with the Levant. While performing his duties to the entire satisfaction of the owner, he had the opportunity to save the life of a young man who was drowning, at imminent peril to himself. The family of the saved man, one of the first in the place, offered Garibaldi many rich presents as a reward for his gallant action, but he merely replied that he had done his duty, and obstinately refused them all.

Still the sight of Rome, and the struggles against Austrian and clerical despotism had not revealed to our hero in vain his true vocation; whatever his fitness for the profession to which he had returned might be, the love of adventure was re-kindled. Hence, once more resigning his prosaic and mercantile occupation, Garibaldi set sail in an Egyptian corvette, and went to offer his services to the Bey of Tunis. We can easily understand that the Bey required no inducement to accept the services of a man of such calibre, and Garibaldi became an officer in the Barbary fleet. But instead of daring adventures, he only found sloth, supineness, and peculation; and he soon looked about for something better suited to his energies.

In 1836 the General proceeded to South America. While stopping at Santa Cruz, he met Livio Zambeceari, another generous exile—two brothers destined to meet, sooner or later, on the battle-field, at the first cry their country uttered to summon its children to arms. When the time arrived, both were faithful to their oath.

At Rio Janeiro he purchased a small vessel, in which he carried on a coasting trade between Rio and Cabo Frio. This humble employment, which lasted nine months, was carried on with his usual intelligence and activity, but disappointments and regrets continued to prey on him. The state of his mind was revealed in the following passage from a letter he wrote in

1836 to an intimate friend : "As for myself, I can only say that fortune does not smile on my undertakings. What principally grieves me, however, is the consciousness that I am doing nothing for the future progress of our cause. I am wearied, by Heaven, of dragging on an existence so useless to our country, so long as I am compelled to devote my energies to this wretched trade. \* \* \* \* Be assured that we are destined for better things; we are here out of our element."

In the Bay of Rio, Garibaldi, at the risk of his life, saved for a second time a drowning man. A negro had fallen overboard; the wind was high, and as it drove the vessels against each other, rendered any attempt to save him extremely dangerous; but the courageous man was no sooner informed of the accident than he plunged into the raging waves, and tore the poor black from their embrace.

At the commencement of 1837 some Italians brought prisoners to Rio, as leaders of a Republican movement in the province of Rio Grande, decided their countryman on voluntarily joining the insurgents with his vessel and crew. There was no necessity to urge him, for so soon as the plan was suggested to him the intrepid Garibaldi hastened to offer his services to the general of the insurgents. The offer was accepted with great joy, and Garibaldi's small vessel was secretly equipped for fighting. It had scarce left the waters of Rio Janeiro ere he hoisted the flag of the young Republic.

Garibaldi was now in his real element. His first feat was the capture of a Brazilian barque of considerable tonnage; but his second adventure all but cost him his life. Believing Monte Video to be favourable to the new Republic, he cast anchor before its walls. A gun-boat, sent to dislodge him, caused this illusion to be terribly dissipated; shots were fired, and one of them piercing Garibaldi's neck, lodged just under his ear, and stretched him senseless on the deck. His

alarmed followers, taking advantage of a favourable wind, set all sail, and sought a refuge in the harbour of Gualegay. But the Republican flag was not recognised here any more than it had been at Monte Video ; the vessel was seized, and the crew thrown pell-mell into prison.

Garibaldi was dying, but such kindly attention was shown him that he at length slowly recovered. He was offered his liberty, on parole, which he accepted on certain conditions, and went to live with a Spanish family, who tended him with brotherly affection. But this pleasant change lasted only a short time. One night the captive received certain information that the authorities of the country, despite their promise to allow him to enjoy a quasi-liberty at Gualegay, intended to transfer him the next day to Bajada, where he would be closely imprisoned. He had by this time recovered his entire strength and energy, while the violation of the compact he had signed, made him consider himself disengaged from all ulterior obligations. A few hours later he escaped. But he had no compass, and was unacquainted with the country. He wandered about for two days without food and shelter, seeking in vain for a safe direction in which to proceed. Exhausted and dying of fatigue and hunger, at the end of this period he was tracked, seized, and carried back to Gualegay.

The authorities took an atrocious revenge for his evasion. Before sending him to Bajada, the intrepid and haughty warrior was ignobly suspended by the hands for two hours ; and, to add humiliation to the suffering, the torture was performed in the presence of the crowd assembled at the gates of the prison. For a lengthened period one of the sufferer's arms remained useless to him, and even to the present day the General bears traces of this barbarous treatment. After some months of imprisonment, as painful as it formerly had been gentle, the prisoner learned that he was free. He had no trial,

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and none of his protests were heeded ; he quitted the prison, not knowing by whom or why he had been incarcerated.

At Rio Grande, whose cause had been the subject to him of so much suffering, Garibaldi was warmly received. He was immediately invested with the command of the paltry naval force, if such a name can be given to two or three wretched coasters, armed with a few popguns. The lilliputian fleet was anchored in the Lagos dos Patos ; Garibaldi hurriedly augmented it by means of the vessels in the harbour, which he manned with Italian refugees, who were exercised in naval manœuvres and a new system of boarding the enemy. These Italians were infected with the intrepidity of their chief. Surprised at Camacam by a hundred and twenty men, Garibaldi, with only eleven followers, rushed on the enemy, routed them, and remained master of the field ; and he replied to the congratulations of the townsmen of Rio Grande, that "he did not deserve them, for one freeman is sufficient to destroy ten slaves."

One day he said to a handful of his brave men, "We must get in there," pointing to the enemy's fortress at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The words were enough. His companions followed him at full speed, penetrated into the embrasures, and had not the native troops hesitated to support them, they must have captured the fort. Being at length attacked by an imperial brig, he had great difficulty in getting back to Laguna.

It was here that, taking advantage of a momentary respite, he satisfied the desire of his heart by marrying a young lady of Laguna, Annita, who became the inseparable companion of all his dangers, the gentle and mournful reminiscence of his life. Dark, like the tropical creoles, graceful, active, and with eyes full of ardour, and an undaunted courage, she was worthy of Garibaldi and the glorious sympathy which has attached to

her memory among all the people of Italy. The nuptial hymns were the songs of battle and the noise of cannon, for the Imperial fleet had entered the port of Laguna to suppress the rebellion. Annita went on board her husband's vessel, and the contest was obstinate. Seeing the impossibility of victory, Garibaldi provided for the safety of his followers, remaining alone in presence of the enemy; he at last jumped into a boat with Annita, and gained the shore amid the shouts of the townsmen, while his vessel, fired by his own hand, blew up and severely damaged the Brazilian fleet. Of twelve officers who had been engaged, Garibaldi was the only one who survived.

On a subsequent occasion Garibaldi was less fortunate. The Brazilians forced the entrance of the Lagos dos Patos, where the Rio Grande fleet was anchored, and confiding in their great numerical superiority and heavy broadsides, expected an easy prey. But Garibaldi was not at all disposed to surrender; though his wife lay motionless before him, he responded with great spirit to the enemy's heavy cannonade. But, being soon convinced that resistance was hopeless, he ordered his crews to land, blew up his magazines, and reached the shore by swimming. Soon after we find Garibaldi at the head of his sailors, whom he organised as a land force, thus laying the basis of his future renown in guerilla warfare. From this moment, and according to circumstances, Garibaldi was either a guerilla or admiral of a fleet, though ever bold and invincible. His devoted and intrepid Annita accompanied him in all his dangerous expeditions. It is said that, during the confusion of an unexpected engagement, Madame Garibaldi was taken prisoner by the Brazilians. Roused to a pitch of madness by the rumour that her husband was killed, she contrived to escape during the night, and, rushing to the battlefield, eagerly sought among the dying and dead for the remains

of the man she loved. At length persuaded that her fears were unfounded, she continued her flight, and had the happiness of rejoining her husband after two days.

The constancy and devotedness of her affection have invested the name of Annita Garibaldi and her lamentable fate with an interest granted to few of the sublime heroines of love. The claims of maternity had not the power to tear Annita from her husband's side. Carrying their new-born son in her arms, she faced death, braved dangers, and supported privations with a joyful heart. So long as she was not menaced with a cruel separation no complaint was ever heard to pass her lips. To be with her husband and serve the cause of liberty—in these two blessings the whole existence of this noble woman was concentrated.

A short time after the birth of his son, Garibaldi resolved on quitting Rio Grande, for a war of principles had degenerated into a conflict of personal ambition. This was far from being his ideal of Republicanism ; his arm was not formed to serve private interests. So soon as the project was decided on, the Guerillero embarked for Monte Video. His disinterestedness had reduced him to such a state of poverty that on reaching his destination he was obliged to look out for some mode of procuring bread for his family. He succeeded in this by giving lessons in geometry and algebra in one of the principal schools of the town ; but the situation of the country would not allow him to adhere long to such distasteful employment.

Some time subsequent to this, and during his pursuit by the Austrians, he had the misfortune to lose his beloved wife, Annita. Garibaldi, his wife, and an officer sincerely attached to him, had to fly from the enemy ; and after a short rest in a peasant's cottage, changed their dress, entered a neighbouring wood, and proceeded in the direction of Ravenna. But the

unhappy Annita had suffered too greatly from her rude trials by land and sea, often wanting food and sleep, and her powers of endurance were exhausted. The rare love she had for her husband, her devotion to the cause of the people—even more rare in women—had hitherto sustained her, and rendered her almost insensible to pain and the sufferings inherent in her condition; but the uncertain fate of so many companions, whose perils and glory she had shared, the prospect of a wretched future for her husband and children had crushed her vigour, destroyed her strength, and she was reduced to extremities.

The three fugitives wandered for two days from forest to forest, with the design of finding a refuge at Ravenna. The peasants aided them to hide, and at times, what seems almost incredible, the police kindly offered them assistance when they did not act as their guides. All this aid was not too much; for the Austrians, having learned the route and landing of the Garibaldians, were searching the country in every direction to chase them like wild beasts. On the third day the fugitives, still pre-occupied with their escape from the enemy, had scarce commenced their flight than Annita made a sign to stop, and she almost fell to the ground, so utterly was she exhausted.

Garibaldi and his comrade hastened to support her and bear her to a neighbouring farm, where they hoped to find food and means to carry her to a place of security. But, on arriving there, they learned from some sailors that the Austrians were close on their track, and they were forced to retreat at full speed. Fortunately, a noble-minded man supplied a phæton, with which the flight was continued during several hours. Towards evening the three fugitives had arrived at a cheese-farm at no great distance from Ravenna, the property of the Marquis Guiccioli, where the ill-fated

Annita fainted. They stopped at once, and went to ask asylum and help at the nearest spot. Garibaldi took his precious burden in his arms, carried the sick woman to a small bed piously offered by the good rustics, whom noble sentiments of humanity caused to forget the ferocious menaces of the Austrian Proconsul, and, after having asked for a draught, with which her husband tried to refresh her parched lips, she expired—victim of conjugal affection and marvellous zeal for the cause of the people.

This unexpected loss struck Garibaldi with stupor, and if he did not shed a tear upon his wife's corpse, it was because, hardened by misfortune, by a long exile, and the woes his country suffered, the sources of tears were dried up; still, the pallor which has covered his face since that catastrophe remains as an indelible testimony of the grief he suffered. The fear of compromising the honest farmers who, were he surprised in their houses by the Austrians, would have suffered dearly for the hospitality they granted, decided Garibaldi on departing so soon as, with his comrade's help, he had given a humble burial to his wife's body in an adjoining field.

The pity and respect of the poor farmers who had granted an asylum to the dying Annita induced them to keep her burying-place a secret till better times. This was the desire of her unhappy husband, and it was to their advantage too, though they did not take that into consideration. Unhappily, the instinct of a favourite dog of the deceased rendered all precautions futile. The poor brute, seeking its mistress, scratched up the soil in which she was buried to such an extent that attention was attracted, and the mystery discovered. With the Austrians, hatred is not extinguished even in presence of a tomb; and the pious persons who had accomplished a deed of humanity paid with imprisonment for the crime of sheltering rebels.

After the death of his beloved Annita, Garibaldi had not even the sorrowful consolation of indulging in his grief, for the country was still occupied by the Austrians, and his own safety compelled him to take the greatest precautions. Frequently hidden for several days in succession beneath hospitable roofs, whose owners braved all dangers to offer him assistance; at other times concealed in woods and caves during the day, and only continuing his journey by night, he at length reached Ravenna, where he passed some days in the house of a sure friend. Then pursuing his troubled wanderings, he succeeded in reaching Tuscany safe and sound. Setting out thence in a fishing-boat, he landed at Porto Veneres, a small sea-port in the Sardinian States, on the Gulf of Genoa.

The General's painful pilgrimage had lasted thirty-five days. During all this time, Garibaldi, frequently passing through the middle of the Austrians, was ever saved from the dangers he incurred by the ingenious devotion of truly Italian hearts. Reduced to the melancholy condition of having frequently nothing to eat but the wild fruit he plucked in the forest, he could not evince his gratitude as he could have desired; but he delivered a certificate for each act of kindness done him, and these precious documents are at the present day so many patents of nobility for the families who merited them.

The excitement of the popular mind caused great disturbances to the Sardinian Government, who feared to encourage it, lest they might be carried further than they wished to go. They were alarmed at the spread of the Red Republicans, and supposing that Garibaldi, owing to his recent relations with Mazzini, was strongly imbued with them, they saw with great displeasure his residence in Sardinia. In spite of an order of the day, issued by the Chamber of Deputies, to the effect that any intimidation to send him away would be a violation of the Constitution, after a few weeks devoted to his country, during

which the intrepid patriot visited his mother and children at Nice, he was advised to make preparations for his departure. Garibaldi obeyed without a murmur. He refused all offers of pecuniary assistance made him, and determined to fall back once again on his own resources. He was soon seen at Tangiers and other sea-ports, as actively engaged as if the days of Monte Video and Rome had never glittered; but employment presently failed him in the mercantile marine. While waiting for new employment to offer itself, let us see what a courageous resolution is capable of.

In 1850, in one of the least frequented streets of New York, by the side of a small candle-factory, was a tobacconist's shop, kept by a Genoese of about forty-three years of age, handsome, tall, with a noble face and lofty language. It was Joseph Garibaldi, formerly General, Chief of a Government, Minister of War—who now sold cigars to support himself in the land of exile. At this period, one of Garibaldi's friends, an officer in the Genoese navy, arrived at New York, and his first visit was to the illustrious captain. He found him with his shirt sleeves tucked up, engaged in a corner of his shop in dipping wicks attached to short canes in a pan of boiling tallow. "I am happy to see you," he said, "and I should like to shake your hand, but mind the tallow! You have arrived at a capital moment; I have just solved a nautical problem, which has bothered me for a long time;" and after giving the formula and solution of his problem, he added: "How droll it is that I found it at the bottom of this well of tallow! No matter! I am growing weary of this trade; I have a longing to go to sea once more, and we shall meet again."

A short time later, and Garibaldi proceeded to Peru. The Italians, Genoese, and Nizzards, above all, are very numerous at Lima. At the period of our narrative about one hundred emigrants were collected there, who had fought in 1849 with

Garibaldi's free corps. All these Italians were excited when they heard that their illustrious countryman was about to land at Callao, a port connected with Lima by a railway. A deputation proceeded in their name to receive Garibaldi on the mole, and conducted him in triumph to Lima. The General still wore his long hair and beard, a broad-brimmed felt hat, and a short maroon-coloured tunic, fastened round the waist by means of a leathern girdle. When the procession passed through the Espaderos Street, it was welcomed by shouts of joy and energetic *vivas*. Garibaldi, whose gentle face contrasted with his martial garb, received their manifestations of sympathetic enthusiasm with admirable modesty.

Many writers have stated that Garibaldi, during his stay in South America, from 1852 to 1854, commanded the Peruvian army, and gained many victories; but recent facts do not bear this out.

But in the year 1860 the most triumphant and momentous enterprise of his marvellous career was accomplished. The chief result of the peace of Villafranca, by which the Italian War of 1859 was brought to an abrupt and unsatisfactory termination, was the immediate resumption by the Italian people of the revolutionary and progressive responsibilities which, during the campaign, had been vested by the nation in the Government of Sardinia. Thus, early in 1860, insurrectionary disturbances broke out in Palermo, and although speedily quelled in the city by the great numerical strength of the Neapolitan garrison, they were constantly repeated throughout the interior of the island, where the insurgents were full of elation and daring, in consequence of Garibaldi having transmitted to them the assurance that he would speedily appear himself to head their struggle. In fulfilment of this promise he assembled at Genoa a volunteer force of 1,070 patriots, and on the 5th of May set sail for the island of Sicily. On the 11th, his two

small transport steamers having reached Marsala in safety, the landing of his followers was successfully effected in sight, and partially under fire, of the Neapolitan fleet. On the 15th, in the battle of Calatafimi, 3,600 Neapolitan troops were routed by Garibaldi's small force, and to this opening victory may be largely attributed the subsequent success of the entire expedition. It at once cleared the way to Palermo, and inspired Garibaldi's soldiers with irresistible confidence. On the 18th of the same month, Garibaldi and his little army of heroes occupied the heights which command Palermo, and after a desperate conflict with the Royalist troops, fought his way into that unhappy city, which for several subsequent days had to sustain a ruthless bombardment from the united fire of the Neapolitan garrison and fleet.

The intervention of the British fleet, seconded by the isolated and destitute condition of the garrison shut up in the forts, induced the Neapolitan general to capitulate; and on his departure with his troops, Garibaldi remained in undisputed possession of the city and strongholds of Palermo. His first public enactment was the universal armament of the citizens. On the 20th of July, at the head of 2,500 men, he gave battle at Melazzo to 7,000 Neapolitans, who were completely defeated and compelled to evacuate the fortress. On the 25th, the Neapolitans were driven back into Messina, where Garibaldi made his triumphal entry on the 27th, the mutinous garrison, terrified at his approach, having compelled their general to submit.

Towards the middle of August, Garibaldi made a descent on Calabria, and was immediately joined by large bodies of volunteers from all directions, by whom he was accompanied on his memorable and eventful march to Naples. On the 5th of September, the General's army, which then amounted to 30,000 men, occupied Salerno, on the withdrawal of the

Royalists ; and on the 7th, amidst the frenzied enthusiasm of the inhabitants, he entered Naples, with only one or two friends, to prove to Europe that his advent was that of a welcome liberator, and not of a terror-inspiring conqueror. Before the close of the month, Garibaldi had enacted several judicious public reforms, calculated to increase the popularity of the Sardinian Government, of which he was the declared representative, although for a brief space he accepted the title and powers of Dictator.

On the 1st of October his military duties became again paramount, as the Royalist troops, numbering 15,000 men, came forth from Capua, and attacked fiercely the whole line of the Garibaldians, spread along the Volturno. For some hours a terrible suspense reigned, and more than once it seemed as if success were about to desert the patriots at the last moment ; but finally the Royalists were driven back to Capua in disorder, and Garibaldi announced the result in his famous telegram—"Complete victory along the entire line."

This was Garibaldi's last triumph in that struggle ; Victor Emmanuel, having resumed the command of his army, crossed the Papal frontier, routed the troops under Lamoricière, and passed on into the kingdom of Naples, where he was met by Garibaldi, who immediately relinquished into his Sovereign's hands the unconditional disposal of the Southern Volunteer Army, and the absolute sway over the Neapolitan provinces.

In the spring of 1864 the General visited England, and was honoured with a banquet by the Lord Mayor and the City of London. His sudden departure led to a good deal of public discussion, and the Government of this country was compelled by public opinion to explain why it advised this course.

The year 1867 was a disastrous year for Garibaldi. He then openly organised an invasion of the States of the Church, to complete the unification of Italy, but was made prisoner,

and afterwards allowed to return to Caprera, in the neighbourhood of which a man-of-war was stationed to prevent his escape. He did escape, however, only to be speedily defeated by the Pontifical, reinforced by French, troops. Again he retired to his island home, which he left to fight for the French Republic in 1870. He was nominated to the command of the irregular forces in the Vosges, and performed the best services in the field during the memorable Franco-Prussian war.

In 1871 Garibaldi was returned a deputy to the French National Assembly for Paris, but declined to sit, and returned to Caprera. He entered the Italian Parliament in 1875.

We close our notice of this devoted patriot's startling yet single-minded career with a quotation from Shakspere on a great patriotic nature, which may with equal truth be applied to Garibaldi :—

“ What is it that you would impart to me ?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye and death in the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently ;  
For let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.”





## THE REV. WILLIAM ROGERS [OBITUARY.]

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True education is the formation and training of the mind. A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which, she told him, was then four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very smile that gleams over an infant's cheek, your opportunity begins." Now although opinion may differ upon infant education, yet it is generally conceded that you cannot commence too early to take the first or most important point of education.

Education does not begin with the alphabet. It begins with a mother, who with a flower's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproach, with a sunbeam's gentle pressure of the hand, or a mother's rebuke of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers to cover beds, or hills and daisy meadows with birds' nests collected from the woods, with creeping vines and almost imperceptible embers with humming bees and glass beehives; with pleasant walks in sunny lanes, and with thoughts directed to every art, kindly tones and words to nature, to beauty, to truth, to reverence, to seeds of virtue and to the source of all good and mankind.

The true object of education is to give children resources which, as long as life endures, shall be their shield, their strength, a protection that will render sickness tolerable,



solitude pleasant, age venerable, and life more dignified and useful. A father inquires whether his boy can construe Homer, if he understands Horace, and can appreciate Virgil ; but how seldom does he ask or examine, or think whether he can restrain his passions ; whether he is grateful, generous, humane, compassionate, just, and benevolent.

“ ‘Tis education forms the common mind.  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.’ ”

The management and organisation of a great school is a great trial, and few there be who are capable of carrying it on with success and satisfaction ; as Dr. Arnold has observed, “ it never can present images of rest and peace.” Yet the occupation of a schoolmaster is a glorious one, vivifying and self-sustaining in its nature, to struggle with ignorance, and discover to the inquiring minds of the masses the clear cerulean blue of heavenly truth. When, as in the case of the Rev. William Rogers, we find a clergyman devoting himself to the great task of organising schools for the education of the poor, well, then we cannot but exclaim, “ Well done, thou good and faithful servant.” The subject of this sketch has made himself an imperishable name in the cause of education, not only as a theoriser, but as a thorough practical schoolmaster, living and dwelling, as much as his clerical duties will permit, in the atmosphere of large common schools, and raising the little waifs and strays out of their demoralisation to the end of all learning, which, as Milton defines, is to “ Know God, and out of that knowledge to love Him, and to imitate Him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.” On the other hand, learning, like money, may be of so base a coin as to be utterly void of use ; or, if sterling, may require good management to make it serve the purposes of sense or happiness. This must have animated the mind of Mr. Rogers in

additional cause among the poor, for the schools he  
shows the light of his scholastic genius upon have be-  
-nected schools, and have been imitated throughout the  
-world.

the possession of learning is well illustrated in the following fable.—There was once, in a certain part of India, such a voluminous library, that 2,000 camels were requisite for its transport, and one ass to carry. The king sent a heap of learning him to furnish him with a to work, and in twenty encyclopaedia, which a camel. But the minister even patience enough to read. Brahmins began, therefore, cargoes to so small a substance, that a single ass marched away with it in comfort. But the king's desire for reading had increased with age, and his servants wrote at last upon a parchment.—“The possession of all science consists in the love and action. Three expressions contain the history of mankind—they were born, they suffered, they died. Love only what is good and practise what you love. Believe only what is true. Let it not mention all that which you believe.”

How empty learning, and how vain is art  
But as it moulds the life and guides the heart.

It is hard to say whether primary, secondary, or more advanced education owes most to his zeal and perseverance. He founded the elementary schools of St. Thomas, Charterhouse, and Golden Lane, winning thereby the warm sympathy of the late Prince Consort; later, he directed his attention

towards providing sound instruction for the children of the middle classes in London and its suburbs, and as chairman of the Governors of Dulwich College, he has helped to develop the resources of a rich foundation, and has secured its application to the promotion of efficient schools, both for the middle and upper classes.

The Rev. William Rogers was born in London, in 1819, being the son of William Lorance Rogers, the distinguished Police Magistrate. He was educated at Eton under Dr. Hawtrey, where he remained eight years, gaining a high position both in the school and on the river. At the age of eighteen, he entered Baliol College. Among his contemporaries were the Rev. B. Jowett, Lords Londonderry and Falmouth, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Arthur Hobhouse, and other distinguished men, who have remained his firm friends through life. Though his name does not figure in the class list, he was not unknown among his fellow students in the various events of a college life. He rowed from Westminster to Putney in the University Eight.

Having graduated at Oxford, he went to Durham for a time to study theology ; and in 1843 was ordained to the curacy of Fulham by Bishop Blomfield. He is said to have formed from the hint of a tradesman of Fulham his first notions of what should be the character of a National School, on which he subsequently acted.

In 1845 he was placed in charge of the very poor district of St. Thomas, Charterhouse, which included Golden Lane, Whitecross Street, and the densely populated courts composing that neighbourhood, a district fully described in his "Letter to Lord John Russell." Here was work to test the zeal of the most devoted clergyman. The parish was inhabited by the lowest classes of the metropolis, costermongers and labourers, fortunetellers and thieves. No schools worthy

of the name existed, and Mr. Rogers, feeling that the prevailing vice was mainly the result of ignorance, went to the root of the matter, and without overlooking the adults, directed the chief of his energies to the training of the children. Having come under the notice of Lords Lansdowne and Russell, he was enabled with their co-operation, and the help of many generous friends, to raise the schools of St. Thomas, Charterhouse, and Golden Lane, which, beginning in an abandoned blacksmith's shed, contained at one period, in the day, the evening, and the Sunday schools,—upwards of 4,000 pupils ; and which have been a model for all subsequent schools, whether established under the Board or by voluntary effort. The scholars attending them were composed of different grades—from the middle classes to the lowest street wanderers ; notably of the children of the costermongers, with whom the schools were very popular. Mr. Rogers was the first to set up the ladder from the gutter to the university, so appositely sketched by Professor Huxley. The schools of Golden Lane were opened by the Prince Consort ; and the event was remarkable as being the earliest public appearance of the Prince of Wales, who accompanied his father.

Mr. Rogers was recommended by the Prince Consort to a seat on the Education Commission, established in 1858. It consisted of the Duke of Newcastle as president, Sir John Coleridge, Golding Smith, and other eminent members. Their report was published in 1861. The last public event in which he was concerned at St. Thomas, Charterhouse, was his taking the school children, by invitation of the Queen, to Windsor Castle, where they were paraded before Her Majesty.

In 1863 the Bishop of London (Tait) presented Mr. Rogers to the Rectory of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, which furnished him with a wider sphere of usefulness, and urged him to increased efforts in educational work. The experience he had

gained at St. Thomas, Charterhouse, he now brought to bear on the citizens, and through the liberality of the City companies, merchants, and bankers, fifty of whom contributed £1,000 each, he was enabled to found the Middle Class Schools Corporation, with its great central school in Cowper Street, Finsbury, where upwards of 1,200 boys, the sons of clerks, tradesmen, and the middle classes, are receiving a sound practical education, preparing them for the business of life.

But whilst devoting himself to this work he did not neglect the parish of St. Botolph. Unlike many of the City clergy he lives in his rectory in the midst of his people; and his geniality and tact have brought into agreement many discordant elements previously existing among them. His parishioners are a united body, holding their Rector in great respect. Under his guidance and control Bishopsgate has assumed a high position among the parishes of London, the schools have been thoroughly remodelled and made real ward schools, furnishing in several departments excellent instruction for all classes in the ward, the middle class girls' school, with its four hundred scholars forming a prominent feature; the church has been beautified and completely restored; and, above all, the churchyard has been converted from a dank, unwholesome spot into a pleasant garden, which is an ornament to the City of London. At the first election of the London School Board, Mr. Rogers was chosen one of the representatives for the City, and stood at the head of the poll. As a mark of their great esteem, his supporters defrayed the whole expenses of the election. In laying down the lines of their future policy he gave much assistance to the Board, but his numerous engagements prevented him from applying himself so closely to the business as was desirable, and he did not seek re-election.

In 1858, Mr. Rogers succeeded the Duke of Wellington as chairman of the Governors of Dulwich College. The task imposed on him here is of a more difficult, and perhaps less congenial nature. But he is endeavouring to carry out his responsibilities with integrity, and with a due sense of their importance.

Mr. Rogers is a Prebendary of St. Paul's, Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, and Secretary of the London Institution.









## HARRISON WEIR

[ANIMAL PAINTER].

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THE void left by the death of Sir Edwin Landseer has been worthily filled by the subject of this sketch. But there is this difference between the two artists—one devoted his brush to painting great works for the picture galleries of the aristocracy, the other has devoted his genius for the delight and edification of the million. Now of the two artists who have made animal painting their especial pursuit, commend us to Harrison Weir, and for the simple reason that larger results have been attained by him. Let us not be misunderstood in this; from an artistic point of view, Sir Edwin's pictures stand unrivalled, and will serve as models of art for ever; but then so much of their moral value is lost by their being in the possession of some lord or connoisseur, and therefore they can give pleasure but to few. True, they are engraved from, yet they are sold at a price which make them unavailable to the people. But the graphic works of Harrison Weir come to us in most of our weekly magazines, and he has a household welcome, because he is the painter who does so much for the happiness of home and the education of our children, in the interesting traits connected with animal history.

The numerous juvenile magazines are kept alive by his genius. Through his genius the best feelings of our children are developed towards dumb animals, and he has presented

them as in the most adorable manner that old and young, all the world over, are taught to be their loving friends. Then how interesting the great need seems that Mr. Weir is doing by offering so liberally the cheap literature of the day; and what a loss it would be to society if he hid his talents under a basket by shutting himself up in his studio and painting a picture for the gratification merely of some wealthy man and his friends. Whether in art or literature, it is he that devotes his genius for the universal good deserves the most honour.

"By their works ye shall know them" is a Scripture maxim, but to apply it to temporal affairs all must accord to Mr. Weir the well-earned title of being the "animals' friend," for has he not laboured more assiduously to bring before us the beautiful traits and instincts that all animals more or less have, if we would only take the pains to make better acquaintance with them, and removed from our minds many vulgar errors that we have fostered towards them.

We have often watched the effect of his pictures upon the family circle. We have seen tears of pity shed over some affectionate animal, as well as smiles of delight at the comic traits of others. And in teaching kindness to animals it is sure to develop in us more kindness towards each other. *Animals* in the States, won't teach the human heart; it makes no difference whatever is given; it finds its way into hidden chambers of the heart and brings forth golden treasures. Harshness, on the contrary, seals them up for ever. Kindness is the true law of life—the link that connects earth with heaven. That would not be *right*; phase of it it must be to be kind to those creatures who cannot express their sufferings to us, and who are often in misery. A word of kindness is a seed which, when sown by chance, springs up; a flower. And we beg to call your special attention of our young readers the vast importance of kindness to animals, and they will reward you by

showing you how happy you have made them. The inevitable shortness—for they are not, like you, to live the immortal life—of their existence should plead for them touchingly. The insects on the surface of the water, poor ephemeral things, who would needlessly abridge their dancing pleasure of to-day? Such feelings we should have towards the whole of animate nature; and such feelings we are taught to observe by the study of Harrison Weir's delightful pictures. Cowper's lines, well-known as they are, we cannot forbear quoting, for they cannot be read too often:—

“ I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
That crawls at evening in the public path;  
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.”

It has been said that the three indispensables of genius are understanding, feeling, and perseverance. Now what is seen cannot be denied; therefore, we affirm that Harrison Weir has all these attributes, and we point to his thousand pictures as a proof of it, notably those in “Chatterbox,” “Children's Friend,” “British Workman,” “Band of Hope,” and other works for the young. The amount of work his pencil turns out through the year is something marvellous, when we consider its excellence, and when it is known that for more than twenty years he has never been a day without pain, and oft-times of the most excruciating kind, and is now a confined invalid. Here it is before us, for hardly a book or magazine for the young can we look at but has one or more of his genial pictures connected with animal life, from a mouse

to an elephant—from the swallow, twittering in the straw-built shed, to the soaring eagle. But the artist must love the thing he draws, or his pictures would not afford us that delight which they do ; there is nothing conventional about them, they are life-like portraits, and no doubt most of the animals have sat for them.

What happiness among the animal creation there must be at Weirleigh, the residence of our popular animal painter ! We are told that he entertains quite a menagerie of domestic animals, and that they have all learned to love and obey him ; and has he not often and often given us the inimitable portraits of his cats, dogs, fowls, ravens, birds and horses ? And what a beautiful collection they make, and the variety of wholesome lessons they teach the young lords of creation who have dominion over them !

Like many other great men, there is but little known of Mr. Weir, except through his works—no one less, indeed ; and it seems as if that modesty which is always allied with true genius prevented him to make his life in any way known to the public. But the little of his private life that we have gathered, we are sure he will forgive us for publishing it.

Well, then, Harrison Weir was born at Lewes, in Sussex, May the 5th, 1824. His father held an appointment in a bank there, and he apprenticed his talented son to Mr. Baxter, the patentee of oil-colour printing, to learn the art ; but the youth very soon showed his genius for drawing, by making some striking sketches from nature of various animals, as well as landscapes. He was always partial to country life, and lost no opportunity in indulging his tastes.

Soon after the commencement of the “Illustrated London News” Harrison Weir used to make sketches for that paper, and continued to do so for a number of years, with remarkable success. He also became a Member of the New Society of

Painters in Water Colours, and was a constant exhibitor at their animal exhibitions. He is so good a judge of horses and dogs, pigeons and birds, that he has often been selected as umpire in deciding their respective merits at prize shows, and for nineteen consecutive years acted as judge at the great Birmingham Show.

He also originated the first Cat Show held in England, and these animals are now judged by the rules drawn up by him. This he instituted with the hope of making the cat have more kindness and attention given to it than heretofore.

We have just come across a fragment in an old number of a popular magazine which goes far to show the world-wide reputation of this famous artist :—In a letter to the Editor, all the way from Australia, comes the request, “Please give us the portrait of Harrison Weir—the Sir Edwin Landseer the second.”

Besides being the most popular of living animal painters, he is the best of friends. Friendship, with him, means more than a name—it is a sacred feeling, and neither lightly taken up nor put aside. He has an abhorrence of conventionalities, and likes men to stand in the native mould in which the Creator has made them, and not to lose their individualities in others. He is a frank, genial, outspoken man, and is ever ready to help a shipwrecked brother. The writer freely acknowledges numerous acts of kindness from him; he has a large and loving heart, which encloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden.





## JOHN HOPE SUTTON

[A man of means and reputation.]

"He that is diligent in his business, he shall not stand before a king, but he that is not, he shall stand before kings." Business is a dignified word, but as applied to the occupation of the great majority of men, the agriculturists, the manufacturers, the mechanics of every age, it denotes a field of usefulness and importance, the importance and the dignity of which could scarcely be overestimated. Of course more money-making—  
the追逐 of a great fortune, which often when obtained  
is but a curse—is a business native to exertion is  
not so dignified, and wherever it prevails wealth  
and luxury are often the only badge of true dignity on  
the part of the *bigamists* amongst her business-  
men. The *bigamists* are "merchant princes,"—  
the *bigamists* are "men of means,"—an insure view, honorable in all  
things, to the *bigamists*—and *bigamists* in their charities,  
and *bigamists* in their *bigamists*, are the very fountain of the  
*bigamists*—and *bigamists* are the pillars of national stability,  
and *bigamists* are the pillars of national wealth.

John Hope Sutton is the head and virtual  
representative of business probably the largest of its kind in  
the country, and among the most traders. His career has been a  
success, and a career remarkable for its success, and equally  
singular, as an example of that singleness of aim and high

moral and religious principle which constitute the essential elements of true greatness of character. Many incidents in his earlier years (remarks the Editor of "Hand and Heart") coming under the range of private life might be mentioned, illustrating the axiom that "the child is father to the man;" but in this paper we must observe the reticence due in the case of one who is happily still living amongst us, pursuing his benevolent and useful course. It must suffice to say that the love of botany and natural history developed itself during his school life; in play hours he gained a practical knowledge of copper-plate engraving and etching: and he gave full promise of that persevering industry which has issued in unusual business prosperity.

Leaving school in 1832, at the age of seventeen, the youth was promoted to a place in his father's counting house, although some of his father's friends strongly urged that he should be apprenticed to a London engraver. His father's business, located in Reading, was that of a miller and corn merchant, an offshoot being small dealings in agricultural seeds. Young Sutton was now an enthusiastic botanical student and a lover of floriculture for its own sake, and he was allowed to dabble at his own risk in the raising and selling of garden seeds, a branch which his father deemed too insignificant to form an integral part of the seed business. Consequently he was only able to pursue his purpose by rising early and sitting up late engaged in the study of gardening works. Holidays were devoted to the same objects. His funds were limited, and travelling facilities were not easily attainable, railways then having scarcely been invented, so that his excursions were generally on foot, extending to from thirty to forty miles a day. On one occasion he walked in three days to see Brown's Tulips at Slough, Ronald's at Brentford, and then, *via* Staines and Sunninghill, to see the

celebrated Nurseries at Knaphill and Bagshot, where the American plants were then in bloom. At the close of the third day he walked from Knaphill to Reading, twenty-one miles, during the night, and was at the post of business on the following morning. His sober ambition was to establish a nursery garden, and by-and-bye it was realised. A small plot of ground was secured, and it was not very long before a gorgeous tulip bed in connection with it became in the blooming season one of the local attractions of Reading.

In 1834, the quiet enterprise of the young man met its reward in the establishment of partnership relations with his father, under the firm of John Sutton and Son. Their nursery began to gain a repute; and at the time when dahlias were the fashionable rage in horticulture, their wonderful floral collection was referred to by Miss Milford in "*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*."

The increasing claims of business were not allowed to interfere with the more important cultivation of the mind. The habit of early rising gave opportunities for diligent study which were fully improved. Religious impressions at one period prompted Mr. Sutton to indulge a desire to give himself to the work of Foreign Missions, but influenced by the vicar of the parish he ultimately felt that the path of business was the path of duty. Few can doubt the wisdom of the decision. The man of business, ever recognising the higher claims of the Great Employer of all, and true in the highest sense—the Christian sense—to the interests of both worlds, moves in a circle and exerts an influence which is as distinctly missionary as that of the preacher in distant lands.

But Mr. Sutton has also filled a position of special importance in the sphere of Christian beneficence and activity. His liberality has grown with his prosperity; and our great religious societies and philanthropic institutions would bear

testimony that as he has "freely received" so he has as "freely given." Students at the Islington College, orphans at Bristol, the Sea-side Home at Ventnor, many missionary societies have found in him a generous friend. At home, too, in Reading, every philanthropic institution tending to promote the welfare of his fellow-townsmen has had his practical and bountiful support.

For many years Mr. Sutton has been practically identified with the Sunday School movement. Young men have also ever enjoyed his deepest sympathy and aid. The Reading Church of England Young Men's Society owes its origin principally to his efforts twenty-nine years ago, since which time he has filled the office of President. The Association now numbers three hundred members ; and in 1871, as a token of esteem and gratitude, the members presented him with a valuable piece of plate and an illuminated address. A lecture given before the Society, entitled "The Christian in the World ; his Path and his Guide," was afterwards published by request by Hamilton and Adams, and has now reached a third edition. It is one of the best gifts that can be placed in the hands of young men. The foundation truths of the Gospel are simply but clearly stated ; and the practical counsels based upon those truths as to the Christian's path in life are given with all the weight of Mr. Sutton's personal experience. Public Worship, Religious Controversy, Politics, Business, Marriage, Friendship, Conversation, Dress, Recreations and Amusements, Travelling,—these are the topics dealt with. The following extracts will best indicate the worth of this small but comprehensive volume :—

"BUSINESS HONESTY AND TRUTHFULNESS.

"By commercial transactions a man's *honesty and truthfulness* will be tried and tested, almost more than by any other occupation in life. These temptations may come upon him

very gradually. Archbishop Leighton has said:—‘Seldom will Satan come at first with a gross temptation. A large log and a candle may safely be left together. But bring a few shavings, and then some small sticks, and then some larger, and soon you may bring the green log to ashes.’ The apparent and immediate gains by a departure from literal truth, and by the adoption of ‘business customs,’ are great and sore temptations to the young Christian, and these temptations never entirely cease, because the more a man’s character is known for honesty, whether a servant or a merchant, the more will he be trusted with the interests of others, which if he were so disposed, he *might* the more easily sacrifice to his own aggrandisement.

#### “A SUNKEN ROCK.

“There is another ‘sunken rock’ to be guarded against. A thriving business will, like a well-managed ship, answer to the rudder, and the favourable winds that fill the sails, and it may become the idol of the tradesman’s heart; so that he who begun business from the laudable motive of providing for his family, and fulfilling his duties in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him, insensibly becomes one of Mammon’s most devoted worshippers, and lives as though his sole object in the world was to ‘buy and sell and get gain.’

#### “GIVING AWAY.

“And here let me say a few words as to the duty of ‘giving away.’ If it is incumbent on us to give away *at all*, it must be our duty to give *in accordance with our means* and liabilities or responsibilities, and it should be done by setting aside a proportion of one’s income ‘as God has prospered him.’ Not that every one should give a tenth: a man with a large family and an income barely sufficient to make both ends meet, might perhaps find a smaller proportion all he could spare, while another without a family, or one with an income far exceeding

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his family requirements, should give more than a tenth. But let him decide year by year what percentage he will give away and *set it aside* for God's service, and he will find the luxury of having such a fund to go to when occasions arise.

"It would be a mistake, however, to presume that, having given to God's service such portion as he thinks right, the remainder of his property is absolutely his own ; he holds *all* as God's steward, and as such he spends some, gives away some, and carefully saves some for future requirements and opportunities of laying out.

#### "DRESS.

"Nothing is more indicative of the character of a young man than his dress. When we meet a man for the first time, or see him pass along the street, we involuntarily form our opinion of him, more or less, from his style of dressing. We conjecture that he is a 'fast young man' of the world, or a steady, quiet, plodding tradesman, or a professional man ; a thorough gentleman or a sloven, who is too lazy to attend to decency of dress. All these classes of persons are indicated more or less truly by their manner of dressing, and their dress is often the first thing that engages our observation. First impressions are lasting, and in many cases prove highly important to the interests of individuals."

The Temperance or Total Abstinence movement also found in Mr. Sutton an early and zealous friend. Although himself always physically weak, he adopted the practice when about thirty years of age, at a date when total abstinence brought no small amount of ridicule on its advocates. He has lived for many years to share in the honour which is now felt in the highest quarters to attach to the friends of temperance. His principal motive was simply to promote the welfare of the working classes ; and we may mention here, in connection with Temperance, that the Reading firm has built several British

Workmen public-houses, as well as a commodious hall in which religious services and meetings are constantly held.

Of the high esteem felt for Mr. Sutton by his employés it is needless to speak. Methodical, systematic and punctual himself, the example necessarily tells upon others; and whilst business qualifications are thus diligently cultivated, the recognition of a higher service rendered to the Highest Master is not forgotten. The business day begins, as it ever should begin, with the reading of the Word of God and prayer. There is of course no restraint; but the daily attendance of the young men shows the value they attach to the few minutes thus given to God.

But to return to the business growth of the Royal Berkshire Seed Establishment. It must not be supposed that "gains" have been secured without "pains." The members of the firm were ever on the watch for openings which would enable them to extend their business connection. The year of the Irish famine led to an extensive development of their trade in seeds. The "trial ground" at Reading was made the scene of constant experiments in plant culture, and Mr. Sutton was indefatigable in his efforts to improve those varieties of vegetables possessing the greatest economic value. The occupation was a congenial one, and he had the satisfaction of finding in it both pleasure and promise of high remuneration.

But probably among the causes which have sufficed in little more than a generation to raise an immense commercial fabric out of a business of ordinary dimensions, none has been more powerful than the crusade waged by Messrs. Sutton against seed adulteration. It is a matter of notoriety in the trade that the custom was to reduce the germinating quality of seeds by the introduction of withered, useless ones in a certain fixed proportion. The practice was not regarded as reprehensible, and seedsmen were ready to justify it by the casuistic

plea that "people always sowed too thickly, and if 70 or 75 per cent. were growing seeds no failure of crop or loss would be sustained." If a buyer really wanted the unadulterated article, he was obliged to stipulate for "net" seed, and in such case was called on to pay a higher price than the printed list quotation. The subject of our notice, from his first entry into the business, formed a strong opinion on this very shady practice, and determined not to incur the moral odium of abetting it. He resolved to make the sale of "net" seeds the rule, not the exception, strong in the assurance that simple honesty would turn out to be, in the long run, the best policy. It was no easy matter to secure supplies at that era of the trade. The professed seed farmers of the home counties had long been accustomed to contract exclusively with the wholesale London seed houses, and the latter were, in fact, in the position of monopolists. Mr. Sutton organised in the summer of 1839 a peaceful campaign, overcame the modest scruples of growers in Essex and other counties, by offering higher prices for crops to be grown for him in future years than they had been accustomed to receive, and, in short, carried the day in face of the London firms, who were surprised at the success of the usurper. But it was some years before arrangements could be made with a sufficient number of growers to ensure supplies adequate for the considerable trade which the firm's reputation for uniformly true seed had fostered. Now, however, Messrs. Sutton have connections with the largest seed farmers in this country, France, and Germany, and the seed produce of thousands of acres filters through the Reading stores into the possession of agriculturists and horticulturists in all parts of the world. The systematic adulteration of seeds, which Mr. Sutton was one of the foremost in repudiating, subsequently received the attention of the Legislature, which made it a criminal offence to mix worthless with good seed.

The enterprise of the firm developed itself further with the introduction of the railway system. They at once perceived how the transmission of seeds to distant parts might be effected with dispatch at an almost nominal cost; and by the skillfully compiled and illustrated descriptive catalogues which were issued without difficulty to select "their choice seeds" for a year's supply. "Sutton's Amateur's Guide" now constitutes a [redacted] week, excellent and valuable from every point of view.

It should be added that the firm's distinction has been attained by the firm by reason of the royal patronage which it has enjoyed. Many years ago Mr. Sutton was consulted a good deal by the Prince Consort, in his professional capacity, and his firm holds a special warrant from the Prince of Wales, conferring them securities to His Royal Highness.

How business houses, we opine, have advanced to prosperity with more rapid and certain strides than that of Messrs.

The Suttons can now be found in almost every part of the world, and the difficulty has been not to increase the number of offices for the safe and rapid transmission of seeds, but the few months of each year in which the seeds are gathered. The history of their firm is one of unexampled success and of constant growth, and the secret of their success is the sum of management leaves no room for doubt. The working of this perfect organisation is the secret of the success of Mr. Alfred Sutton, who, with his two sons and three junior partners—for the business is now conducted on his steps—and ten heads of departments, has a business machine going for the transmission of seeds, and to his brother, the subject of this article, goes the credit of experimental work and the control of the business.

Mr. N. Sutton and his brother have persistently declined

to assume municipal duties which they have not time to attend to ; but their native town has never had cause to complain of their want of public spirit when application has been made to them for material aid to useful work.

We have not spoken of Mr. Sutton in the domestic relations of life : but as the head of a large family he has ever made his " Home " a centre of attraction and influence for good. He is now enjoying a measure of retirement in his charming Italian villa, Cintra Lodge, at Whitby, near Reading ; but we question whether any man could be found in England better able to appreciate and confirm the poet's testimony—

" Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite absent is a mind distressed."

We believe Mr. Sutton's hour of rising is still 5 a.m. in summer, and even in mid-winter only an hour later. His private secretary joins him at seven, and by eight o'clock he has accomplished a good morning's work, in matters apart from his profession.

As ready as ever to interest himself in " whatever things are of good report," anxious to employ his means and his influence for high and noble ends, unassuming to a degree, recognised by all as a man of kindly impulses and Christian sympathies, long may he live to pursue the even tenor of his way, affording an example to others of the truth of the axiom—

" The mind is happy still that is intent on good."





## WILLIAM ELLIS

[MISSIONARY PIONEER].

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It is a great honour to be a missionary, but to be a pioneer in any good work is more honourable still. And in William Ellis we meet with one, who devoted himself unremittingly to missionary work when there were not the appliances or organisation for it as now.

In the year 1814 (we gather from an excellent memoir of Ellis in the "Sunday Magazine") a young man appeared before the Examining Committee of the Directors of the London Missionary Society, who, to Mr. Matthew Wilks's question where he had been educated, gave the plain but suggestive answer, "In my bedroom." Many are the men who have dedicated themselves to missionary work since then, who have done so similarly. The regretted Dr. Henderson, for instance, used to Cramond as a footman, and would snatch a book out of his pocket as the carriage rattled along a country road. Mr. Andrew Davidson, of Antananarivo, was a book-keeper's assitant, and managed to pull the pith out of many an old book that found its way for a night to his lodgings, and, going on to the purchaser, no worse surely for the service that rendered him; and there is the great Dr. Livingstone himself, whose traversing-carriage did duty likewise as a writing-desk, adding for ever a new association and glory to the spinning-machine. But all these are Scotchmen; and

indeed we are somehow more accustomed to think of them in this passionate pursuit of knowledge under difficulties than of Englishmen. Why it should be so, however, is not so evident, for there is nothing national in the thirst for knowledge, that difficulties vanish before it and become its servants.

The young man of whom we are to speak, in his own history, sufficiently proves this, though prior to him, perhaps, there was no one who could have more unqualifiedly proclaimed himself his own educator. "In my bedroom," he replied to Mr. Wilks without hesitation, and his after-life, with its patient endurance and passionate devotion, was all in keeping with this unconscious but highly characteristic reply. The name of William Ellis has found a place in the first rank of missionary pioneers, and his life, passed amid great variety of circumstances and vicissitudes, is so charged with lessons of sanctified self-help that we are sure our older readers will admire as they read of it, and some of our younger ones perhaps gladly draw a lesson from it.

William Ellis was born in London in 1794, where his father worked in a candle-factory. While he was yet a child, the father, who had been piously brought up, became a Unitarian "of the most liberal and advanced type;" and there can be no doubt that William was indebted to his mother for much in his earlier training that helped to determine him to the decisive step he finally took in the cause of missions.

Of distress and poverty, Mrs. Ellis had her own share. Trade failed, and things were at such a pass with Ellis, that he would have enlisted as a soldier had it not been for the claims of his wife and child. He by-and-bye finds work at Wisbeach, and removes there; but circumstances were still so bad with them that, in spite of sobriety and industry, William, a boy of six, had to take employment at the candle-factory, at the rate of two shillings a week—"winding cotton-wicks with one hand,

while with the other he nursed his little brother, thus relieving his mother of a portion of her task, and adding his mite to the family earnings." Even at this early age a deep love of flowers proclaimed itself in him, which strengthened the more knowledge that he acquired, and this determined his choice of a trade, which was that of a gardener. Meanwhile, however, he had learned to read, and had attended a Unitarian school in an intermittent way; and Cook's "Voyages," which he had come across, opened up to him a new world, giving him an idea of other lands and other races of men, and investing them with an interest he never ceased to feel.

Before he was twelve he was maintaining himself by work in a market-garden; and not only so, he "contributed regularly from his small earnings to the support of the rest of the family, the only indulgence that he seemed to have allowed himself being the occasional purchase of a coveted book." The record of the first sixpence he received for himself (what he had earned before had gone into the common stock) is very characteristic:—

"The money was given me for holding a gentleman's horse, and I spent it in the purchase of a small second-hand book of travels. I well remember two things in connection with this incident—the ambition of independence it awakened, and the strong desire to travel it stirred within me."

But his love of reading did not detract from his activity and attention to his work. The clergyman's wife notices him, and says, "That's a shrewd, handy lad; we want just such a young boy at home." Inquiry is made, and soon he is with them at Thorney Abbey, where he enjoys many advantages, being trusted and respected by all. And he owed something to the religious teaching during the three years he was here. He then went to another clergyman at Outwell, in the same capacity, working sometimes in the garden, sometimes within doors. The

love of reading increased as he grew up, and Mr. Hardwicke says the only fault he could find with him was "his disposition to loiter in the library and thumb the books." But his intense love of flowers was a practical corrective to any neglect of duty to which his studiousness might have tempted him ; so that his master deeply regretted him when he procured a situation in the nursery of a Mr. Bassington, at Kingsland, and set forth for London. "The parting from his parents and brothers and sisters was a sore trial to them all. It was with extreme reluctance that his mother especially gave her consent. . . . But the necessities of the family, the advantages of the change, and the prospects of advancement it held out were considerations too weighty to be resisted."

Ellis himself records that the experiences of the first few months in London were not such as he looked back on with pleasure. He mixed with bad company, if he did not actually yield to temptation ; but luckily the necessity that was laid upon him to do all he could to better himself, brought him once more amongst people whose example was salutary and influential. He entered the service of a Mr. Sangster at Newington Green, where he found the advantages of being a member of a Christian household. He was required to attend family worship ; he had a room of his own over the stable, where he could enjoy perfect privacy, be studious, or engage in prayer ; and, instead of following his father's advice and finding out the Unitarian church to which he had been directed by him, he went with his master to the Rev. J. Clayton's, where he received the deepest impression. He soon felt a strong desire to join the church, and was received as a member in February, 1814. He began to take a warm interest in Christian work, and became a Sunday-school teacher. He attended the meetings of the London Missionary Society in 1814, where, as was the case with many others

—a certain Mary Mercy Mowr among them—his heart was stirred at the accounts given by the Rev. J. Campbell, who had only a few days before returned from a two-years' absence in South Africa, visiting the various mission stations there. In November he formally made offer of himself to the society, and, after examination, was accepted. For a short period he devoted himself to study. He had to meet representations and arguments, and protests of all kinds from home; and there was a peculiar element of pain to him in the case of his father; but he stood firm.

The pain of separation, to use his father's words, from "a son so faithful, so good, and so loving," was greatly aggravated by the religious views of the parent, who looked upon the mission as a devil's errand at the best, and open, moreover, to the greater charge of being a wild and infatuated scheme to propagate error among a distant people, who were much better left alone. The old man was a philosopher, nevertheless, and in the case of his son, hopeless prepared to summon up all his strength to bear the parting. The mother's heart was broken. She did not dare to tell her son her distress, but she was comforted by any element of religion, and in the days of her young heart she could only comfort herself by her blessing and her prayers. The mother's distress concerning her son may be inferred from the following extract from his youngest sister. "I am sorry to say that I have lost my mother in one thing, and that is that she did not resemble her—you idolise her."

He had now a short time to remain to study under Dr. Pye, and then he was sent to the mission of St. Bartholomew's, and there he remained, devoting himself for his work, even to the neglect of his health, and this in such a way that he after a few days in September he was struck down by

illness, and lay for three weeks. This is the first record in his diary after his recovery :—

“ Lord’s Day, Oct. 15th, 1815.—After having been confined to my room for nearly three weeks, I was once more permitted, by the mercy of God, to attend divine worship in the morning, and heard Mr. Parsons, of Leeds, preach in the Tabernacle. In the afternoon I went to instruct the children in the brickfields near Newington. Afterwards addressed the children and their parents from Exodus i. 14. This was the first time I ever addressed an adult congregation. Felt peculiar pleasure in this opportunity, though much confused.”

On November 9th he was married to Mary Mercy Moor, and they sailed from Gosport on the 19th of December ; and after a tedious voyage, in which they suffered a good deal from contrary winds and other causes, they reached Eimeo on the 13th of February, 1817.

The London Missionary Society, which had been formed amidst the enthusiasm excited by Captain Cook’s discoveries, had made the South Sea Islands their first field of enterprise. The earliest group of missionaries, who went out in 1797, landed at the Society, the Friendly Islands, and the Marquesas, in either place to meet only with death or disaster. It seemed as though there was no hope of a door of entrance being opened, when in 1812 a sudden change took place in Tahiti. The heart of the King Pomare was turned to the truth, and the missionaries were invited back to the islands, which excited certain of the chiefs to hostility against Pomare, who only saved his life by escaping to Eimeo. Finally, however, the insurgents were put down, and the way fairly opened for missionary effort, and it was on this sphere of work that William Ellis now entered in the fresh vigour of his youth. A settlement had already been made at Papetoai, but after consideration it was agreed that Messrs. Crooks and Ellis, who meant

soon to seek other quarters, should go to Afareaitu, on the other side of the island, and found a settlement there. Mr. Ellis, while thus initiating himself into the outs and ins of missionary life in the most practical way, would also be aiding his brethren. Soon houses were built, and printing began, for this was to form a special feature of the new branch of the mission.

Simultaneously with the erection of the printing and dwelling-houses, the study of the native language, under the instruction of the senior missionary, Mr. Davis, formed part of the multifarious engagements of every day. Mr. Ellis, though his residence in Eimeo was only to be temporary, employed himself also in clearing, enclosing, and cultivating a garden-plot. His mechanical ingenuity was also brought early into use, and though not equal in this respect to his contemporary, John Williams, he displayed considerable skill; making in Eimeo the first wheelbarrow that had ever been seen in the island, and afterwards building a boat, in which he performed many adventurous voyages. The carpentry required in the construction of the house and furniture was likewise the work of his own hands. In fact, the life of a missionary in these remote stations had in it, barring the solitude, much of the Robinson Crusoe element, and called for like faculties of patience, tact, invention, and fertility of resource.

The interest excited among the islanders by the sight of the printing was unexampled. The king came to see; strangers arrived from other islands; and the little sum demanded for the Spelling-book, the Catechism, or the Texts was not only willingly paid, but the natives in crowds transferred themselves into foragers for bark or sheepskin when the difficulties of finding a substitute for cardboard began to delay the binding. Meanwhile the missionaries' wives were busy teaching

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needlework and domestic appliances ; Mrs. Ellis having an added charge in the illness of her second child, on whose account frequent journeys were necessary to the other side of the island for medical advice, and the consequent toil and danger very great. Pomare remained a true friend of the "teachers," and with his aid a missionary society was formed in Eimeo, just when Mr. Ellis was on the eve of leaving for his more permanent destination on Huahine, the most easterly of the Society Islands. On Huahine they were warmly welcomed by the chief, and readily received a site for their station. Very soon a house and printing-office were built, and regular work begun.

"The inhabitants," we are told, "not having enjoyed the presence of missionaries amongst them, were far behind those of Eimeo. None of them could read, and though the ancient idolatry of the country had been abandoned, and Christianity nominally accepted as the religion of the land, very little was understood of its distinctive principles or moral obligations ; and the missionaries had to lay the foundation of their teaching in the simplest elements of religion and general knowledge. The chief of the island was Mahine, a man of decision, courage, remarkable intelligence, and benevolent disposition, who became one of the earliest and most consistent converts to Christianity, and continued throughout the steady friend of the mission."

So ignorant were the people, that the missionaries had to take great care not, in any form, to encourage the idea that a favour was conferred upon them by their coming to be taught. No presents were given, nor inducements of any kind ; yet this anecdote shows that the idea had got hold on the minds of the people :—

"On one occasion a young woman, who had been taught the use of the needle, after receiving a number of lessons and

attaining some proficiency, applied for payment. 'For what?' asked the teacher. 'For learning,' was the answer; 'you asked me to learn, and I have learnt. What am I to get?' It was explained that she had received, and not conferred, a benefit; that the teacher had not profited by the time, patience, and labour that had been freely given for the sole advantage of the pupil. She was, however, encouraged by the promise that in the future, as she had now acquired the necessary skill, she should be paid for any work she might do for the mission family; she was also told that we might help out a suitable remuneration by working for

White Moors, Williams and Threlkeld, under pressing invitation, took up their abode in another island, Rarotonga, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Bell showed their sagacity in introducing various industries; they planted the sugar cane and cotton, and got out machinery to spin and weave the latter, teaching the natives these crafts at the same time that a church was being built, schools instituted, and the work of forming a congregation gone on. Captain Cook, who about this time made his visit to the islands, saw but ample opportunities to observe the converts eyes. "The accounts of the missionaries are beyond measure correct."



refuse to aid in such a work, nor help being gratified at the marked progress of the people under their teaching.

The presence of the Government cutter, "Mermaid," gave an opportunity of conveying some native teachers to the Marquesas, as the captain intimated that he meant to touch there. Accordingly Mr. Ellis set forth on the voyage with two native teachers and their wives, to be settled among the wild people of these islands. Mrs. Ellis, meanwhile, had gone for the sake of her health, which was not good, on a visit to Mrs. Orsmond, at Borabora ; and returning, after being tossed about in a storm, heard that the "Mermaid" had been taken by pirates. Eight months elapsed before the return of the "Mermaid"; and the effect of the torturing suspense on a system already weakened by suffering, may be conceived, notwithstanding that the natives, who designated her "their little lonely widow," were unceasing in their attentions to her,

Owing to the circumstances which caused the delay, the Marquesas were not visited ; but, providentially, the missionaries were led to the Sandwich Islands, where Auna and his wife were located ; and, before Mr. Ellis left, he was made to give a promise that he would return to them with his family, and, while still retaining his connection with his own society, join the American mission in the Sandwich Islands, which he accordingly did, amid the regrets and tears of the poor Huahine people. "One woman in particular, who had wept much when the sailors were heaving up the anchor, went out on the rocks at the edge of the harbour, stood waiting till the ship should pass into the open sea, anxious to give, by waving her hand, the last token of affection, and obtain the latest possible glance of her beloved teachers and friends."

On Mr. Ellis's arrival he entered heartily on the work, enthusiastically studying the language, which he found nearly allied to that of Huahine, and aiding in the printing. Preach-

ing, teaching, and exploring tracts of country that had not before been visited by white men, the time swept on, the most remarkable change passing over the people. But the ancient fire of superstition was not extinguished ; it smouldered still ; and an incident to which we must refer, almost made it leap forth again in dangerous flame. In the tract of country which Ellis had visited there is a volcano, which was believed to have its own deities, with their own priestesses, who now tried to inflame the people against the missionaries, on the ground that ever since they had come to the island they had bred mischief. Large sections of the people would have sided with them ; but, on the chiefs being referred to, they firmly upheld the missionaries, in which, luckily, they led the people along with them, and the result was that the priestesses, by-and-bye, had to leave the island. The death of the queen-mother soon after this, in the Christian faith, did much to establish Christianity in the hearts of the people. An incident occurred at this time which very well illustrates Mr. Ellis's wonderful coolness and adaptability :—

“ A sailor on board a ship in the harbour, while loading a cannon, had his hand and fore-arm frightfully shattered by the premature explosion of the gun. There was no surgeon near, or anywhere within reach. Mr. Ellis was sent for, and saw at once that there was but one alternative—amputation or suppuration and death. He explained the state of the case. The sailor begged that Mr. Ellis would perform the operation. He agreed, and knowing that there was no other means of saving life, he consented. It is doubtful whether he had ever seen the operation performed ; he had probably only seen it in text and read detailed descriptions in surgical works. He did, however, hesitate. The arm was amputated, and the sailor died, the flesh and skin brought together by ligature straps and bandages. The

patient was left comparatively comfortable, and overwhelmed with gratitude."

Meantime Mrs. Ellis's health was so bad that she was ordered home. For several months, in spite of many domestic pre-occupations, Mr. Ellis wrought on unremittingly among his people; but he also began to feel the effects of his labours, and to look forward to a period of rest, which, in fact, had become a necessity. An offer of a passage in a merchantman to America—from whence a ship home could easily be found—at last enabled them to leave the Sandwich Islands, among the profound regrets of their American friends, and of the natives for whom they had done so much.

We do not feel that it is needful for us to recite in detail the history of those years, during which Mr. Ellis so ably represented the London Missionary Society as travelling agent, in the course of which, too, he lost that wife who had been such a true helpmate to him; nor to tell of his fruitful work as secretary to the Society afterwards, or of his marriage to the author of "The Women of England;" nor of his short pastorate at Hoddesdon, or of his visits to Madagascar as representative of the Society—the work he did for that island, and the happy manner in which he managed to solve difficulties that required the utmost delicacy and wariness. These things belong to history, and are so recent that they cannot have passed from the memories of any who take the least interest in missionary matters. Our aim has been to refresh recollection of the earlier period of Ellis's life—so full of lessons both for young and old.

Of William Ellis, it may be said that to great earnestness and devotion, he added peculiar intellectual force, tact, strength of will, and general resource. Other missionaries there have been with, it may be, more refinement, more culture, but none has had more of true spiritual discernment;

"beer" was the great cause of drunkenness, and that nothing but total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks would cure the evil. The movement in this direction first took shape at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1832, when some members of the Temperance Society there pledged themselves to "abstain from all liquors of an intoxicating quality, whether ale, porter, wine, or ardent spirits, except as medicines." In 1833, the popular word *Teetotal* was first used. A certain Richard Turner, or, as he was more generally called, "Dicky Turner," a plasterer's labourer, who was much given to holding forth in the Lancashire dialect at the meetings of the new sect, happened in the course of a speech against temperance to say, "I'll hev nowt to do wi' this moderation—botheration pledge; I'll be reet down tee-tee-total for ever and ever." "Well done, Dicky," said Mr. Livesey, "that shall be the name of our new pledge." This origin of the word, which appears to make it but a stuttering pronunciation of *total*, has, however, been disputed; and it is affirmed that the term is simply a Lancashire phrase for final, thorough, or complete. Whatever may have been the origin of the term, the new sect was resolved to be "thorough."

In 1838 Father Mathew commenced his extraordinary labours in the cause of teetotalism, and in less than two years 1,800,000 men and women were enrolled in *Ireland's great National Total Abstinence Society*. Since that period the cause has been helped by numbers of authors and platform orators, but none have done the great cause more service than John B. Gough, who was born at Sandgate, Kent, in 1817. His father had been a soldier, having fought and been wounded in the Peninsular War. Often would the veteran describe in glowing language the stirring scenes of war and victory in which he had taken part, till the heart of the child would throb with intense sympathy and excitement. His father's

military habits had become a second nature with him. "Stern discipline had been taught him in a severe school." But it was his mother who imparted to the future Temperance Orator the deep and hallowing piety to his character with which it is imbued, who pointed his young heart to God, who taught his infant lips to pray, and planted in his heart the seeds of Christian principle.

For twenty years Mrs. Gough had occupied the important position of village schoolmistress, and a more pious and fitly-qualified person it would have been difficult to select. In his mother's school John received his first lessons, but at the age of eight he became a teacher in the school of Mr. Davis, at Folkestone. He took a keen interest in the beauties of nature, and was often to be found roaming on Sandgate beach, gazing with wonder on the sea, and listening to its everlasting moan, little dreaming that 3,000 miles beyond was a land in which his usefulness was to be called forth. There was an old castle, too, in the vicinity, belonging to Henry VIII.'s time. He became a great favourite of the keeper of the ancient place, and having acquired some knowledge of the history of King Henry, he used to wander through the desolate court-yards, sit in deserted, windowless chambers, where the bat nestled and the owl screamed, or gaze from turret and battlement on the surrounding scenery. And he would in fancy people the place with its old inhabitants, and see plumed cavaliers and ruffled dames pacing the corridors, or surrounding the banquet. Catharine of Arragon, and Anne Boleyn, with Henry's other wives, flitted by; and thus, almost unconsciously, his imagination was cultured, and his mind imbued with a love of history and poetry.

Mr. Gough early displayed his oratorical powers, and was often engaged in reading to ladies and gentlemen, who were pleased with his elocutionary powers, and in return rewarded

him liberally. Whilst sitting at his cottage-door reading to his mother, as she sat working, passers-by lingered to listen, attracted and astonished by his extraordinary proficiency. On one occasion, a gentleman to whom he had read portions of a newspaper, expressed his pleasure, and taking him to the library gave him his choice of two volumes, one rich with pictures, the other a prayer-book. The first naturally was the favourite, and little John looked longingly upon its attractive embellishments, but knowing that he should give more satisfaction if he chose the prayer-book, did so, and the gentleman, applauding his selection, rewarded him with a new half crown, a very consoling substitute for the loss of the picture-book.

Now came a remarkable event in the life of the young documentarian. His talents in this direction introduced him to the notice of a venerable old gentleman, who took much notice of him, and gave him good advice. An affection really springing up in the child's heart for the kind old man, who was no less a personage than the beloved philanthropist, John Elliot, whose services and merits were devoted to the advancement of the poor negroes. Liberated by this man, it is not to be expected was freed from all the control of his master, and a master seems endowed with a master's power. You would have presumed that the old man, so benevolent, so disinterested, was giving advice to the young man, that a disinterested and upright life should be the object of his future studies and heats; but, on the contrary, the old man, and the master himself, were of opinion that the young man, in departing from the school, should be sent to the West Indies, and the daughters of fortune, and the world, were to be his guides and leaders of

success. The old man, however, in his regard to the friend of the slaves, was not to be gainsaid, and on an occasion he

very narrowly escaped with his life. Returning from school, accompanied by some schoolfellows, who were transformed for the occasion into four impromptu horses, which John was driving at a rather rapid pace, an unfortunate accident converted them in reality into animals of burden. A man engaged in digging a trench, and who did not perceive the lads, as they were driving by, threw up a spadeful of clay; the sharp edge of the spade struck with great force John's head; he sank down instantly senseless, and was carried home weltering in blood to his terrified mother. Now ensued a struggle between life and death; hopes and fears alternately moved the mother's heart as her only boy hovered on the verge of eternity. After days of earnest watching, hopes were entertained of his recovery, but none that reason would return. It however did return, though to this day the effects of the blow are occasionally felt.

John's chief playmate was his sister, two years younger than himself. With exquisite gravity he would frequently personify a preacher, which his powers of mimicry enabled him to do with considerable effect. A chair having been converted into something like a pulpit, and, by the co-operation of his sister, an attentive congregation of rag dolls secured, the little orator would commence his discourse, greatly to the amusement of himself and sister, if not to the edification of the demure dummies who sat before him "perfect patterns of propriety." The entertainment was occasionally varied, much to the delight of his youthful companion, by the performance of *Punch and Judy*, an old bottomless chair having been converted for the occasion into a tolerably respectable receptacle for the clever performer and his home-made puppets.

During his father's absence in the wars, John's mother was compelled to work hard to supply the necessities of her

family. In addition to her keeping the village school, she excelled in the manufacture of a kind of lace at that time fashionable. On one occasion she took her basket of work and walked to Dover, eight long miles. Fatigued and foot-sore she entered the town, and through its streets and lanes she walked, seeking customers and finding none. Hour after hour the brave woman threaded the busy streets, jostled by the passers-by, harshly spoken to by some, pitied by others, till sick at heart and completely weary she gave up in despair, and retraced her steps homewards. Painfully sad were her reflections as she neared the cottage in which was nothing to revive her exhausted frame, or supply the wants of her dear little ones, who were anxiously awaiting her return.

During her absence a gentleman had sent for John to his library, and was so pleased with his reading, that he gave him a five-shilling piece. Such a sum was to him a fortune. Never had he possessed so much money before, and, in his childish imagination, he believed it would purchase everything in the world. With a bounding step, he entered his home, and oh ! what did he see ? his mother sitting in her chair weeping, as though her heart would break. He went up to her, and inquired what was the matter ? Looking in his face with an expression of anguish and despair, she told him of her fruitless toils ; she had earned nothing. Exquisite was the thrill of joy with which he took from his pocket the crown piece, and placed it in her hand. It was like the sun's refreshing beams after a shower. Her heart was light again, and mother and child knelt down, and in gratitude to God for His goodness, she poured out the overflowing expression of her thankfulness. At the footstool of God's throne the pious mother taught her son to pray.

An important event now occurred in the life of John Gough, the hinge, indeed, on which turned his future eventful life.

He was now twelve years of age, and the question was often debated—What is to become of him? His spirit was too noble for menial labour, and his father unable to give him a trade. At last, after much hesitation, and from a sense of duty, his mother consented to an arrangement made with a family who were about to leave the village for America. They were to take John with them, give him a trade, and provide for him until he was twenty-one years old. For this they were to receive from his father the sum of ten guineas.

Boy like, John was delighted at this prospect of change and excitement. He had often wished to visit the New World, the scene of so many stirring and brave adventures, to behold its mighty rivers, luxuriant forests, and waving prairies. There he stood, taking a last look of his native village and his cottage-home, loaded with the gifts and blessings of many friends who had said with tears in their eyes, “God bless you, John! God bless you!” There he stood, tears in his bright eyes and sorrow in his heart, for none of us know how dear home is until we leave it. There stood his mother, weeping tears of anguish, that told of the struggle which was within; and there stood his stern and martial father, down whose iron cheeks tears, too, were falling. And now the signal is given, the last word must be spoken—the last embrace must be given—the last kiss imprinted on the youthful lips. Away over hill and dale the stage-coach speeds, and the boy turning for the last time to look upon the home of his childhood, sees a female form crouching and gazing earnestly towards the coach—it is his mother taking a last look at her boy.

What a parting it must have been to leave his dear mother and sister, and to enter upon an unknown life in a strange country. Now it is not such a great undertaking; but for a poor boy all alone as it were, no relation with him, it

seemed hard, and yet he went. On reaching America he stayed with his guardian for a short time; then, with his parents' consent, he left the farm on which he had been engaged for two years, and arrived in New York, which he reached a total stranger, homeless and friendless, and very little money in his pocket, the amount being half-a-dollar, thus making it absolutely necessary that he should begin to work—and at once. After pushing about, he obtained employment at a large Methodist publishing house, as an errand boy, at a salary of five shillings per week. Before leaving for New York he had been religiously impressed, and entered as a probationary member of the Methodist Church.

About this time John received a letter giving him the glad joyful tidings that his dear mother, whom he had loved so much, and sister too, had decided to come out to him, and were even then on a ship coming to New York. They arrived safely, and one can well imagine the feelings of joy and thankfulness at having once again by his side those whom he loved. It was a new incentive for him to learn as much as possible while at work, and kept him away from evil companions, and all seemed happy. But there were drawbacks after they had set up housekeeping together, it being caused by the increase in the price of provisions, lack of work, privations, and also his father not being able to leave England, fearing he should lose his pension. So that the early life of Mr. Gough was one of struggle and difficulty.

At that time a great and terrible blow fell upon John, which completely altered his life. During this period of hardship and privation, John had the unhappiness of seeing his mother, who had been so much to him, taken ill, and though prosperous times came again, yet she grew worse and worse, until the end came, and she was taken from the little group to whom she had been so much. John was absent when his

mother died, but when his sister told him, he seemed to have lost his senses, grasped his sister's arms and laughed frantically in her face. Poor John ! to have lost such a mother ; and we can all enter into his feelings, as all night long he sat by her, holding her cold hand in his until it seemed to be growing warm again. During that time, God only knows what agony he suffered, and what a hard lesson it was to learn. One can well imagine the scene, and can hardly help weeping as one thinks of the blow it must have been. After the inquest had been held, John was informed that the remains were to be interred the next day, and this caused the question to be considered, How was it to be paid for ?

After the funeral, John left his sister, who boarded where she worked, and went to work for a little time with the person for whom he had worked before, and then wandered back to New York, where he soon obtained employment at the book-binding. Having no mother near to exert an influence over him, John became introduced to a thoughtless and gay set of companions, and having a good voice for singing, and a remarkable talent for imitating any one, he soon became a welcome member of the gay circle. This began his downward career ; being so able to charm a group of friends, he grew to like attending the theatres, and became anxious to exert his powers to amuse others rather than be amused. At length he obtained an appointment on the stage, and made his first appearance as the singer of a comic song, "The Water Party." But he did not like it ; and owing to the dissipation which he was fast entering upon, he lost his situation, and then he began in earnest the life of an actor, and gained some reputation as being a good actor of a low line of character. From here he went to Boston, joined a company of actors there, and, singular to say, the part allotted to him was to be the keeper of a temperance house in a play which caricatured

He had been married twice. His first wife died in 1880. The second wife, a widow, had been born in 1858. She had a son, John, born in 1882. John grew himself up to be a good boy, but he was not very good at schoolwork, having to repeat the first year. He was strong and an attack of diphtheria did not prevent him from working until his life was quite cut short. He died in a state of misery this was. Just before he died he said to his wife, "I have been a bad man and have sinned a lot of misery." He died in 1898. In 1900 he died in a house he could not procure. He died in 1900. In his sober moments he saw his wife and son, and he was a bad son to them from his birth all the time. He was a scoundrel with himself and so time went on. He died in 1900 and was taken from him at the age of 42.

witnessed a procession of Band of Hope children. Such a sight as this struck a chord in his heart, and caused his memory to think over the happy boyish days which he used to spend in his native village of Sandgate, and how happy and joyful he was then anticipating the future, and now how different and how unhappy he was. These reflections did not remain long with him, and so on he went in his old way for a little time longer, but the hour of his deliverance was at hand.

As he was standing one evening in October, 1842, shivering and ill-clad, miserable, not knowing what to do, he was aroused from his melancholy thoughts by a hand being placed upon his shoulder, not the hand of a policeman, but that of a kind friend, who, pitying him as he stood there, accosted him with the question—

“Mr. Gough, I believe ?”

It was not merely the way in which the question was asked, but the kind look which accompanied it, and it won at once the heart of John. Such a long time had passed since a kind word had been spoken to him, that this enquiry roused him, and he replied, “That is my name,” and was about to pass on, when the stranger said, in a kind voice which arrested his attention, “You have been drinking to-day ?” “Yes, sir,” he replied ; “I have.” “Why do you not sign the pledge ?” was the next query.

Such a question as this caused within John’s breast a sudden desire to be once again a respectable member of society, not almost an outcast, as he then was. It awoke within him an earnest hope of a better life ; and then came to him what he had been in the past, and how hopeless it was of him to ever expect to be any better than he then was. But his friend was not the one to leave him without being fairly defeated ; and so, in that chilly Sunday evening, these two men stood in the street, reasoning with each other ; and at length the good

Samaritan had the joy of seeing hope conquer despair, and John decided to do as he had been asked, and answered—

“ Well, I’ll try it.”

“ When ?” was the ready request.

John said he could not do so that night, as he must have some more drink; but he faithfully promised that he would sign the next evening. His friend told him they had a temperance meeting the next evening, and asked him if he would sign it then.

John said he would sign then, and the stranger grasped his hand, and said he would be there to see him. “ You shall,” was the response, and so they parted. When John was left to himself, the promise he had just made came back to him, and he determined, as well as he was able, it should be kept; and the craving for drink coming again, he decided to have, at least once again, brandy, until he got drunk. The confidence the man had placed in him struck home to his better feelings, and he determined his confidence should not be misplaced that evening. John drank as deep as ever, and when the morning light came found him experiencing the usual wretched feelings after passing the night in dissipation. But when the evening came, true to his promise, he went to the meeting, and took his seat among the audience. After a little while, he obtained permission to address the meeting, and in words of pathos told with terrible earnestness and reality the dreadful misery which drink had done to him and his family; how it had robbed him of everything, leaving him nothing but ruin and deep misery for both body and soul. After he had done speaking, in the presence of them all, he signed the pledge.

Owing to his long-continued excesses in drink, John found it terrible hard work to overcome the craving for drink, and the many, many trials he had to endure from those with whom

he had been used to be with ; but he was well looked after by the kind friends of the temperance meeting ; and when the next meeting took place, a week after, it found John true to his pledge, and he attended it in the evening. At this meeting John made his first temperance speech, and he was recognised and invited to speak by the following notice :—

“ The young man who signed the pledge is now in the hall, and we shall be glad to know how he is getting on, and how he feels to-night.”

John’s answer to this was very short.

“ I am getting on very well, and feel a good deal better than I did this time last week.”

Soon after he entered into a second matrimonial engagement. His wedding was a very quiet one, and after paying all his expenses, they began life together with only three and a half dollars left ; but their trust in God was great, and so they went on their way rejoicing. This second marriage took place when he was twenty-six years old, in the year 1843, and from that time till now his wife has been truly to him a helpmeet ; and to her loving, gentle, cheering, and inspiring fellowship, he owes the great success which he has met with. He continued from this time lecturing in all the great cities of America ; and his great success in lecturing naturally raised up against him many enemies, who would gladly have seen him overcome or prevented from lecturing, and they tried all they could do by ridiculing him, and calling him names.

During all this time his fame as a temperance lecturer crossed the Atlantic and reached this country, and many, many invitations were sent him to come over and lecture here for a time. He continually declined their applications until, in the year 1853, Mr. Kellogg, a member of the Congress, returning from a short visit to England, called upon him, and said he had received a commission from the London Temper-

saw George to induce him to go to England, and that he was going to remain in his house until he gave him his promise to go to England. After a good deal of argument, Mr. Gough finally gave the terms—which he placed so high, thinking they were sure to be declined—were agreed to. His terms were, that all the expenses of himself and wife were to be paid to visit them for a week, and one week at his native village, with all expenses while there, for which he would lecture for a period of four weeks. Much to his surprise, his terms were accepted, and in a short time Mr. and Mrs. Gough started on their first journey to England, on the 28th of May, 1852.

He was warmly welcomed on his arrival at Liverpool. He was destined to again traverse his native land; while his wife, who accompanied him, was equally pleased to make her acquaintance with England.

On reaching London, the earliest to welcome the distinguished guest were Messrs. T. B. Tweedie and G. C. Campbell, who had just then passed away from earth. The funeral service was held at the Tabernacle on Exeter Hill before 3,000 people. The funeral oration was as described by a newspaper reporter:—“He who could move the audience a man of the most commanding and oratorical power 32 or 33 years of age, and who, though with a dark and sallow complexion, very pale, possessed the voice and bearing of a person who has been born to be somebody.”

On account of his style of speaking, the same writer compared him with the Italian orator Gavazzi:—“Gavazzi is more grand, more tragic, more thoroughly Italian, but much less adapted to an English audience. If Gavazzi possesses more power, Gough has more pathos.”

Knowing he had to engage the attention of the vast audience for an hour and a-half, the lecturer commenced very

slowly and quietly. A feeling of disappointment was perceptible, and some of the ministers on the platform began to yawn. As he proceeded, and became absorbed in his subject, he carried his audience with him, and his first experience in London gave an assurance that his success in his native land would equal that attained in his adopted country.

Mr. Gough addressed audiences in all parts of the kingdom, the largest being that at the Surrey Gardens, when 17,000 persons were present. His labours producing so much good result, Mr. Gough was urged to remain in England for a year. He wrote home to cancel his engagements in the States, and consented to deliver 200 lectures under the auspices of the London Temperance League ; the rate of remuneration being ten guineas per lecture and all expenses. Previous to commencing this lengthened tour, he spent five days at his native village, those happy days affording him "a perpetual feast."

Home was reached by Mr. Gough and his wife after an absence of two years and fourteen days ; the former having made an engagement to visit London again in two years. These intervening years were spent in work at home, and in July, 1857, Mr. Gough was back in our midst. He remained three years, with the exception of a few months' rest on the Continent. He delivered 605 lectures, and travelled 40,217 miles. As an orator Mr. Gough had then reached his climax. "His voice was as musical as a flute, with marvellous power in the tender, pathetic passages. . . No man could surpass him in delineation of character, and in impersonation of 'all sorts and conditions' of humanity."

Mr. Gough has now been absent from England nearly twenty years. He has laboured continuously in the United States. ~~His name is indeed a "household word."~~ Of late years ~~he has resided at~~ Hillside Farm, about five miles from the city

of Worcester. He has devoted eight months each year to lecturing, the remaining four months being given to rest and recreation at home. During these seasons of repose he dispenses the hospitality of his comfortable home at Hillside. "He enjoys society, and loves to interest his guests not only mentally but physically. Attached to his mansion he has a splendidly-fitted gymnasium, and he also possesses a bowling-alley. His magnificent and well-furnished library is a source of never-failing enjoyment to himself, and is the admiration of his numerous friends. The calls made upon his time by visits are very great, sometimes between twenty and thirty friends calling upon him in one day. To all these he exercises a genial hospitality, with heartiness." Mr. Gough bestows his charity with a liberal hand. No real case of distress is ever brought before him without meeting with a liberal response.

As many of our readers will not have the privilege of listening to the orator, we give an extract from one of his lectures as a specimen of his style of speaking. Referring to the men who early adopted the principles of total abstinence, he said : "They were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men, so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. . . . . They worked hard ; they lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone ; they laid it amid persecution and storm ; they worked under the surface ; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By and bye they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with 'love, truth, sympathy, and goodwill to men.' Old men

gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty ; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet, because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building ; but by and by, when the hosts who have laboured shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery ; through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind ;—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase ; when they shall come up to the last distillery, and destroy it ; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up ; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away ; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand ; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters, and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains,—then, ah ! then will the cope-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world ! The last poor drunkard shall go into it and find a refuge there. Loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard ; and there shall be joy in heaven when the triumph of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumph of the Cross of Christ. I believe it ; on my soul, I believe it ! Will you help us ? That is the question. We leave it with you. Good-night !”

Latterly Mr. Gough's health has been rather delicate. He

has now visited Britain for the third time, for the purpose of delivering a few lectures. His reception in London took place in Dean Stanley's Garden at Westminster, and was attended by the leading men of the temperance world, and many of the most prominent of the clergy and ministers. The greeting was of the most cordial nature, and earnest hopes were expressed for long life and happiness to the guest of the occasion. Wherever he goes, Mr. Gough will be listened to by delighted thousands. We sincerely hope that his life may long be spared to labour for the redemption of mankind from the thraldom of drink.

The evils of intemperance have never been clearer shown than by Mr. Gough. We will close this sketch by a few words on the blessings of Temperance. It is a kind of regimen which every one may observe without interruption to business, expense, or loss of time :—

“Blest is the man, as far as earth can bless,  
Whose measured passions reach no wild excess ;  
Who, urged by Nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,  
No other means than Nature's force employs :  
While, warm with youth, the sprightly current flows,  
Each vivid sense with vigorous rapture glows ;  
And when he droops beneath the hand of age,  
No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage ;  
Gradual his strength and gay sensations cease,  
While joys tumultuous sink in silent peace.”





## THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

[THE TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE.]

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TITLES affixed to the honoured name of John Bright are but as an encumbrance and a “sounding cymbal.” In the estimation of his fellow-citizens—the world, indeed—he has been “right honourable” from his youth up, because he has always been a righteous man. Truth, Justice and Peace have been his aim through life. He has been a great and distinguished worker in the divine cause of humanity, and his ambition is the noblest that can enter into the mind of man—to become the agent and co-worker of his God, to raise, to strengthen, and to save; and in this constant effort he most surely does for himself what he eminently strives to do for others.

Mr. Bright will live in history as “John Bright, the Englishman,” and a better representative of its highest and noblest nationality no land need desire. Amidst wrong and doubt, error and weakness, his strong voice has ever been raised loudly and clearly for right and honour.

But the great mass of his countrymen—knowing well their history, their strength and their weakness, their temptations and sufferings, he has entreated gently, pleading tenderly to them:—

“My countrymen, you are strong to inflict injury; be just and fear not; be merciful, for mercy is the most beautiful attribute of strength; be wise, for no strength can long up-

**bold injustice and tyranny**; and as ye deal with others, so **shall ye be dealt with**; and what people more need justice and kindness than yourselves? With all your strength and greatness, you have a thousand evils rank amongst you, and millions of your own people in your midst sunk in misery and ignorance, deplorable and unsurpassed."

The aim, indeed, of this eminent man, as far as our feeble words can express it, has been to raise those millions, and make them a strength to England, instead of a weakness and a danger—to make, indeed, human beings out of beasts of burthen. He burns with indignation at the wrongs of England; he melts with pity and compassion for her misfortunes, heavy sorrows and bitter trials; he feels that this great, powerful and prosperous people have suffered deep and terrible wrong and injustice from those who should have been their true guardians and best friends; and he has devoted his great heart and intellect to help them to right their wrongs and elevate themselves to their just and rightful position.

Peacefully, slowly, but surely, has he done this, never losing heart in the darkest hour, never wavering, never changing; and he, more than any one man in England, has helped to save his country, and rescue her from slavery or revolution, despotism or anarchy, and lift her from despair to hope.

It is the peculiar gift of John Bright to interpret to his countrymen, in words of unexampled eloquence, clearness and simplicity, the most difficult problems of their national and social life. His mind, while capable of grasping the most intricate and involved questions, and detecting the most subtle, sophistical and obscure political deceptions, seems literally unable to present its workings in other than language almost magical in its power to convey his ideas directly and irresistibly to the minds and hearts of all alike—the learned and the unlearned, the scholar and the pe

In season and out of season, in sickness and in health, in depression and in hopefulness; when it was too much the fashion to laugh at his preachings and scoff at his lessons, as when they changed and he became a hero of the hour, he has never despaired and never presumed.

Throughout a long life of political strife and turmoil, he has still been the plain, simple, steadfast member of the Society of Friends, the *friend*, indeed, of his country and of all mankind, and he has honoured himself and his sect alike, by ever retaining the simple faith, forms and manners of a religious body than which there is none nobler in the great Protestant Church. His creed of life is work; his practice has been work. It is a noble creed, and nobly he has carried it out in his practice.

Born in the year 1811, in the house of his father, Jacob Bright, of Greenbank, Rochdale, the future politician found himself early surrounded by grave political portents. But he made his first mark in public life by joining, as one of its earliest members, the Anti-Corn-Law League, founded in 1838. This League, established once and for ever the inalienable right of the people of the Empire to combine openly, and without fear of molestation, for the furtherance of political and social ends.

But it would be intrusive to speak further of John Bright's political career; it is well known that his name has been associated with every great and good measure since the Reform Bill, and that he has always been firm in supporting measures for the good of the people and their social progress.

It was during his early connection with this movement that John Bright first became publicly associated with Richard Cobden. The private friendship which sprung up between them had its origin in the same cause. Bright and Cobden

then the former one day walked into Alderman

MENTE BOVIS.

his office in Manchester, and asked the popular leader to consent to address an Educational Meeting at Rochdale. Cobden consented, and fulfilled his promise. He made his usual effort, and in due time he listened. John was one of the speakers of the evening, and Cobden was so struck with him that he asked him to appear as often as possible at meetings in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws.

Through all the work which ensued, Richard Cobden and John Bright worked side by side. It may be fancifully said that there was never a friendship more devoted than that which subsisted between these two for so many years, and terminated only with the death of the elder. There was never a scene more profoundly affecting witnessed in the House of Commons than when, after Cobden's death, his colleague and friend emerged to speak of their friendship and of the last words spoken. His epithet of him as the modest and greatest

man he had ever known, and the tribute now paid to his memory by the House of Commons, will be long remembered.

John Bright died on the 21st of January, 1880.

He was buried in the church of St. Paul's, Ludgate Hill, Liverpool.

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In 1843 he unsuccessfully contested Durham, but in less than four months after the date of the conflict the seat again fell vacant. He renewed his addresses, and was triumphantly returned. His maiden speech was made almost immediately on his entry into Parliament, and was called forth by the presentation of Mr. Ewart's motion for the extension of the principle of Free Trade, on the 7th August, 1843. It has been remarked that his earlier speeches in the House were remarkable for the absence of that peculiar faculty of adaptation to his audience which is now so noticeable a feature in his oratory.

In 1847 he left Durham for Manchester, and was returned to the House without opposition. He continued to represent the cotton metropolis for ten years, and during that time made some of his most brilliant efforts.

On the formation of the first Derby Ministry, the conduct of the Government rendered necessary a temporary reorganisation of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and to this end Mr. Bright laboured very earnestly. In 1852 he was re-elected for Manchester, after a contest.

In March, 1857, news reached him of the defeat of Lord Palmerston upon the Canton question. His health at this time had completely broken down under the strain of constant work, and he was in Italy seeking rest and strength. Under these circumstances, of course, he could take no part in the vote of censure proposed against Palmerston by Cobden, and seconded by Mr. Milner Gibson; but he expressed his entire concurrence in the motion. As the result of this, and of his opposition to the Crimean War, both he and his colleague Mr. Gibson were rejected by Manchester at the next election, by large majorities. But he was too great a power long to be in the House of Commons. A little later, the death of a member for Birmingham, left a seat

vacant ; and in the August of 1867 the Tribune of the People resumed his seat. He has held that seat ever since, and is fixed there, so long as he lives and chooses to remain in Parliament, beyond all chance of opposition. The affectionate and confident honour in which he is held has been nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the patience with which a town so politically busy and prominent as Birmingham has borne his long and enforced absence from his place. When he expressed his willingness to retire, at a time when there seemed no prospect of an immediate recovery from the illness which had again prostrated him, the reply from his constituents was a decided negative.

In 1866, when Mr. Gladstone introduced the Reform Bill which was wrecked by the action of the Adullamites, Mr. Bright was everywhere recognised as the leader of the Reform League. During the existence of that League, a meeting was held at St. James's Hall, at which Mr. Bright was present, and at which, on the motion for a vote of thanks to the chairman, he expressed his dissent from the attack made upon the Queen by one of the speakers of the evening ; and did so with a grace and feeling peculiarly his own. "I am not accustomed," he said, "to stand up for those who are possessors of crowns. But . . . . I think there has been, by many persons, a great injustice done to the Queen, in reference to her desolate and widowed position. And I venture to say this, that a woman, be she the Queen of a great realm or the wife of one of your labouring men, who can keep alive in her heart a great sorrow for the lost object of her life and her affections, is not at all likely to be wanting in a great and generous sympathy with you."

Mr. Bright's most convincing proofs of statesmanship have been given in connection with the discussion of Indian questions, in the complete grasp of which he stands confessedly

unrivalled. When, after the passing of the Reform Bill by Mr. Disraeli and his party, the Liberals returned to power, Mr. Gladstone offered to his distinguished supporter the office of Secretary of State for India. This Mr. Bright was compelled to decline, though with what regret he retired from such an opportunity for the benefit of humanity may be readily imagined. The office of President of the Board of Trade he accepted with considerable reluctance, and it was not long before the gloomy forebodings, which may be traced in the speech delivered at Birmingham when he presented himself for re-election, were fulfilled.

His principles are far-reaching and susceptible of varied application, but it may be affirmed that if they were once realised he would be about the last man in England to find new ones. The sect of Friends, which has been numerically so weak and morally so strong, will hardly produce another such. Its theory of the public good, though perhaps the highest of any, is limited after all. One part of Mr. Bright's education which was not neglected, and which has been to him from boyhood a source of real inspiration, should not be overlooked, viz., his study of the great poets. He has a genius for appropriate quotation, and if a hint to our young readers may be given, let us recommend them to verify, as occasion offers, the sources from which he draws. They will be well repaid for the trouble. Like most generous and humane natures, he is fond of the lower animals, more especially of dogs, but his canine, we are sorry to say, are not equal to his unerring poetic instincts. In his youth he was a good football player, a smart cricketer, an expert swimmer, and during a period of convalescence more than twenty years ago, he acquired the art of salmon fishing, which he has since, for recreative reasons chiefly, brought to considerable perfection. He is a total abstainer, and what with a steady hand, a quick

eye, and indomitable patience, few better amateur anglers appear on the Spey. He is a charming companion, and plays well at billiards.

At home, at One Ash, Mr. Bright enjoys universal respect. His abode, though unostentatious, is a model of comfort and good taste. His library is noteworthy, being especially rich in history, biography and poetry. As of yore, he regularly attends the services at the humble meeting-house of the Friends, and as age advances the sources of his piety show no symptom of drying up. His charities and

That best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love,

which are in reality numerous, are seldom recorded because Mr. Bright, like his father before him, declines to blow a trumpet when he does a good deed. He acts on the principle of not letting his right hand know what his left hand doeth in such matters, and, as a consequence, his benefactions are better known to the beneficiaries than to the public. As to Mr. Bright's relations with his workpeople, many lying legends were at one time circulated by his opponents. They practically, however, received their quietus on the 25th of January, 1867, when the alleged victims of Mr. Bright's tyranny met and unanimously passed resolutions so complimentary to their employer that for shame's sake the Tory organs had to look about for fresh subjects of vilification. At that time Mr. Bright was able to say, "From 1809 to 1867 is at least fifty-seven years, and I venture to affirm that with one single exception, and that not of long duration, there has been during that period uninterrupted harmony and confidence between my family and those who have assisted us and been employed in it." How few employers in this age of "strikes" can say as much!



## S A M U E L   M O R L E Y ,   M . P .

[THE PHILANTHROPIC MERCHANT.]

IF the greatest of Christian virtues be Charity, then the wealthy merchant who forms the subject of this Memoir is thrice-blessed. His benevolence keeps steady pace with his riches, which he does not make to hoard, but to distribute for the good of his fellow-creatures.

“ For his bounty  
There was no winter in’t ; an autumn ’twas,  
That grew the more by reaping.”

Samuel Morley’s charity knows no creed ; where help is needed, there his alms are bestowed. His charity may begin at home, but he does not let it stop there. His practice and sentiment is, “ Do good to your family and connections, and, if you please, to your party ; but after this, look abroad. Look at the universal Church, and, forgetting its divisions, be a catholic Christian ; look at your country, and be a patriot ; look at the nations of the earth, and be a philanthropist.”

So cosmopolitan is Mr. Morley’s munificence, that even where the object is doubtful, he would rather relieve a drone than let a bee perish. Many a good cause in the Christian and social world is sustained by Samuel Morley’s money ; so well known is this, that it seems trite to mention it. His open-handed charities and gifts are so unostentatiously bestowed, that no doubt it is a pain to him to see them recorded and spoken of. There is a French axiom that runs thus : “ The conqueror is regarded with awe ; the wise man commands our esteem ; but it is the benevolent man who wins our affections.” Now, there are few living men more beloved than

Samuel Morley, for he is a thorough Christian gentleman. Besides his exceeding charity, his personal exertion and personal kindness is most exemplary. May it be with Mr. Morley as is related of Cato. When the latter was drawing near the close of his life, he declared to his friends that the greatest comfort of his old age, and that which gave him the highest satisfaction, was the pleasing remembrance of the benefits and friendly offices he had done to others. To see them easy and happy by his means made him truly so. He that does good to another man does also good to himself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it, for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward.

Benevolence is the leading feature of Mr. Morley's mind, and his benevolence is an outcome of his Christian creed. Himself a total abstainer, no man has worked more zealously in the Temperance cause, and he now occupies the position of President of the Band of Hope Union.

Samuel Morley is the head of the firm of J. and R. Morley, and was born at Hackney in the year 1809. The house originally commenced business in London; as their operations expanded, opened large concerns (chiefly occupied in the manufacture of hosiery) in various parts of the country, the historic town of Nottingham being the centre of the greater portion of their manufacturing industries. For this town Mr. Morley was elected a member of Parliament in July, 1865.

At Nottingham Mr. Morley is certainly the most popular man in the neighbourhood. He is a munificent supporter of the local institutions, is indeed the heart of generosity, and expends several thousands annually in the shape of pensions to his aged workpeople. Speaking at one of their public meetings, Mr. Morley said:—"As one of the hardest-worked men in England, he had for twenty years found himself able to do all that fell to him upon good honest water. He defied

them to go on telling other people to practise a course they were not practising themselves. He tried to work upon that line once, and failed; but ever since he supported precept by example, his influence had been beneficially exercised.

The National Temperance League's sermons to young men (usually preached on the second Sunday in January) were, in 1878, followed up by a special meeting held on the following evening, when nearly 1,000 young men assembled in the warehouse of Messrs. I. and R. Morley, Wood Street, in response to an invitation emanating from Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Mr. C. Leaf, Mr. R. Davis, Mr. G. Williams, and the Rev. Dr. Sinclair Paterson, "to confer as to the importance of promoting temperance in the City houses."

Mr. S. Morley, M.P., presided, and said that he must express the opinion that nothing stood so distinctly in the way of the people as drink. It was destroying families, ruining children, breaking the hearts of thousands of wives, aye, and of husbands too, when the wife happened to be the guilty one. Even apart from religion, and entirely on social grounds, he felt he was doing what was right when he urged attention, either in the form of precept or example, to this subject. He had come reluctantly to the opinion that they must have legislation. He did not see a chance of getting any substantial relief without some form of legislative action, and he was in this mind—that while the subject was large, and required to be dealt with on a broad basis, he was prepared to accept any form of legislation that would give him a substantial part of the remedy he wanted. He did not desire to oppress those who differed from him, and he was unconscious of ever having uttered an intemperate word upon the temperance question; yet he would fall short of his duty if he did not raise a warning voice against this great and this growing evil. He did not deny the right of persons to drink intoxicants if they chose; but if young men, especially, drank them with a



